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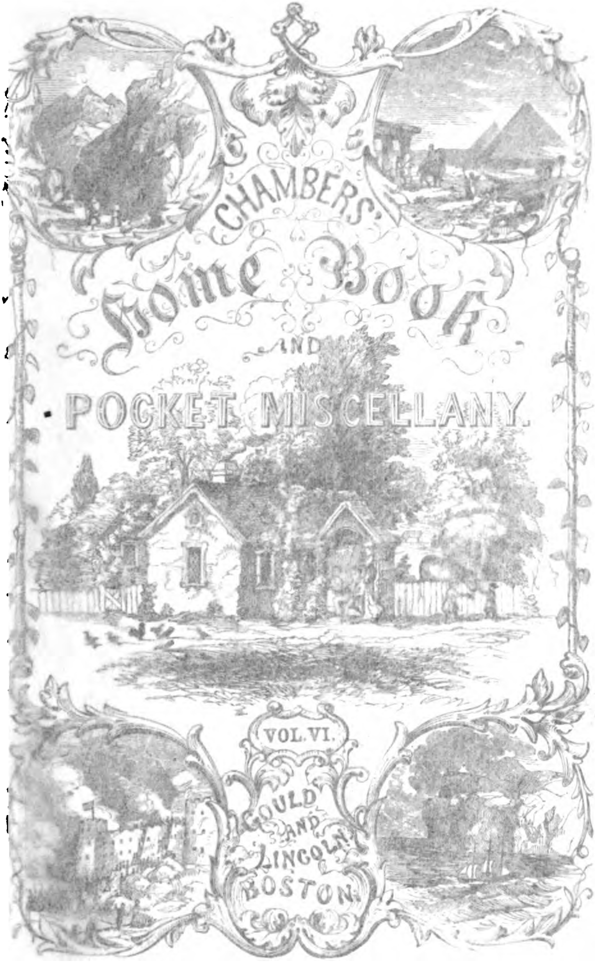
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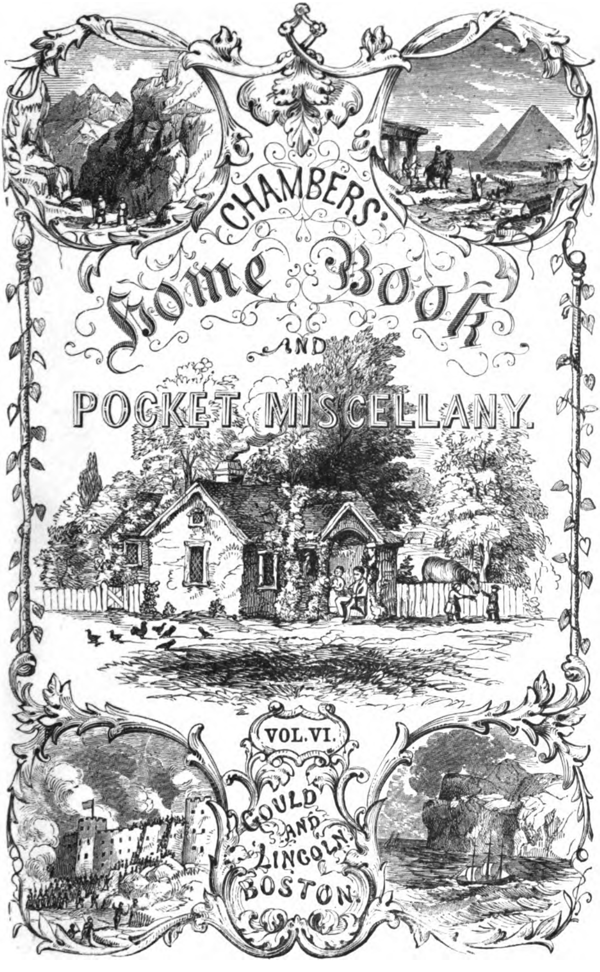
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PART I.

CHAMBERS' HOME BOOK.

A DAY AT SIERRA LEONE.

In the early part of 1852, one of the Cape mail-steamers, taking the route then prescribed for that line, put into the harbor of Free Town, Sierra Leone, and remained there about twelve hours, thus giving the passengers time to see something of the small, but singular, and, in a certain way, interesting settlement. It was by the establishment of this Cape line of steamers in 1851 that Sierra Leone was for the first time brought within the route of ordinary travellers, from whom an impartial and unprejudiced account of it might be expected.

We had hoped to reach Sierra Leone on Sunday morning, just a fortnight after leaving Cape Town, but were disappointed. The wind was contrary, and the increasing warmth of the atmosphere and the water (diminishing the condensing power of the engine) was also unfavorable to our progress. The air was filled with vapor, and showers fell occasionally. Towards night, the horizon was veiled with so thick a haze, that it was difficult to distinguish the line of separation between sky and sea. Soundings were taken in the afternoon, and bottom was found at twenty-five and eighteen fathoms. On this part of the coast, the water shoals very gradually, a depth of only twenty fathoms being found at sixty miles from the land, off Sierra Leone. The moon arose about an hour before midnight, and, with the aid of her light, we continued on for a few hours longer, when the steam was shut off, the captain prudently determining to wait for daylight before running in.

At daybreak, the horizon was still hazy, and no land was in sight, although, from the soundings and the reckoning, it was certain that the port was not far off. About eight o'clock, the first glimpse of the shore was obtained. We advanced cautiously, the hand-lead constantly going, and showing for several miles a depth of only seven or eight fathoms, with little alteration. The land, as first seen, appeared of moderate height, undulating, with tufts of palms and other trees scattered over it. As we advanced, the interior of the country became visible. It proved to be high land, swelling gradually into steep and lofty hills, and finally rising into a mountain of considerable height—the Sierra Leone, or Lion Mountain, which gives its name to the cape, the river, and the colony. From the point of view in which we saw it, the mountain bore in its outline very little resemblance to the animal after which the old Portuguese or Spanish navigators christened it; much less, indeed, than may be traced in the well-known Lion's Hill of the Cape of Good Hope. The loftiest peak, which is about 2600 feet above the sea, has received from the settlers the less romantic but more accurately descriptive designation of the Sugarloaf.

As we approached the entrance of the river, a boat, rowed by four men, came out to meet us, bringing a pilot. He was a young man, of negro physiognomy and color, but in dress, language, and manners, a very good copy of an English pilot. He was withal a serious, quiet, civil-spoken person, of few words, and performed his duty in a perfectly satisfactory manner. The garb of his boatmen, varying from the ordinary seaman's dress, to the simple vesture of a discolored and tattered shirt, afforded a good specimen of the amusing discrepancies in the way of costume, which we afterwards found to be one of the characteristics of the settlement.

By an ordinary association of ideas, an unhealthy country is naturally supposed to be low and swampy.

But the landscape which now presented itself to view, did not in any way harmonize with this preconceived notion. Cape Sierra Leone does indeed terminate in a rather low point, having at its extremity a lighthouse, which, though sixty-nine feet high, appears from the sea to be embowered among the lofty trees that cover the point. Immediately beyond the Cape, however, the land rises rapidly in irregular heights, covered with brown vegetation, with scattered trees and patches of cultivated ground. The large cotton-tree—at a distance, not unlike a lofty and spreading oak—was the most conspicuous of the trees; but the graceful cocoa-nut and other palms were numerous. This cotton-tree, we were informed, produces a coarse description of wool, which is used for filling mattresses. The plant which furnishes the ordinary cotton of commerce, and which also grows abundantly on this coast, is a mere shrub.

The mouth of the Sierra Leone river forms a large bay or estuary, at least ten miles wide. The Cape is on the south side of the entrance to this bay; and the town, which is also on the southern shore of the bay or river, is situated about five miles inland or east of the Cape. The ordinary anchorage is immediately opposite the town, and but two or three cables' length from the shore. There were at anchor when we arrived about a dozen vessels, all traders, and all English but three—a large and handsome French bark, and two American brigs.

The appearance of the place from the sea is striking and attractive. The ground rises with a gradual ascent from the shore to the towering peak of the Sugarloaf. High up, on the flank of the mountain, appeared a long range of white-walled buildings, the barracks of the local garrison, thus judiciously poised above the noxious mists that at times encircle the base of the hills. Lower down was a smaller edifice, which was pointed out as the Government House, the official residence of the representative of majesty in the colony. Still further down, along the elevated shore, and on the lowest slopes of the mountain, are scattered the four thousand shops, stores, dwelling-houses, and huts of Free Town. We landed—three of us—in one of the many shore-boats which quickly surrounded the vessel, some bringing fresh vegetables, and other articles for sale, and others waiting to be employed. The landing-place is a small but convenient jetty, which is gained by a flight of steps descending to the water's level. From the landing, another flight leads up to the lowest street of the town. We had hardly reached the shore when we were surrounded by some dozens of the natives, boys and men, some offering their services as guides or porters, and others bringing various articles for sale, such as their experience had taught them would be likely to meet with purchasers among their casual visitors. These articles formed a very miscellaneous assortment, including rush-mats, grass-hammocks, monkey and leopard skins, bows and arrows, ornamented bridles and whips; parrots with gray bodies, red tails, and dreadful voices; reed-baskets, very neatly woven, and numerous other 'fancy articles' and knick-knacks. The would-be venders crowded about us in a tumultuous manner, each man noisily proclaiming the superior merits of his own wares, and demanding about three times as much for them as they were worth. The other applicants for our attention were equally obtrusive and vociferous. It was some minutes before we could persuade them that we had no need of their services, and no intention just then of making any purchases. Our disorderly *cortège* attended us for a hundred yards or so, but gradually dropped off, and we were at last left to the companionship of three ragged, merry, chattering youngsters, who seemed to have in some manner acquired an especial right to us. One of the dusky youths attached himself to each of us, in the general capacity, as it appeared, of guide, philosopher, and friend. I found my self-constituted cicerone a very useful companion, who accompanied me all the day unweariedly, carried the articles which I purchased, gave me all the information that his limited knowledge enabled him to furnish, and was abundantly contented with the gratuity which he received at the close of our excursion. Indeed, the good-humored disposition of the Sierra Leone people is their most conspicuous trait, and that which at first sight most strikingly and pleasingly impresses a stranger. Other characteristics, common to their race, such as laziness, vanity, and want of veracity, only become apparent after longer observation.

On entering the town, we were struck with the animation and cheerful movement which everywhere appeared. The dismal associations connected with the place probably rendered this impression more vivid than it otherwise would have been. The streets are regular, crossing one another at right angles. There were some substantial-looking edifices of stone and brick, with slate or shingled roofs; many of wood, weather-boarded and painted; and a large number of thatched huts, some of them tolerably capacious, and apparently well enough adapted to the needs of the poorer inhabitants in that warm and rainy climate. The streets through which we passed were not densely thronged; but many persons, of every shade of color, and in every variety of costume, were moving about them, usually in a very leisurely manner. An English gentleman, who, it appeared, was a magistrate, rode slowly on horseback to and fro, and nodded courteously to us as we passed. A grave and portly colored official, well-dressed, and rather consequential in appearance, crossed the road, and made his entrance into a public edifice with the air of a minister of state. Men and women, some carrying burdens on their heads, others evidently bent on errands or affairs of business, passed us at every moment. The great majority had the reddish-brown or black complexion, which revealed their unmixed African descent; but the lighter hue and handsome features of the mulatto or mixed race, were by no means uncommon. The latter, or those in whom some tincture of European blood was apparent, were generally dressed in the English style, as were also many of the negroes. Those who were thus clad usually proved to be, if not more intelligent than the others, at least more instructed, and of better deportment. The descendants of the original settlers of the colony, who were free blacks from Nova Scotia and the West Indies, were mostly of this 'Europeanized' class, if that expression may be allowed, as denoting the adoption of the garb and manners proper to European civilization. The genuine Africans, including those liberated from slavers, as well as those belonging originally to Sierra Leone, seem, with some exceptions, less civilized beings. The dress of the men of this class was, in many cases, only a long and loose cotton-shirt, usually of a dark color; while the women had merely a petticoat, or a wrapper of some sort, which covered them from the waist —or rather from the armpits—to the knees. The arms and bosom, as well as the feet, were bare. The petticoat, or other dress, was generally very brilliant in hue; and sometimes two or three wrappers of different colors, were swathed tightly about the ample proportions of a dusky dame. In the uppermost of these a commodious sack was sometimes formed behind the waist for the accommodation of a baby, which was thus conveniently transported without interfering with the mother's avocations, whatever they might be.

A great number of women as well as men were employed in selling fruit and other provisions, in small quantities. They were congregated especially about the market and the adjoining streets. The market consisted of two open shed-like buildings, partly divided into stalls. In one portion of them, a little crowd of huckster-women were seated, each with a basket, tray, or board beside her, on which was displayed her small stock of vegetables or other wares. Among these were many species of fruits, roots, nuts, and other edibles, with which we were entirely unacquainted. Some of them were declared by the venders to be excellent for soups, condiments, &c.—others were strongly recommended for their medicinal virtues. Of vegetables used for food, the most important was the cassada root. This is a long tuber, externally somewhat resembling a parsnip, but more dry and solid in appearance. To prepare it for eating, it is grated and made up in a round, hard mass, resembling a cannon-ball, except in its color, which is as white as milk. This preparation, called foofoo, when boiled, constitutes the ordinary food of the great majority of the inhabitants. It is described as dry, and rather tasteless, and as containing, like the potato, comparatively little nutriment in proportion to its bulk; and it is eaten, like the potato in Ireland, in prodigious quantities—one native disposing of an allowance which would be ample for two or three white men. By way of flavoring what would otherwise be an insipid meal, a sauce is eaten with it, composed of numerous pungent and appetizing ingredients, chiefly roots and herbs of various descriptions, with some slices of dried fish, salt meat, and similar articles, employed to make the mixture palatable. The manufacture of this 'palaver-sauce,' as it is called, holds a high position among the household arts of Sierra Leone. Bananas and rice are also staple articles of food, and we saw onions, tomatoes, and other vegetables in the market. The rice is brought from the interior; it is a brown article, of rather indifferent appearance, and was sold in the market at 6*s.* a bushel, or in small quantities, at about 2*d.* per pound. The bananas were very large, of good flavor, and extremely cheap. A person who could be content to subsist only on bananas, might live at Sierra Leone, I should suppose, for a penny a day, or thereabouts. For 3*d.*, it is said, a native can fare sumptuously, any day, on the choicest viands of the place.

The number of small shops, or rather stalls, in the streets about the market, was surprising. Several of the buildings in that quarter had verandas, or open fronts, on the ground-floor. These were divided by partitions into little shops, in which were displayed small assortments of the most heterogeneous wares, such as coarse and gaily-colored cotton and woollen cloths, straw-hats, tobacco and pipes, table-crockery, iron and tin cooking-utensils, cheap jewellery, eau de Cologne, fish-hooks, rice, cassada, &c. Parrots swung and screeched in wooden cages beside nearly every shop, and seemed to constitute a valuable article of trade, £2 sterling being in some cases demanded for a single bird. My companions bought several, though not at quite so high a price—the consequence being, that a distracting din afterwards pervaded the ship as often as these interesting acquisitions chose to indulge us with a concert.

The Sierra Leone people are said to be peculiarly fond of this business of trading in a small way, which gratifies at once their indolence and their avarice, described as two strongly-marked traits in their character. In justice to them, however, another explanation which has been given of this peculiarity, ought to be mentioned. The country about the settlement is so extremely rugged, and the roads are so bad, that wagons, and even beasts of burden, cannot be used. All agricultural produce must be conveyed to the port by foot-carriers; and all the cassada, ginger, bananas, ground-nuts, and other articles produced, are thus transported on the heads of men and women. It is the cost of this mode of conveyance which is the chief obstacle to the extension of agriculture in this settlement. The inhabitants, finding themselves but poorly repaid for the labor of cultivation, prefer to devote their time to shopkeeping. The retail trade of the colony, divided among a vast number of petty dealers, affords a scanty subsistence to each—eked out, however, in most cases, by the produce of the little patch of ground which every householder has about his dwelling.

We saw, standing before many shops, large jugs or demijohns, filled with a white fermenting liquid, which was sometimes escaping round the stopper. This we found to be the well-known palm-wine, the favorite beverage of the natives of this part of Africa. It is, as is well known, the partially fermented sap of the palm, obtained by making an incision in the trunk near the top, just under the bunches of fruit. A vessel is suspended under the incision, from which the sap exudes. It should be drunk in its fresh state, as in a day or two it becomes sour and unpalatable. We tried it, and found it not unlike a mixture of flat ginger-beer and lime-water. It had a sweet, chalky taste, neither particularly agreeable, nor the reverse; but as that which we tasted, like all that is sold in Free Town, had already undergone a slight fermentation, its flavor was of course somewhat deteriorated. It is about as intoxicating as small-beer; and we saw, later in the day, several persons, men and women, who seemed to have indulged overmuch, and were stretched out, in a sleepy fashion, under the shade of the verandas.

At a little distance from the market was the English church, St. George's, a large and plain stone building, with a lofty square tower. It had been built, we were informed, about seventeen years ago and the cost of its construction, and of the subsequent repairs, had amounted to no less than £40,000.

The most interesting objects in the church were the tablets on the walls, inscribed to the memory of some of the many Europeans to whom a residence in this colony has proved fatal. These mementos are made especially melancholy by the comparative youth of most of the persons to whom they are dedicated. Among them are the names of three governors and two chief-justices, who died at the respective ages of 46, 52, 51, 34, and 38. There is a tablet to the memory of Captain Robert Copley, R.A.C. corps, 'who survived the battle of Waterloo, and perished in this unhealthy climate, January 16, 1837, in the 39th year of his age.' There is also a fine bust of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, 'the friend of Africa,' as he is justly styled in the inscription, which states that the monument was 'erected as a testimonial of affection and gratitude by the liberated Africans and their friends in the colony of Sierra Leone,' in 1840.

After leaving the church, we pursued our walk until the increasing heat of the day made the shelter of a roof desirable. On inquiry, we learned that there were three houses of refreshment, which our dusky guides dignified by the names of 'hotels,' and that these hotels belonged to as many different nations—English, French, and American. The French was represented as the best, and we accordingly adjourned thither. It was a small building of two stories, the lower being a wine-shop, and the upper, comprising two rudely-furnished rooms, intended for the accommodation of the higher class of customers. The proprietor, a very civil Frenchman, informed us that he was preparing to move into a larger and better house, which he was fitting up as a hotel. He had been about a year in the colony, and had suffered an illness of several months' duration; but he liked the place, and was sanguine of doing well in it. He showed us some jellies and preserves of his own manufacture—guava, pine-apple, &c., apparently very well made.

We were anxious to learn something about the state of education in the colony, and, on inquiry, were directed to a school which, as our guides informed us, was the largest in the immediate neighborhood. It proved to be a school connected with St. George's Church. We ascended a flight of steps leading to the upper story of the building, and introduced ourselves to the school-master, with due explanations and apologies for the intrusion. The teacher, a man of color, rather taciturn and grave in demeanor, received us with diffident civility, and answered our questions as well as he could. There were about 300 pupils belonging to his school. We saw before us about 100, and the room below was also occupied. The teacher was of opinion that every child in Sierra Leone, old enough to learn, received some education. Provision at least was made for all, and he believed that few are left uninstructed. Of the quality of the instruction afforded in his school, which was not, we understood, considered superior to the rest, we had an opportunity of judging. He requested one of us to name any chapter in the New Testament for his pupils to read. The 1st chapter of Acts was mentioned at random. A class of about thirty boys read it, verse by verse, in a manner which, I think, would be surpassed in few village-schools in England, either for fluency or for intelligence of manner and emphasis. It was remarkable, however, that every reader had some of those slight peculiarities of accent and pronunciation which usually mark the speech of a foreigner, and this although English was to many of them their mother-tongue. It would seem that several generations are required to mould the organs of speech, in a person of African descent, to the accurate pronunciation of a European language. The pupils of this school were lads of all ages and sizes, and of all colors except the pure white. They were all neatly dressed, but in a great variety of costumes, from the English school-boy dress of jacket (or frock) and trowsers, with snow-white falling collar, down to the simple covering of a long shirt. One little, tawny, bright-eyed fellow, some eight or ten years old, clad only in a blue garment of this description reaching to his heels, was one of the readiest and most intelligent readers in the class. In general, however, the place presented the ordinary appearance of an English country-school. There were convenient benches, an abundant supply of well-used slates, and as much order as is usually preserved in so large an assemblage of children.

Being desirous of visiting a seminary of a higher class, we made some inquiries on this point, and were directed to a large building in the neighborhood, which we found to be occupied by a 'Grammar-school,' connected with the Church Missionary Society. The Rev. Mr. Peyton, rector of the school, received us very courteously. He had been fifteen years in the colony, and we were indebted to him for much interesting information. He confirmed the account which we had before heard of the general diffusion of education among the people. He estimated that at least 7000 children were receiving instruction in the colony, which contains a population of between 40,000 and 50,000 souls. Of these pupils, about 4000, he thought, were in the schools connected with the Church of England, and the remainder in the schools of the various dissenting sects. The parents were eager to give their children an opportunity of receiving an education. The grammar-school of which he had the charge, was intended to be a self-supporting institution, and had, in fact, almost become so. The scholars in this school, about forty in number, were well dressed, and made a highly respectable appearance. Some were negroes, and all had some tinge of the African complexion. At our request, the class in algebra worked some problems of a simple character, but sufficient to test their abilities. These appeared to be quite equal to those which are ordinarily evinced by English youths of their age. It was the decided opinion of Mr. Peyton, that his pupils were not inferior in capacity to Europeans.

We had much conversation with Mr. Peyton, who spoke hopefully of the state and prospects of the colony. Its commerce was rapidly increasing, in exports as well as imports. The expense of the government was nearly all paid by the local revenue. A few thousand pounds are granted by the home government, but this is partly to defray the cost of providing for the Africans liberated from slavers. Mr. Peyton did not consider the climate of the colony to be so peculiarly deleterious as it has ordinarily been represented. With care, temperance, and avoid-ance of unnecessary exposure, an English resident would, he thought, be as safe as in most tropical countries. His own residence of fifteen years had evidently not materially injured his bodily health or mental energy.

Besides the grammar-school and several elementary schools, the Church Missionary Society have a college or theological seminary, for the instruction of young men designed for the ministry. It is in a building which we had seen—a large white edifice—at some distance from the town on the eastern side, or the left hand as we entered. On the western or right-hand side is a similar building, being the Wesleyan College, at 'King Tom's Point.' We regretted that the time at our command did not allow of our visiting either of those institutions, which are said to be flourishing and useful.

After leaving Mr. Peyton's school, we strolled for a few minutes through the streets occupied by the little shops of the colored people, chaffering with them for various articles of curiosity, and amusing ourselves with their lively and good-humored gossip.

At length, leaving my companions, who prepared to return on board the steamer, I determined to employ the remainder of the afternoon in attempting to gain from the colored inhabitants themselves some knowledge of their condition and feelings. My indefatigable guide, who still adhered faithfully to my side, conducted me to the house of an ancient dame, who proved to be one of the original settlers from Nova Scotia. In the little plot of ground surrounding her house, were growing several cocoa-nut trees, with guava-bushes, and other plants. While a lad climbed one of the trees, and threw down two or three of the young nuts—the milk of which, sweet and translucid, is a refreshing beverage in that climate—the old lady gave me an outline of her biography. She originally lived with her master in the city of New York. She was then a mere child, but still had, she declared, a distinct recollection of the city, and especially of the markets; and she mentioned the names of several of the streets. Her master afterwards removed to Halifax, in Nova Scotia: she did not know why; but it may be presumed that he was a 'loyalist.' She always retained a great liking for

New York, and would formerly have been glad to return thither. However, at Halifax, she, with many other colored people, were afterwards placed on board a ship, bound for Sierra Leone. There were thirteen vessels—as well as she could remember—engaged in the conveyance of these, the first settlers. When they arrived, there was not a building on the place; or, as the old dame emphatically expressed it, 'not a house as high as your knee.' They lived on the shore in tents. Many of the people died, and for a long time they suffered a good deal from privation and exposure. Before many months had passed, they were attacked by the neighboring aborigines, the Timmanees, but succeeded, after some severe fighting, in beating them off. The settlers were the chief combatants on the side of the colony, and they were, it would appear, not a little proud of their victory, as, according to the old lady's account, they afterwards sent word to their enemies, that if they (the Timmanees) wanted any more fighting, they might come on; but the Timmanees were cowed, and declined the invitation.

There afterwards came a large ship filled with emigrants from Jamaica—'Maroons,' she called them. These were received hospitably by the first-comers, some of whom gave up to them the houses which they had built. This, at least, was the dame's story, though I have heard a different account from others, who affirm that there was always a strong jealousy, and at length a bitter hostility, between the two parties of settlers. At all events, the Nova Scotia people consider themselves to be the real founders of the colony, and look down with dignity and some contempt upon the other inhabitants. In religion, most of these Nova Scotians are of Lady Huntingdon's persuasion. They have their own ministers, who are men of color, and their own schools. One of their ministers, Mr. Elliot, came out with the first settlers. I afterwards went to call on him, but unfortunately he was not at home. His son, whom I saw, was an intelligent and well-mannered young man, differing only in color and features from an educated Englishman.

As the Nova Scotian settlers arrived at Sierra Leone in March, 1792, the old dame with whom I conversed must have been, when I saw her, at least seventy years of age. She was still, however, lively and active in her movements, and apparently very cheerful. She told me, however, that she was not so well off as she had formerly been. Her husband and most of her children were dead; she lived with a daughter, and they supported themselves by washing, nursing invalids, taking in lodgers, and other like avocations. She had brought up all her children respectably, she said, so that any one of them was fit to 'sit at the governor's table;' that being equivalent, in her estimation, to the highest position in life. She had formerly been well known to many of the white gentlemen, who employed her as housekeeper or nurse; but they were now all dead, or had left the colony. However, she did not complain, as God knew what was best, and all was done by His will; and thereupon the pious old soul delivered a little extemporaneous preachment, with every appearance of genuine feeling.

Being curious to see the interior of a Sierra Leone 'settler's' dwelling, I asked permission to enter, which she gave with great readiness. She occupied the upper part of the house, her daughter's family having the lower. The stairs were on the outside, and I was conducted up into the principal room of the upper story. It was an airy apartment, of comfortable size for a 'common room,' for which it evidently served. Everything was extremely neat. A sofa at one end was carefully spread with a white cotton coverlet; a sideboard was set out with an abundant array of crockery and glass ware; a bed, with a handsome counterpane, occupied one corner of the room. As my visit was wholly unexpected, the neatness and order which prevailed must have been habitual. There were, I believe, four or five rooms in the house; and another small detached building, which was also occupied, stood in the corner of the court-yard. The old lady said that the ground was her own property, purchased by herself. Her husband had received, like the other settlers, a small allotment of land, but it was in another part of the colony. Almost all the colored people, she told me, owned the little plots of ground on which their habitations were built. The value of these houses varied very much: her own might be worth about £400. Adjoining hers was a rather larger and newer building, of which the lower part was let for a shop, and the upper part for a dwelling. The total rent paid by the two occupants was £5 a month, or £60 per annum. Some of the houses, occupied by the most wealthy of the colored people, were far superior to this; while, on the other hand, there were huts of reeds and straw, which would not cost in building more than £10. But, in general, the people appeared to me to be comfortably lodged, taking the nature of the climate into consideration. The houses of two stories usually had the upper story projecting over the lower, and supported by strong pillars of brick. A sort of piazza or arcade about the house is thus formed. The people evidently preferred to reside in the upper story, finding, no doubt, the elevation conducive to health.

I ought to mention, that we arrived at Sierra Leone at the most favorable season of the year—the winter, or dry season. The summer, when the heavy rains fall, is the least healthy and most uncomfortable period of the year. After a long-continued rain, the ground is sometimes covered with a dense mist or steam to a height of three or four feet. The air is raw, and is at times disagreeably cold, even in the house, unless some artificial mode of creating warmth is resorted to. Some of the houses, I was informed, had fireplaces or stoves for this purpose.

The day was now nearly spent, and, taking leave of the Nova Scotian dame and her family, I prepared to return on board the steamer. On my way down to the landing-place, I purchased a few trifles of one of the Mandingo traders, of whom there are always a considerable number in Sierra Leone. They are a fine-looking people, usually tall, slender, graceful in their motions, with thin faces, high foreheads, prominent noses, curled ringlets (not the genuine woolly hair), and having altogether a remarkably shrewd, intelligent, and even dignified appearance. This is heightened by their dress, which is usually an ample robe or drapery of cotton, generally of a blue color. They wear it in a graceful, flowing fashion, reminding one of the classic toga. They have in the colony the reputation of being great knaves; but this may be merely the result of national prejudice. They come down the river in canoes to trade, bringing the various products of their country—oxen and sheep, rice, Indian corn, cassada, ivory, palm-oil, gold-dust, &c. I went over to the river, which enters on the northeast side of the town, and is a fine, broad stream, and saw about a dozen canoes, some with cotton sails, and some with sails of matting, making their way up the river. Some of these canoes will carry a dozen persons. They are hollowed from a single tree, as are many of the boats in which the people of Sierra Leone ply about the harbor, some of which will only hold two or three persons. I saw several of the Mandingo boats drawn up on the shore. These people occupy many of the huts which cover this (the western) bank of the river. Besides Mandingoes, the Foulahs and the Timmanees are the natives who principally visit the colony; but there are several other tribes, natives of which are occasionally seen.

In the evening, about nine o'clock, having received our dispatches, and taken on board some light freight, including £1000 worth of gold dust, shipped by a native African merchant, we got under way, and steamed out of the harbor, having passed about twelve hours at Sierra Leone.

This plain and unvarnished account of what we saw and heard during our stay at Free Town, will show that, on the whole, the conclusions to which we were led, with regard to the progress of the colony, and the civilization of the people, were of a decidedly favorable character. Being unwilling, however, to trust to the result of a few hours' observations, even though confirmed by the evidence of intelligent residents, I took an early opportunity, after our arrival in England, of examining the most recent works and public documents relating to the colony, in order to satisfy myself that we had not been led unconsciously to overrate the signs of material prosperity and social advancement which had fallen under our notice. It was satisfactory to find that our conclusions were confirmed by the testimony of the highest authorities. Dr. Poole, the colonial chaplain, who went out to the colony in 1845, and returned to England in 1850, published in the latter year a work on Sierra Leone and the Gambia, in the course of which he frequently employs expressions on this subject similar to the following:—'The notions of people, respecting the true position of Sierra Leone, in all its details of local circumstances, resources, daily life, attainments, as well as deficiencies, advantages and disadvantages—political and social—are not only underrated, but very erroneous. Conveniences, comforts, luxuries, are possessed and anxiously sought after. It is, indeed, inseparable from the progress of civilization that wants should multiply; and as these increase, the means, of course, for satisfying them will be proportionally acquired. In no respect is this more perceptible than in the attention which is paid to, and the expense which is bestowed in adapting the private residences to European ideas of what is requisite for style as well as for accommodation. My attention has been repeatedly called to this circumstance, as amongst the characteristics of an emulation which speaks most favorably for the progress of African civilization.' And he adds: 'The progress, indeed, of improvement in this colony, in everything pertaining to the comforts and conveniences of civilized life, has been wonderful even during my residence in Free Town.'

In the latest annual Blue-book on the colonies, there is published an elaborate report from Governor Macdonald, of Sierra Leone, on the state of that settlement. The statistics which he furnishes all lead to the same satisfactory conclusions. It appears that the imports into Sierra Leone from Europe and America had increased in value from £74,000 in 1840, to £98,000 in 1850; and that the exports, in like manner, had increased from £66,000 in the former year, to £115,000 in the latter. The total population in 1850 was 45,472. Of this number, only 111 were Europeans, the remainder being principally native Creoles and liberated Africans. There were in that year 58 schools in the colony, attended by no less than 6,795 scholars of both sexes, being about one seventh of the entire population. This statement fully bears out the assurances which we received of the almost universal diffusion of education among the rising generation. There were 12,655 houses in the colony, among which there were 436 stone buildings, and 2,516 frame-houses. The latter, the governor states, 'are erected on stone foundations or cellars, with the upper story made of wood; they are roofed with shingles, and are clean and comfortable places of abode.' He adds, that 'the erection of houses of a good and substantial character has rapidly increased, and is daily increasing, many of the liberated Africans possessing two or three excellent houses, which they let to Europeans at rentals averaging from £40 to £60 per annum. During the last two years, the increase in the number of these houses erected in Free Town is especially noticeable, evincing very satisfactorily the well-doing and prosperity of the liberated Africans, who are the chief parties investing their money in them.'

These extracts will probably be sufficient to remove from the reader's mind any suspicion of exaggeration or overcoloring in our descriptions. At all events, they serve to show that the colony cannot justly be regarded as the 'failure,' which many worthy persons, disappointed in their early over-sanguine expectations, have been disposed to consider it.

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AN EVENING AT DUCROW'S.

A NUMBER of years ago, during the lifetime of Ducrow, we were much amused by a visit to the arena of that remarkable equestrian. On a preceding occasion, the skilful horsemanship attracted our admiration; and now we were not less delighted with the extraordinary cleverness diplayed in various feats by an equestrian called the German Rider and other performers. We shall try to give our country readers an idea of the chief things which came under our notice.

Behold, then, the house filled with spectators, the orchestra playing a merry tune, and all on the tiptoe of expectation for the entry of the German. Here he comes. Attired in a flesh-colored dress, which fits his body closely, and shows to advantage his athletic form, the German Rider bounds on horseback, and urges the animal to its speed round the ring, while the band plays a lively and congenial tune. He then springs to his feet on the saddle, and in this position, without help or hold receives two brass balls, larger than an orange, that are pitched up to him by the fool. These balls the German tosses into the air. From hand to hand he passes them like lightning, and occasionally sends them one after another beneath his arms, catching them in front—the horse all the while galloping briskly round the ring. A third ball is thrown up to him: he manages three as easily as he does two. A fourth, a fifth, and a sixth ball, is tossed up to him, and the German keeps the whole half-dozen flying in the air at once, with such rapidity that the eye attempts to follow them in vain. A pause—and also applause, not unmerited—ensues. The German then recommences his erect career round the ring, with two of the same balls in his hands, and also with two brass cups, with short handles. He throws up these cups and balls, and keeps them flying in the air as formerly, until, suddenly, he grasps the two cups by their handles, and catches in them the balls—the whole four articles, be it remembered, having been whirling rapidly when he thus dexterously brought their motions to a pause. He then puts the handle of one of the cups in his mouth, and, after a little tossing in the air, catches one of the balls in the projecting cup. After these feats, the German—still in the same position on the moving horse—receives four very large balls; and though, from their size, he can scarcely hold them in his hands, yet he contrives to keep them flying in the air, as easily as he did the smaller ones.

One other feat, and we have done with the dexterous German. Three sticks are given to him, something like flutes in shape and length. Holding two of these by the ends in his hands, he, with them, keeps the third in the air, throwing it sometimes at a surprising height, and receiving it, when it falls, with great adroitness, *on* the other two. We confess to have imbibed a strong suspicion on witnessing this performance, that the powers of *magnetism* were called in to the aid of sleight-of-hand. The power of magnetic attraction alone, we think, could have caused the falling stick to *lie* or adhere as it did when it fell on the other two. But admitting this to be true, the stick-feat was still an uncommonly dexterous one.

After the German Rider has made his bow and retired, Ducrow, the first rider of the age, enters in person, mounted upon a white horse, which he is passing, as the bill informs us, through all the mysteries of equitation, in order to fit it for bearing our royal and gracious Victoria. That the docility of the beautiful animal may be fully shown, Ducrow guides its motions with a long feather, and, under this government, the horse paces round and round the ring, forwards, backwards, and sideways. The rider is dressed for an equestrian pageant or spectacle called the *Falconers of Queen Anne*, and, after having exhibited the training of the royal horse, he is joined in the ring by a large company of riders, ladies and gentlemen, with falcons upon their wrists. This enables the audience to have a sight of all the picked horses of Ducrow's stud. This exhibition over, two ladies and two gentlemen—of whom Ducrow is one—remain behind the others, and being mounted, of course upon favorite horses, these four go through a regular *equestrian quadrille*. This is a beautiful sight. The precision with which the animals prance, beat time, and go through the movements, is astonishing.

After a little interval, enlivened, as usual, by the antics of a clever fool, the performance of the French rope-dancer, M. Plege, succeeds to the quadrilling. A tight rope, attached to poles, is stretched half-way across the ring, and on this the dancer, a very finely-formed young man, exhibits his powers. At first he carries a pole, but, after some surprising leaps, and other feats of agility, he lays this aside, and dances without help or hold. The dancing itself is very pretty, but it is when M. Plege commences tumbling that his skill is fully shown. Sitting on the rope, and aided only by its elasticity, he springs from his seat into the air, throws a complete somersault, and in an instant is in his former position. But doing this *once* is nothing. He repeats it three times in succession, more rapidly almost than the eye can follow, and, at the close of the third somersault, is seen standing on the rope on one foot, motionless as a statue of Mercury.

After a pause, a new feat follows. A cocked-hat is given to the dancer, which he places upon his head. Standing upon one foot, he then passes his hand under the other leg, which is projected, and takes off the hat. In the same position, he replaces the hat. By trying these movements on the solid ground, some idea may be formed of the difficulty of executing them standing on one foot on a wavering rope. The next performance of M. Plege seemed to us still more surprising. Holding a cup by the handle with his mouth, he places a coin on the point of one projected foot, while he stands on the other foot—on the rope, of course—and, by a dexterous jerk, throws the coin into the cup. He then holds the cup in one hand *behind his back*, and throws the coin into it in the same way in this situation! This really looks as like magic as anything natural and lawful can do.

The Muleteer and his Wonderful Horse follow the clever M. Plege's rope-dancing, which beats anything of the kind we have seen since the performance of Herr Cline. The wonderful horse—we refer always, of course, to the arrangement of the performances on a certain night—springs into the ring after its master, the muleteer, who is simply the exhibiter of its powers. The creature is a beautiful piebald, perfect almost in mould, and adorned about the neck with little bells. At first, the horse playfully and trickishly avoids its master when he affects an anxiety to catch it; but when the muleteer averts his head, and assumes the appearance of sullenness, the animal at once stops, and comes up close to his side, as if very penitent for its untimely sportiveness. Its master is pacified, and, after caressing it a little, he touches the animal's fore-legs. It stretches them out, and, in doing so, necessarily causes the hind-legs to project also. We now see the purpose of these movements. The muleteer wishes a seat, and an excellent one he finds upon the horse's protruded *hind-legs*. A variety of instances of docility similar to this are exhibited by the creature in succession, but its leaping-feats appeared to us the most striking of all. Poles are brought into the ring, and the horse clears *six* of these, one after the other, with a distance of not more than four feet between! After it has done this, it goes up *limping* to its master, as if to say: 'See, I can do no more tonight!' The muleteer lifts the lame foot, and seems to search for the cause of the halt, but in vain. Still, however, the horse goes on limping. The muleteer then looks it in the face, and shakes his head, as if he would say: 'Ah! you are shamming, you rogue—ar'nt you?' And a sham it proves to be; for at a touch of the whip, the creature bounds off like a fawn, sound both in wind and limb.

A pantomimic piece follows, in which Ducrow appears as a young Highlander, and shows his great powers of 'voiceless' expression, or pantomimic acting; after which a pair of horses, bridled together like dogs in the leash, are brought into the ring, for the exhibition of Mr. Stickney's 'academic poses,' as they are termed in the bill. Mr. Stickney, the 'American Rider,' enters, dressed as a Greek athlete, and springs on horseback. Urging his two steeds to their speed, he throws his form into wild and beautiful attitudes, that remind one of the sculptured representations of the ancient charioteers on vases and marbles. The effect of these attitudes is greatly heightened when a handsome child is brought in, whom the American Rider takes up beside him. While the horses are going at speed, the boy, held by a waist-belt, stands, like flying Cupid, upon Mr. Stickney's shoulder, and in other positions, which make the pair together stretch, one would think, almost into the centre of the ring. Though postures form the whole exhibition here, this is one of the most pleasing portions of the evening's entertainments.

The Terrace-Girl of Madrid, *Jim Crow*, and *The Chinese Brothers*, are the names of pieces that follow in succession. The first of these consists in the dancing, pedestrian and equestrian, of a very little girl, whose skill and coolness on horseback are amazing for her years. *Jim Crow* is very laughable. *Two persons*, to appearance, enter; namely, a fishwife, carrying a black man on her knees. This is, in reality, one man, with certain portions of male and female attire so artfully disposed about him, as to make the whole resemble two persons. This double being gets on horseback, and dances *Jim Crow* to the great amusement of the spectators, the majority of whom actually believe they see two persons before them. *The Chinese Brothers* are two performers dressed like nodding mandarins, who go through some astonishing leaps on horseback and off it. After all these comes a representation of the celebrated story of *Jack the Giant Killer*, in which a giant and giantess play distinguished parts. The stupendous size of the giantess's head and mouth may be conceived from the fact, that the giant pushes two *living children* over her throat, by way of being a mouthful to her, with the greatest ease. Young, middle-aged, and old—all must laugh at such enormities as these.

A miniature representation of Newmarket race-course closes the entertainment. A race-course is roped in, some five or six feet wide, and along this half-a-dozen races are run by as many little ponies, ridden by as many little riders —boys, to wit, dressed in colored caps and jackets, and top-boots. At the ringing of a bell, each race is begun, and the whipping, pushing, and spurring are as like the same work on a great scale as can be imagined; while the fool, in the centre of the ring, with various of his companions, all dressed in most outrageous jockey fashion, are betting and gambling like the keenest of turf-hunters. The last race, to the delight of all, is gained by the very smallest of the ponies, with an *image* of a boy on its back.

Mr. Merryman's witticisms, and many other good things, have necessarily been lost in this account of the performances of the arena. We shall, however, be content if we have extracted from these matters any amusement for those who are far away from the scene personally, and cannot therefore gather it for themselves.

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THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER.

Selina Stanfield was one of the prettiest girls in the scattered village of Woodfield; and with her father, a decayed squire of ancient descent, occupied the last remaining ruinous fragment of the old turreted hall at the end of the lane leading to Blackmere Common—as desolate a spot as a traveller may meet with in the course of a ride of thirty miles over the bleak plains that lie on the western extremity of Norfolk. Selina, who had had the misfortune of losing her mother in her childhood, had picked up a sort of desultory education from her father and an old maiden gentlewoman, of very slender attainments, her aunt; under whose united auspices she learned to read, write, cast accounts, and to play a few tunes on an old cracked harpsichord which had belonged to her grandmother. She could also embroider filigree, and work gentlemen's ruffles; which last accomplishment, all things considered, was rather a supernumerary acquirement for a heroine of the nineteenth century; but Aunt Bridget, who had been celebrated for her performances in this way, assured her pupil that no young lady would be regarded as a well-educated person unless she were capable of executing such handiworks.

At the age of fifteen, Selina was very pretty, and highly sentimental; had read all the old romances in her aunt's closet by stealth; and it was the ardent wish of her heart to experience a few distresses and marvellous adventures: it was, moreover, her secret desire to become the wife of a bandit chief.

Notwithstanding his fine names, no creature could be less like one of those lawless but far-famed desperadoes than Albert Orlando Fisher, the ruddy, good-tempered son of a deceased naval lieutenant. Albert, with his poor mother and eight juvenile brethren, occupied a thatched cottage in the centre of an old monastic enclosure called the Priory; and, for an hour every day, put on his best clothes, for the purpose of shining peerless in the eyes of his fair neighbor, when he walked past her father's gate at noon, or called to bring him a weekly newspaper —a week old—which he had borrowed of the village apothecary for the squire's reading.

Selina was far from being insensible that those attentions were designed for her; and she graciously permitted Albert Orlando to walk by her side to and from church, when papa was confined to his chamber with the gout, and Aunt Bridget stayed at home to take care of him. She also condescended to avail herself of his services in smuggling into the house, unknown to papa and aunt, the contraband article of new novels from the circulating library at the nearest market-town, which was six miles distant from Woodfield. She accepted the daily offering of flowers which he privily made to her, with the rustic but not unpleasing gallantry in which love instructs his most untaught votaries; and she read with assumed dignity, but secret rapture, the 'amatory doggrel rhymes of Cupid's own inditing,' which he addressed to her at certain interesting times and seasons—such as birthdays, new years, and Valentine's anniversaries.

She all of a sudden grew vastly intimate with his mother, who, good woman, felt herself greatly honored by the calls of Miss Selina. She became fond of lonely rambles on Blackmere Common—a similar taste existed on the part of Albert Orlando Fisher; and by some secret sympathy, I suppose, it happened that they always chose the same hour for their walks.

He commenced instructing her in botany; and she, in return, labored to imbue his mind with the elevated and heroic sentiments, in which his deficiency was but too apparent, even in her partial eyes. Albert Orlando, who was a mere matter-of-fact sort of person, did not comprehend much of Selina's refinement, but, loverlike, he listened with great admiration to all she said, and told every one who asked any questions respecting his fair Selina, that she was the prettiest girl for ten miles round, and was clever enough to puzzle an Oxford scholar; which speech gave rise to the report, that Miss Stanfield understood Greek and Latin better than the parson—a gentleman whom we have now occasion to introduce to our readers.

The reverend preacher was precisely of that perilous age when single gentlemen, arrived at the verge of decided old bachelorism, evince much painful anxiety to form a matrimonial connection of a nature sufficiently advantageous to satisfy their own self-esteem; and, abandoning all caution, contract such marriages as cannot fail to amuse the lovers of the marvellous. He possessed an eye for beauty, and began to regard the fair Selina with no common interest, in consequence of the attention which his egotistical pedantry had induced him to pay to her; and falling into an error, by no means unusual among vain people, of attributing his own sentiments to her, he at length persuaded himself into the belief that the young beauty would esteem herself the most fortunate of her sex in becoming his wife. He had no sooner arrived at this flattering conclusion, than he commenced a course of diurnal annoyances, in the shape of morning-calls and friendly tea-visits at Blackmere Hall; to the infinite satisfaction of Mrs. Bridget Stanfield, who, no less egotistical than good Parson Bell, placed all these civilities to her own account, and invariably sent her pretty niece out of the way whenever she spied the portly divine, with his umbrella under his arm, ambling up the old avenue of chestnut-trees leading to the house. This was vastly agreeable to Selina, who was thus enabled to enjoy many opportunities of unreserved intercourse with young Fisher. Parson Bell, however, was too cunning to be thus easily outwitted; nor had he lived so long in single blessedness to be caught at last by a spinster of fifty years' standing. He soon discovered the drift of Aunt Bridget, and was at length awake to the mortifying fact, that Selina had bestowed her youthful affections on a young and handsome lover; but one, withal, whose poverty, even more than his want of refinement, would present an insuperable barrier against his union with Selina Stanfield. Still, he was a formidable rival. He was the only young man in the village whose station in society would entitle him to make pretensions to the daughter of proud Squire Stanfield. As for the squire, the overweening ideas of his own importance, and the claims of his ancient family, appeared to increase as the means necessary to substantiate those claims decreased. Field after field of the family estate had been alienated from the patrimony by his predecessors, to portion off their daughters, or to provide for the numerous train of younger sons which had blessed their union with dowerless beauties, till Reginald Stanfield and his sister Bridget found themselves in possession of little more of the goods of fortune than sufficed to supply them with the bare necessaries of life.

Reginald Stanfield felt these things severely, but his indolent disposition would have prevented him from making any exertions towards improving his situation, even had he possessed the capabilities of so doing. His education had been neglected, and his natural abilities by no means furnished him with those resources which might have assisted him in a struggle to recover the bygone prosperity of his race. His keen perception of the disadvantages under which his straitened circumstances would oblige him to appear if he mingled in society, induced him to lead the life of an anchorite in the very prime of his days; and so long had he persevered in this self-imposed seclusion, that any infringement on his solitary habits would have been most irksome to him. He saw his lovely and only child—the last of that line of whose name and reminiscences he was so proud—stepping fast into womanhood, without the most remote prospect of enjoying any of those advantages so requisite for a young female, who is likely to be but slenderly provided with the goods of fortune; and he sometimes reflected with anxiety on the subject of her future destiny. Such thoughts, however, were painful; and therefore Mr. Stanfield, consistently with his natural and acquired indolence of mind, abandoned them for the more agreeable occupation of his favorite heraldic studies.

The visits of Parson Bell he at first considered intrusive, but every man is assailable when his weak side is known. Reginald Stanfield's might have been perceptible to a child, and was therefore sufficiently open to the cunning divine, who plied him so successfully with flattery, and rendered himself so agreeable by the civilities of lending him books, newspapers, magazines, and sending him occasional presents of game and fish, that the favor of the old squire was completely propitiated; and he at length heard without displeasure, though certainly with some surprise, his neighbor's proposal for Selina's hand.

The lover talked of settlements on his future bride, and represented, in many tempting terms, the increase of comforts that must accrue to Mr. Stanfield himself from the connection. The slight objections urged by the father of the young beauty, on the score of disparity of age, were easily answered. Selina was summoned; and, after a suitable preamble, the old squire presented the Rev. Joseph Bell to her in due form, as the gentleman whom he designed for her future husband. Selina stood aghast at a communication so truly unexpected; then, after a moment's recollection, exclaimed with great *naïveté:* 'Dear papa, you have mistaken me for Aunt Bridget. Mr. Bell is her lover, not mine. I'll go and call her;' and, without paying the slightest regard to the expostulations of her antiquated suitor or the anger of her father, she darted out of the room, and with breathless haste sought her aunt, whom she despatched to join the astonished pair in the study. As may naturally be supposed, the squire and the worthy ecclesiastic were wholly unprepared for so unprecedented a proceeding on the part of a young lady when receiving a proposal of marriage. But Selina knew nothing of the world or its forms, and when surprised out of her acquired habits of romance, she invariably conducted herself in a most original manner. Whilst under the influence of these feelings, her first impulse was to avail herself of the respite she had ingeniously procured, to seek her youthful lover, and acquaint him with the scene that had just taken place. Albert Orlando, who loved her with all the ardor of which a young warm heart is capable, and who was, withal, of a more shrewd and observant character than herself, saw much occasion for alarm when he considered the circumstances of the case, and reflected that Mr. Stanfield might have accepted from his designing neighbor pecuniary obligations, which there could be no means of repaying otherwise than by the sacrifice of Selina's hand.

Selina, who observed the change of his countenance, assured him that there was not the slightest cause for uneasiness, as her heart was unalterably his; and protested her antipathy to her middle-aged lover in terms sufficiently energetic to have made a figure in a tragedy, or a melodrama at the least.

'Oh, but circumstances may, and I fear will, compel you to become his wife, my sweet Selina,' said young Fisher despondingly.

'Albert, if I thought such a thing possible, I would elope with you this very night, and thus put it out of the power even of fate to entail upon me a destiny so full of woe.'

Albert, with a deep sigh, cut short this romantic effusion, by producing the whole of his worldly wealth, consisting of 3*s.* 4½*d.*—not half enough, as he observed, to cover the expenses of their marriage by bans; and then what resource had either of them for a maintenance? Selina, in direct terms, proposed that Albert should become either a pirate or a bandit.

'My love,' replied the young man, laughing, 'either of those high-sounding but villainous professions, even if practicable in these days, would conduct me post-haste to the gallows.'

'Oh, but you do not know what interesting people pirates and brigands are!'

'Very grand sort of fellows in the pages of romance, I will allow, Selina; but Heaven defend us both from the acquaintance and principles of such gentry in real life.'

'But what other resource have you, Albert?'

'Heaven be praised, a very substantial one, my dear girl!' said the young man, in a cheerful tone. 'Patience! pretty Selina, and you will yet be mine; but before I can indulge the rapturous hope of calling you my own, I must pass some years of patient expectation in active and industrious exertions.'

Selina, of course, eagerly demanded an explanation, which Albert Orlando gave, by putting into her hand a letter, received that morning by his mother, from a distant relation, who was established in a prosperous business as a hosier and draper in Norwich. The contents were as follows:—

'DEAR MADAM—I take the liberty of addressing you, in consequence of a letter from the reverend minister of your parish, Mr. Joseph Bell, dated the first of this present month, in which he informs me that you have been left with a large family in a very destitute condition, by the death of my deceased kinsman, and that your eldest son in particular, whom he describes as a fine lad of eighteen, writing a good hand, and clever at accounts, has been, owing to your straitened circumstances, brought up without a business, and likely, in consequence, to fall into idle, disorderly habits, though at present he represents him as a steady, modest, respectable youth, which I have great pleasure in learning; and I beg leave to say, my dear madam, that, as a relation of the family, and a single man without any encumbrances, I shall consider it my duty to take him by the hand. Luckily, a vacancy for an apprentice, in my well-established house of business, occurs at this time, which affords me the opportunity of serving the lad in the most essential manner, by taking him into my own family and shop, where, if he thinks proper to behave himself in a praiseworthy manner, it will be much to his own interest, as I am getting into years, and may possibly, if he prove deserving of my favor, and clever in the business, take him into the firm as a junior partner. Waiting your reply, I am, dear madam, your humble servant, RALPH FISHER.'

'What do you think of that, my pretty Selina?' demanded Albert Orlando, in a tone of exultation.

'I think!' echoed Selina disdainfully, all the pride of the Stanfields flushing her countenance as she spoke: 'I think that, were I a man, I would rather die than condescend to become a hosier's apprentice!'

'Then, of course, you would never condescend to become the wife of a man who had filled such a situation,' retorted Albert Orlando, with great pique.

Selina was silent.

'Miss Stanfield,' resumed the young man, 'the destiny which is offered to my acceptance by my worthy cousin is not very agreeable to the son of a naval officer; but a better and a wiser man than myself has observed, that "we are not our own carvers." Nothing can be justly called mean or dishonorable that is not dishonest; and my duty to my mother and family compels me to embrace a disagreeable occupation, even at the price of a sacrifice upon which I had not calculated.'

Selina burst into tears. 'I have no wish to influence your destiny, Mr. Fisher,' said she, turning away.

'If you loved me, Selina, you would endeavor to strengthen my virtuous resolution, instead of acting thus unkindly. But I suppose you wish to break your engagement with me, that you may be free to marry old Parson Bell.'

'I am not aware that I am compelled to marry either of you,' replied Selina. 'Old Parson Bell, as you call him, appears, however, to have taken his measures very skilfully for our separation; and it must be confessed, Mr. Fisher, that you have completely fallen into his plans.' So saying, the offended beauty walked away with great dignity.

'Stay, Selina!' cried the agitated lover.

'Wait till Selina Stanfield is at your beck and call, before you presume to issue your commands, sir!' replied the lady; and thus they parted.

The Rev. Joseph Bell reaped no advantage from the success of the schemes by means of which he had separated the youthful lovers; for he became, in consequence, so odious to the fair Selina, that she refused to enter the same room with him, on account, as she said, of the disrespect with which he had treated Aunt Bridget, to whom she pertinaciously referred whenever she was called upon by her father or any one else to show cause for her proceedings.

Aunt Bridget, who was penetrated with gratitude at this instance of her niece's dutiful respect, united with her in taking active measures for the expulsion of their quotidian annoyance from the ruins of Blackmere Hall, which he haunted like an evil genius. The parson, however, spared no pains in rendering himself agreeable to the old squire, over whose feeble mind he daily acquired a stronger influence; but I believe it may be set down as a general axiom, that when the females of the house are united in common cause, they are sure to compass their ends; and the aunt and niece at length succeeded in banishing their unwelcome visitant from their domestic circle. It matters not to detail the means by which this desired object was effected; the result was, that the disappointed candidate for the fair hand of Selina, vented his wrath, on the occasion by suddenly demanding, in a peremptory manner, the payment of divers sums with which at sundry times he had accommodated Mr. Stanfield. The old squire was paralyzed, and, had Selina consented, would have endeavored, by the sacrifice of her affections, to purchase the forbearance of his *quondam* friend.

'Surely, my dear papa, you would not so far depart from the dignity of your name and family!' exclaimed the young lady, in reply to the squire's expressed wish for a reconciliation with her antiquated lover.

'Not willingly, my child,' replied her father; 'but how else can I resist impending ruin? How raise three hundred pounds to liquidate the demand of interest and principal which it seems I owe him?'

'Your submission, my dear father, would not pay the debt; and if it would satisfy the creditor, I think you would never stoop to the degradation of existing from day to day on such paltry terms.'

'But if you would marry him, my dear Selina'——

'I would die a thousand deaths first!' exclaimed Selina shuddering.

'You are very perverse,' said her father: 'he would make you a very good husband; and, in fact, unless you can persuade yourself to accept him, I know not what we are to do; for you must be aware that I have other debts, and that the estate, burdened with mortgages and other encumbrances, produces an income quite inadequate to our maintenance.'

'I know that, papa; and my firm opinion is, that your best plan will be to sell it.'

'Sell it! Sell Blackmere Hall and its dependencies, the ancient domain of my family!—the girl is mad to think of such a thing!' retorted the angry squire, and he forbade her to allude again to the subject.

Selina obeyed; but his creditors were less complaisant. The principal mortgagee foreclosed and seized the estate; others put in their claims; the whole property was put up to auction; and when everything was sold, a very inconsiderable surplus remained for the maintenance of the last of the name of Stanfield. To the squire, this was of little consequence; but the alienation of the patrimony broke his heart; and before the purchaser took possession of the crumbling manor-house, its late possessor slept with his fathers.

Selina was gifted with an innate strength of character which had only wanted scope to display its energies. On the present occasion, she felt like a daughter, but she acted like a heroine—not the heroine of romance, whose sickly sensibilities are vented in tears, swoonings, and hysterics, but like the self-devoted heroine of real life, who represses the bitterness and anguish of her own heart to minister to the relief of those around her. She saw her sole relative and friend, Aunt Bridget, sinking like her father, beneath the calamity which had deprived them of home and fortune, and she felt herself imperatively called upon for active exertions. She had no counsellor to advise, no comforter to soothe, nor had she any friend to whom she could apply for assistance; but when the last rites had been paid to her father's remains, she resolved to trace for herself a plan of life, which, she trusted, would enable her to meet the exigencies of her situation. Having hired a small house in the village, she commenced the business of tuition; which, though the very antipodes to romance, afforded a maintenance for herself and Aunt Bridget, who, partaking of the indolence of disposition and hereditary pride by which the squire had been characterized, would do nothing for herself. Within a few months after this reverse of circumstances, the old lady, like her brother, sank under the burden of calamity. The decease of her kinswoman, though in reality a mitigation of Selina's troubles, the dutiful niece lamented as a trying affliction. While her aunt lived, she had a motive for exertion; and however irksome her task might have been, she had felt a satisfaction in performing it, for the sake of the last surviving link between herself and the world, in which she now stood a solitary being.

An unprotected state, she was aware, was not exactly desirable for a female so young as herself. Mr. Bell had taken the opportunity of Mrs. Bridget Stanfield's decease to recommence the persecution of his addresses to Selina; and was at length so pertinaciously annoying, that she resolved to abandon her native village forever, and seek the sanction of a home in some private family, by accepting the situation of governess.

An occupation of this description was difficult to be obtained by a young female, whose education, like that of our heroine, had been of a desultory nature; but after advertising till both her patience and slender resources were well-nigh exhausted, Selina at last formed an engagement with a family in a distant county, where, for a salary which a metropolitan housemaid would consider infinitely beneath her merits, Miss Stanfield undertook to communicate the rudiments of learning to six young ladies and two young gentlemen. With a heavy heart, she bade adieu to the scenes of her childhood, and took her place in the London mail. The route lay through the ancient city of Norwich, which she had never before visited, but which, as the abode of Albert Fisher, possessed for her a secret interest that pride forbade her to avow even to herself. That her breach with Albert was attributable solely to her own vanity, she was forced to confess; but since she had felt that conviction, no opportunity had occurred of acknowledging her error, for Mrs. Fisher had left Woodfield before the death of Mr. Stanfield. Years had passed away in their swift course, and Selina, who had neither seen nor heard from her offended lover since the day of their quarrel, concluded that his boyish passion had been in the first instance shaken by her pride and petulance, and finally obliterated by time, absence, and change. How the young lady's affections had resisted the force of these united influences, we must not take upon us to decide; but certain it is, that when the passengers stopped at the Angel Hotel to breakfast, Selina, instead of partaking of that meal, directed her steps to the interesting locality where stood a large hosier and draper's shop, over the door of which the name of Fisher was ostentatiously emblazoned in huge golden letters. Entering a haberdasher's opposite, Selina purchased an article for which she had no occasion, as an excuse for taking a correct survey of the premises over the way. She enjoyed the felicity of beholding Albert Orlando himself, in very spruce attire, waiting with courteous smiles on an old market-woman, and apparently exerting much powerful eloquence in the recommendation of a pair of coarse worsted hose, which the dame was examining with critical attention. Had time permitted, Selina might have made other observations—for Albert was wholly unconscious of her vicinity—but the dread of losing her place in the mail compelled her to hasten from the spot.

In due time, she arrived at the end of her journey, and in the course of six months exchanged her lot of worse than Egyptian bondage, for a situation scarcely preferable in another family.

There is no cure for romance so effectual as a life of constant mental exertion and daily mortifications—such as those to which the ill-treated and oppressed class of females called private governesses are subjected. It is probable that the high-spirited Selina Stanfield more than once gave a sigh to the remembrance of her first love, and balanced against the genteeler miseries of spinsterhood and preceptress-ship, the substantial comforts she might have enjoyed as the wife of Albert.

Seven years had revolved since, from the haberdasher's shop near Norwich market-place, she had enjoyed the stolen prospect of a certain interesting personage, and no second object—though Selina had, notwithstanding her forlorn situation, been wooed again and again—had succeeded him in her heart; nor had she been fortunate enough to find a permanent home in any of the families to whom she had, on various occasions, engaged her services as governess. Norwich itself was at length the place of her destination. She had made many exertions and some sacrifices to conclude an engagement in that city with a lady, the education of whose infant family she had undertaken to conduct. The first time she had occasion for a pair of new gloves, she made a point of purchasing them at the same shop which she had once before visited for a similar purpose; but in vain did she direct an anxious glance to the opposite windows—a draper's shop occupied the place of 'Fisher's old-established warehouse;' nor was that interesting name to be found over any door in the neighborhood. This circumstance produced a wonderful depression of spirits on the part of the fair Selina; she returned home in silence and doubt—a certain feeling of delicacy and pride, which was natural to her character, operating to prevent her from making any inquiry of the haberdasher respecting the disappearance of the name of Fisher from his vicinity.

A few days after this circumstance, the governess accompanied her pupils to the cathedral on some civic festival, when the mayor and corporation went thither in state to attend divine service. On that morning, Selina had been somewhat roused from her listless state of dejection, by the lively delight of her pupils at the anticipated spectacle of witnessing the entrance of the above-mentioned important personages, attired in their scarlet robes and lilac silk scarfs.

'And only think, Miss Stanfield,' said one of the children, 'the mayor is not a great old ugly mayor, with a wig on his head, like the old frights in St. Andrew's Hall, at which you laughed so much when papa took you to see them; but he is a young mayor, with curling hair, and rosy cheeks, and with a great gold chain about his neck.'

'Yes, and he is so good-natured,' said another of the children; 'he always laughs, and tells us nice funny stories when he comes to see papa; and he is to drink tea with papa to-morrow, and then he will tell you a story too, perhaps, if we ask him.'

Here the prattle of the little folks was interrupted by the entrance of the procession. The organ struck up, the macer, sword-bearer, &c., preceded the right worshipful chief-magistrate towards his stall, the aldermen and other members of the corporation following with their accustomed grace and dignity. Selina Stanfield was amused at the novelty of the scene, and interested in watching its effect upon the countenances of the children, when one of the little boys pulling her by the sleeve, whispered: 'Now, dear Miss Stanfield, do look at the mayor, for he is looking so much at you.' Selina mechanically obeyed the injunction; and, in spite of the gorgeous adornments of scarlet robes, gold chains, &c., recognized the round blue eyes, and good-tempered, handsome face, of her first, her only love—Albert Orlando Fisher.

'O dear, Miss Stanfield, I declare the mayor himself has bowed to you,' whispered the eldest girl; 'but that, I suppose, was because you were with us, for he cannot be acquainted with you.'

The joyous glance of the faithful Albert assured Selina that the years of care and sorrow which had passed over her head since last they met, had neither banished her from his recollection, nor divorced her from his love.

'But our fortunes are different at present,' sighed she to herself: 'we parted in anger; I was in the wrong, and it is now his turn to indulge in proud and scornful feelings.'

Proud and scornful feelings never formed any part of Albert's character: his affections were warm and kindly; and though his love partook not of the nature of romance, it was not on that account the less enduring and sincere.

Our tale having already exceeded the prescribed limits, we must disappoint the gentle reader of the details of the interesting scene which took place on the following day between the worthy Albert Orlando Fisher and Selina Stanfield. Suffice it to say, that the latter, instead of envying the destiny of either pirate's or bandit's bride, considered herself as one of the happiest among women, when, at the next civic festival, she presided in St. Andrew's Hall as mayoress of Norwich.

TIGER-HUNTING.

The hunting of the tiger is fully as dangerous and exciting a sport as that of the wild buffalo, and is usually conducted in India on a magnificent scale—dogs, horses, elephants, with the huntsmen in howdahs on their backs, and attendants of various kinds to beat the bushes, all composing a large and powerful cavalcade. In these grand hunting-matches, the elephants often do important service, for, loaded as they are with armed men, they will rush into the jungle upon the wounded tiger, and transfix him to the earth with their tusks. Occasionally, to relieve the tedium of existence at the British out-stations, this ferocious animal is hunted by one or two gentlemen armed with rifles, and either mounted or dismounted, as suits their fancy or the nature of the country.

A short time ago, a young officer arriving at one of these stations in the upper country, was eager in his inquiries, whether there were any tigers to be met with in the neighborhood, and he was informed that certainly tigers existed in no inconsiderable numbers, but that, from the nature of the country, it was impossible to get at them. This intimation was of course unheeded by an ardent and enterprising spirit, pleased with the idea of overcoming difficulties. The country was exceedingly hilly; yet, determined upon ascertaining whether it would be practicable to employ elephants, they were mustered for the campaign. However, after getting over several very dangerous passes, it became necessary to relinquish the attempt. It became now certain, that, unless a tiger could be decoyed into the plains, there could be no chance for the sportsmen with elephants. This, however, proved a forlorn-hope. The tigers, as if perfectly aware of the security of their position, never quitted the hills during the day, stealing down to the water below only amid the silence and darkness of the night. It became, therefore, a matter of certainty that the attack, if made at all, must be made long after daylight had departed. A morning's tour round a neighboring lake added to this conviction, for the inspector observed some fresh tracks of tigers, and on inquiring among the villagers, was told that he might meet with tigers any night that he chose to look for them round Kalingur, the name of the lake in question. From that moment he resolved on trying the effect of nocturnal excursions, but the method of proceeding puzzled him not a little. Upon such occasions, a platform is usually constructed in a tree; but here were no trees, no bushes, nor even a blade of grass, to afford shelter and concealment, the ground round about being perfectly bare and arid. What was therefore to be done?—the sportsman must either plant himself upon this exposed plain, or get no tiger. The idea of encountering a tiger on foot, with the odds so much in favor of the quadruped, at the dreary hour of night, was rather appalling, and our enterprising friend hesitated; but he could not resolve to abandon the project, the same spirit which animated the chivalry of the olden time urging him to the conflict. He was a first-rate shot, and, should his nerves not fail him, he felt certain that the ball would tell; but as they had never been so severely tried before, there was no saying whether they would abide the test.

The attempt was, however, to be made; and the resolution once taken, it never swerved. The lake already named lay at the distance of six miles from the sportsman's bungalow. The road to it being through a heavy jungle, it was necessary, in order to reach it in proper time, a little after sunset, to make an early departure. A young Mussulman servant, a mere lad, who was fortunately not very easily daunted, carried the ammunition, and shared in the vigil. The first excursion was made in the month of April, after a parching day of hot winds. The sportsman chose his position with all the advantages that circumstances would admit; he fronted the hills, with his back towards the lake, which prevented any attack in the rear, and would afford a place of retreat in case of necessity, a rush into the water being the *dernier ressort*. On the first night, the vigil was uninterrupted, at least by a tiger; other animals came down to drink, but they were suffered to pass unmolested. The situation had been rather a nervous one, and the return of the morning was hailed with proportionate delight. A few evenings subsequently, the sportsman was again at his post; he had now become familiar with the scene and the danger, and experienced the composure which results from feeling, as it were, at home: the strangeness at least had worn off. The hour for the moon's rising was ten, and, not expecting to be called into action before it made its appearance, the sentinel had scarcely braced his energies to the task, when, a little after dusk, he plainly perceived some large animal approaching the water. Upon reaching it, it stopped, apparently to drink. What a moment! how inadequate are words to express the sensations crowding upon the adventurer's heart, and how impossible to imagine them by those who have never been placed in a situation of similar peril. A deadly silence prevailed, not even a whisper passing between the officer and his almost breathless attendant. Grasping the faithful rifle firmly, he placed the finger on the trigger, ready to deliver the deadly charge. Who shall say what passed in the breast of the person thus fearfully placed? What worlds he might not have given for a change of situation!—yet was the excitement even at that moment mingled with a strange kind of delight! Many seconds were not allowed for reflection, for it soon became necessary to act: there was a possibility that the animal taken for a tiger might only be one of the elk species. But the worst must be prepared for, and that speedily. After the animal had refreshed himself at the lake, he appeared to be moving in the direction of the sportsman; but as the evening had considerably advanced, he could not at first distinguish clearly: a very brief interval, however, sufficed to assure him of the truth of the conjecture. Twice the gun was brought up to the position of firing, and twice, in the excited state of the imagination, the marksman fancied he heard a voice whisper: 'Not yet—not yet.' He obeyed the warning, if such it were. In another moment the animal appeared to have changed his direction. It had approached within a dozen yards, and for the last time the gun was raised, aimed steadily at the centre of the moving mass, and, without the slightest hesitation, fired. For the first time since the appearance of the game, silence was now broken by the attendant, who exclaimed: 'A large tiger, sir!' Inquiring how he could be certain of the description of the animal, he observed, that, from the flash in the pan, the gun having a flint, he had plainly seen the tiger; and so to his master's great delight it proved, for upon the rising of the moon, the tawny monarch was seen pinned down upon the very spot which he had occupied at the discharge of the fatal shot. This exploit was duly appreciated by the neighboring villagers; and the fallen foe, securely padded on an elephant, made the round of the European dwellings on the following morning, in a sort of triumph or ovation. With confidence, strengthened by good fortune, other attempts were made upon the same spot, and with equal success.

In the vicinity of a neighboring village, called Manpoora, which was situated in a small valley surrounded with hills and thick jungle, dwelt in solitary grandeur a monster of a tiger which had become as well known as the village itself, and which had for several years past been permitted to remain undisturbed, in consequence of his having baffled every effort made by parties who had at different times gone out against him. Thus left to himself, he had continued his depredations with impunity, and had become the terror of the inhabitants for many miles round. To *bag* this fellow, as it is termed in sporting phrase, was now the ruling desire of our hero's heart, not only on account of the report which described him as being an enormous beast, but more especially from the circumstance of his having hitherto bade defiance to those sportsmen who had sought him in the field; vanity being mingled with that noble emulation necessary to the performance of great deeds. Near to the village above described, runs a beautiful little hill-stream, shallow, but clear as crystal, and a place very likely to be chosen for the nightly promenades of the monarch of the waste. The villagers agreeing in this opinion, the young adventurer lost no time in looking out for a convenient position. The people of Manpoora, interested in the issue of the enterprise, and satisfied, after the death of the Kalingur tiger, that the person who performed that notable exploit was equal to a second of the same nature, often gave notice of the movements of the animal; but some time elapsed before the tiger's plan of operations could be fully made out. Three or four nights were passed on the banks of the Manpoora water without success; for, though it was ascertained that the tiger had been either prowling above or below the scene of the vigil, he did not show himself, and, tired out with these fruitless attempts, the sportsman reluctantly relinquished his visits. One afternoon, however, three villagers, in breathless haste, appeared at the European station; they had run fast and far, and could scarcely—after holding up their hands, and beckoning the sportsman, who happened to be riding in a contrary direction, to stop—relate the cause of their hurry and anxiety. At last they exclaimed: 'The Manpoora tiger has come!' which was all that could at first be made out. Afterwards, they explained that a cow had been killed, and that a watch kept on this night would be pretty certainly successful. No time was lost in preparing for the expedition, and evening found our friend again at the Valley of Manpoora. The peasants immediately accompanied their visitor to the scene of the sacrifice; there lay the cow; and two men, who had watched the whole proceeding from the neighboring trees, reported that the tiger, after a copious draught of pure blood, had retreated to the hills, doubtless to return in the evening to make a more solid meal. An examination of the carcass proved the truth of this information; the cow had been freshly killed, and was as yet uninjured, save by the wounds which had caused its death. The disappearance of the tiger was not at all disheartening, it being the custom of the animal to leave its prey for awhile, knowing it to be perfectly safe. It is seldom that the inferior denizens of the wild venture to attack a carcass brought down by a tiger, until he has gorged his fill. The jackals and vultures draw silently around, waiting their turn, after the sovereign has completed his repast; and should they neglect this mark of respect, they are made to pay dearly for the omission—sportsmen, on coming on the remains of a slaughtered animal, having sometimes seen vultures lying dead upon it, killed by a stroke from the tiger's claw. The spot on which the cow was lying was exceedingly jungly, and ill calculated for the adventurer's purpose; but after the different attempts that had been made, and the watching and anxiety already undergone, though a most unsatisfactory place for a night abode, the young man determined to take up his quarters on it. The carcass of the cow was moved, by his directions, to a more promising spot, and close to one of the extremities a slight ambuscade of thorns was thrown up, to conceal the adversary from view. The Mussulman lad before mentioned remained stanch by the side of his master, and one of the villagers asked and obtained permission to join the party. Towards dusk, the position was taken up, the officer placing himself in front close up to the tail of the cow, and the two natives back to back in the rear, by which plan a look-out on all sides was effected. The night set in with the most profound darkness imaginable, conveying a sense of horror to the mind which it is impossible to describe, and producing an impression which was strongly calculated to render the rashness of the undertaking the prevailing feeling. Hour after hour passed away, in the most painful kind of suspense. Midnight arrived, and not long afterwards, a distant rustling among the bushes was distinctly heard; by degrees the sound became plainer and plainer; there was now no mistaking the approach of the enemy, and a few minutes would decide the business. The sounds ceased; and while wondering whether the tiger had, upon second thoughts, retreated, our friend, upon looking up, distinctly saw the royal beast standing close to the head of the cow, the body of the animal only intervening between them. It was a moment of utter dismay. The tiger had commenced his repast, and, with the desperate determination produced by the fearfulness of the occasion, the gun was brought up, and fired. The tiger did not drop. A never-to-be-forgotten roar, and a charge of indomitable fierceness, followed. The tiger fortunately rushed past, blundering onwards in aimless fury. Sufficient presence of mind to fire again under such circumstances, was not in human nature; and the villager, still less accustomed to so dreadful a predicament, grasped the arm of the sportsman in the terror of the moment, and thus added to his embarrassment. After the tiger had rushed forward for a short distance, the welcome sound of his fall was heard, succeeded by heavy groans. These indications gave very satisfactory assurances of his impending fate, but still it was necessary to be cautious. After allowing a sufficient time for the tiger either to make off, or to expire in peace, the attendants were directed to rouse the village, and in the interim the rifle was again reloaded in case of the worst. The villagers were soon assembled with their lighted torches, but for some time their search proved ineffectual. In fact, the chief actor in the scene began to imagine that he had missed his aim, or that the whole had been nothing more than an apparition conjured up by the excited state of his mind. Believing that the tiger had not been wounded at all, and had made good his retreat, the villagers, who had been somewhat fearful of searching too minutely before, growing bolder, looked more narrowly around them. A shout of joy was soon after heard. The tiger was discovered—dead. A hearty huzza followed, in which the natives, though unaccustomed to the European mode of cheering, joined with all their lungs. The tiger proved to be the identical monster so long sought. The ball had gone clean through the centre of the stomach, and it was a subject of surprise that he had been able to reach the place in which he was found. The manner in which this and the Kalingur tiger met their death, and the arm that laid them low, are well known in Bengal.

CROSSING THE LINE.

The ceremonies customary among sailors in crossing the equator, have, we believe, been more than once described, but yet are not perhaps well known to a large portion of the public. The following account of them is the composition of a gentleman who has actually witnessed, and borne a part (that of a sufferer) in them :—

I sailed from Portsmouth, in April, 1814, in an East India vessel of a thousand tons. There were seventeen passengers besides myself—the only youth amongst them. The most conspicuous of the number was an old corpulent general, who regularly took his two bottles of port every day after dinner, and then strutted upon deck with an extremely comical oscillation of gait. He was accompanied by his wife, a pretty, lively creature of seventeen, happy in her recent emancipation from boarding-school control. Jokes innumerable were shot off at the old gentleman, who, with a fat good-nature, was always the first to laugh at them himself. Even when these were practical, they did not put him out of humor. For instance, a waggish officer observing that, in his after-dinner walks, he was in the habit, when the weather was warm, of leaving his hat on the capstan, took it up slily, and covered the lining with tar. Soon after, a breeze getting up, the general took up his hat, and put it on, and then continued his parade between the mainmast and the cuddy. In time, the heat melted the tar, which began to stream down his cheeks in unequal lines, to the great amusement of all who beheld it, and were aware of the cause. Conceiving it to be merely the natural perspiration, he frequently lifted his hat to wipe his forehead, but without discovering the nature of the unguent. Finally, he went down to tea, and took his seat at table with the greatest gravity, when the bursting laughter of the company at length led to a detection of the trick. None laughed more heartily than his own volatile spouse; and in a little while he was able to enjoy the joke himself, though I must confess that, for the first five minutes, he seemed a little grave. Another of the passengers was a Scotchman, a captain of the Bombay Native Infantry, greatly given to the use of long pompous-sounding words, and whose wife, with good-looks and good-nature, was perpetually exciting the mirth of the company by silly remarks. There was nothing singular about the rest of the company.

We reached latitude 0 without a single adventure of the least consequence. In the morning of the day on which we were to gain that point, the last-mentioned lady asked if she could have a sight of the line through a telescope. A silk thread was fastened across the bottom of the glass, and she was desired to take the instrument into her own hands, and look out for it. She immediately exclaimed that she saw it, and after a time, having satisfied her curiosity, gave back the telescope, apparently quite contented.

We were previously made aware that, on this day, according to ancient usage, the sailors were to be indulged in unrestrained license, and that they were to employ the privilege in performing a well-known piece of mummery, in the course of which the passengers would be entirely abandoned by the master of the vessel as subjects for their uncouth and outrageous sport. I was not, therefore, surprised to receive in my cabin, before I had risen, a visit from the ship-armorer's deputy, a tall, rough-looking fellow, with a countenance already inflamed above its ordinary red by an extra portion of grog. From his pocket he pulled out three thick pieces of iron, shaped like razors, which he laid upon the table. The edge of the first was jagged like a coarse saw; the next was somewhat less rough; and the third had comparatively a smooth edge.

'There, young man,' said he, 'which of these beautifully-tempered implements of my trade—for I am the mighty Neptune's barber—would you prefer being used about the worst part of your fair-weather countenance—number one, two, or three? They are all admirable shavers, and will take off a beard like yours to a hair.'

Alas! I had scarcely then a beard to my chin. 'Why,' I answered in a tone of extreme modesty and good-temper, 'as you are so polite as to offer me a choice, I should much prefer the instrument with the smoothest edge.'

'That razor,' replied my visitor, 'cannot be used upon mortal chin, unless the privilege of being shaved with it is well paid for. It is daily applied by me to the immortal face of my great master Neptune. You cannot of course expect to have the beard taken off yours with the same heaven-tempered article, unless you pay a handsome fee for the honor.'

'Oh, very well,' said I, and placed a guinea in his grimy palm.

'Nay, young gentleman, that is the price of number two. I never apply number three to the chin of a mortal for less than two guineas and a pint of rum.'

I immediately gave him the two guineas and a bottle of brandy, with which he professed to be content.

This nautical Figaro now quitted me, and went to a young man in the steerage, who was on his passage to Bombay as a free merchant.

'Well, my fine fellow,' said the royal barber, 'how do you find yourself in this here latitude? how's your beard? for you'll be shaved to-day, as sure as my name's Ben Bartlett. But don't mind; it will be done nicely, for you are in capital hands. Can you pay to be scraped genteelly, for you know we don't shave in this here latitude for nothing?'

'I have crossed the line before, so that I am not a candidate for the honor you would confer upon me.

'When did you cross the line? You look too much like a land-lubber to have had my master Neptune's certificate of having passed his borders. Don't think to gammon older heads than that curly skull which wags so jauntily upon those spare shoulders.'

'Do you doubt my word?'

'Words, Mr. What-d'ye-call-'um, are a sort of coin that don't pass current in these here parts: we only take pieces with the king's head upon 'em. And as to your having crossed the line, you won't get anybody on the other side on't to believe it. I must let you into a little bit of a secret. Our king, brother to the great Jupiter, but this very morning went up in a water-spout to the realms of old Father Saturn, and looked over the register, kept in the Rolls Court of his dominions, to see who had paid the fee of passage over the borders of Neptune's empire, but he saw no such name as yours upon the rolls, and you know it must have been recorded had you crossed. Come, your money, or as sure as you've a beard upon your chin, it will be rasped with number one.'

Thus ended the colloquy; and the poor young free merchant, who, I verily believe, had crossed the line two several times, having determined to resist the levy of the fictitious Neptune and his accessories, was set down by the imperial shaver upon the list of candidates for the saw-edged razor.

To every passenger in both parts of the vessel the delegate paid a similar visit. Some, who had crossed the line before, and were vouched for by the captain, escaped impost, but with difficulty, for this was a fact about which Neptune's officers seemed remarkably inclined to be skeptical. The Scotch captain was the only man in our cabin who neither substantiated a former passage nor submitted to the impost, and the barber left him with many ominous grumblings. After the round had been completed, and a register made, specifying the respective candidates for numbers one, two, and three, an order was given for the passengers to go below, in such a peremptory tone, that I really began to fancy that the command of the ship had been resigned to the counterfeit Neptune.

When assembled in the steerage, we were desired to wait there patiently until summoned upon deck into the presence of ocean's king. We had all taken care to dress ourselves in colored cotton jackets and trousers, to avoid adding the sacrifice of a good suit of clothes to that of the coating of our chins. While stuffed under hatches, we heard the bustle of preparation above, and looked forward with feverish anxiety to the moment when the first of us should be summoned upon deck. It was really a painful state of anxiety, and I well remember to this day the extreme agitation I endured whilst under the torture of suspense. Some of the party affected to laugh at the thing as a good joke, but there was an expression on every countenance not to be mistaken, which explicitly told that it would turn out an agreeable joke to none.

I listened to the din overhead, and a rumbling noise soon convinced me that the mummery had begun. When it was ascertained that the ship was near the line, a loud shout was raised by the submarine aristocracy, arrayed in their official robes, and decorated with their respective badges. At noon, the presence of the mighty Neptune was announced by the blowing of a long tin-horn from the forecastle. This summons was answered by the officer of the watch through a speaking-trumpet. The potentate of the deep was then drawn forward upon a gun-carriage to the quarter-deck, where the captain was ready to receive him. Neptune upon this occasion was personated by the ship's armorer, a tall, strapping blacksmith, whose limbs were cast in a mould of Herculean proportions. He stood at least six feet three inches out of his shoes, and was altogether a fine fellow, possessing a coarse, but shrewd and ready wit, and performing his part, in spite of deep potations of grog, in a manner by no means unworthy of the majesty which he represented. He bore in his hand a trident, the head of which, formed by his own ingenuity and labor, was fixed into the discarded handle of a mop. The car in which he sat was a water-tub, propped upon a gun-carriage, and decorated with flags. He was drawn by eight sturdy seamen, in the character of Tritons. Neptune, round his capacious forehead, 'the likeness of a kingly crown had on,' being neither more nor less than an old tin kettle, the bottom of which had been thumped out, while the sides had been filed into spires, to resemble a diadem. The upper part of his body was naked, and painted a nondescript color, between azure and green; several long strips of horse-hair hanging over his shoulders, and sweeping the edges of his triumphal car. His face was so bedaubed with paint, that not a feature could be recognized. His right hand held the trident; his left was stuffed most majestically into his breeches pocket.

As soon as the sea-god was dragged to the quarter-deck, the trembling victims of his tyranny were allowed for a short time to breathe a freer air. The hatches being uncovered, as many of us as could get on the ladder were permitted to take a peep at the farce that was going on. Neptune's Tritons were far more grotesque than their sovereign master, being so drunk that they could scarcely stand, and arrayed in such a manner as to make them appear as monstrous as possible. Their brows were encircled with wet swabs hanging over their shoulders, dripping with black bilge-water, and spattered with oat-meal. Their faces were smeared with red ochre, the upper parts of their bodies being naked, and painted with the rude forms of dragons, whales, and 'monsters of the deep.'

Amphitrite, upon the present occasion, was represented by a short, sturdy sailor, whose growth had stopped so long before his manhood, that he carried the height of a mere boy in the breadth of a vigorous man. He was dressed in a costume by which it was difficult to know to which sex the spouse of his aquatic majesty claimed to belong. Upon her head she wore what was intended for a wig, composed of hemp, frizzled by the barber for the occasion; and down her broad back hung two dripping swabs, curled upon a marlinspike, and covered with oatmeal, like those which encircled the foreheads of her attending Tritons. From her waist depended a coarse mat, which supplied the place of a petticoat, hanging to her heels, and thus concealing the muscularity of her royal legs. She stood by the side of Neptune, with a pipe in her mouth, from which she propelled volumes of smoke.

At Neptune's left hand stood the barber, armed with his three razors, and a large brush fixed to the end of a broomstick. Neptune was no sooner placed upon the quarter-deck, than the captain advanced, made him a profound bow, and desired to know his pleasure. The potentate immediately drew from the bottom of the car a sort of chart and a pair of compasses. The former he placed upon his knee, and with the latter began to measure the boundaries of his empire, in order to show that the ship had reached the limits of that portion of ocean which was common property, and was about to enter those dominions over which the imperial son of Saturn especially presided, and into which he allowed no one to pass without paying a fee, and undergoing that divine rite of chin-scraping which should constitute him henceforward a free denizen of his sovereignty.*

The captain acknowledged the truth of Neptune's representation, as well as the justice of his claim, and forthwith ordered the hatches to be again closed upon the passengers. We were all in a state of miserable suspense during the settlement of these preliminaries, and it became a question whether we should not, one and all, resist the tyranny with which we were threatened. By the majority, however, it was deemed imprudent to oppose a set of drunken sailors, sanctioned as their amusement was by the captain and officers of the ship; we therefore unanimously resolved to offer no opposition.

The summons at length arrived for one of the captives to ascend the deck, when the formidable barber, with his three razors, waited to receive him. This caused a general shudder, though some affected to laugh at what they called a good joke; it was, however, very evident that they really thought it a bad one. The hatches being opened, the surgeon, who, though a young man of firm nerves, did not at all approve of the ceremony, was first ordered to mount the steps: this he did with just that sort of alacrity which a criminal displays when going to be hanged. His eyes were bandaged, and as his motions were rather slow and reluctant, he was dragged by the arm through the hatchway by two stout Tritons, who exercised their rude jests upon us as we stood gaping at the unhappy victim about to undergo the infliction of number two. When he had reached the quarter-deck, the hatches were instantly closed upon us, and we were left to our meditations.

'Well, my lads,' said the sailor who had been placed in the steerage to take care of us, ''twill soon be over now, and when you've had your ducking, you'll be as frisky as the merriest of them. They don't take long a-shaving land-lubbers. I remember when I was scraped, the skin didn't fairly cover my chin again for six weeks, and I was all the while like a scalded pig, sore and tender.'

This sort of bantering was continued until a second of the party was summoned into the presence of Neptune and his satellites. He ascended as reluctantly as the doctor amid the coarse jeers of the Tritons, who, by this time, showed clearly that the grog had so mounted into their heads as almost entirely to deprive them of the command of their heels.

Four victims were summoned to the shaving-tub before I was called upon. When I heard my name announced, though I pursed up my features into a sort of careless grin, in order to show that I had no apprehension of what I was about to undergo, my heart knocked against my side with such energy that I could hear the pulsations. I ascended the steps without a murmur, and with as ready an activity as I could command. The bandage which had been placed over my eyes did not entirely obstruct my vision, and I could see downwards with tolerable clearness. Upon reaching the deck, I was conducted to an immense water-tub. Across a segment of its vast circumference, a plank was laid, on which I was immediately seated. Seeing that the barber, now so intoxicated as to be scarcely able to stand, was preparing to apply the roughest razor to my chin, I reminded him that I had purchased the privilege of being scraped with the smoothest. 'You say true, my lad; I had forgot,' he grumbled, with a lounge that had nearly cast him headlong on the deck, but suddenly grasping the side of the tub, he secured his footing. 'I took ye for the land-jack who pretended he had crossed the line, and refused to come down with the toll. When it comes to his turn, won't I harrow his face to a pretty tune?'

The compost with which he intended to besmear my chin was now placed in his hand. It consisted of tar, grease, and sundry other much more offensive simples. Having well filled the brush, he placed it opposite to my mouth, asking me at the same moment if I did not find him a very agreeable barber. The bandage round my forehead being by this time considerably loosened, I could distinctly see the brush, and being aware of the intention, kept my lips closed. I knew that, had I separated them, the brush and that villainous mixture with which it was charged, would have been instantly stuffed between, for the amusement of the drunken fellows by whom I was surrounded. As I did not reply, another question was asked; but at this moment feeling the man stagger, I slipped from the plank upon which I was seated, and pushed from me the unsteady barber, who immediately fell upon his back. Before I could effect my escape, I was seized in the sinewy grasp of a Triton, and pitched head over heels into the tub. The moment I rose, I was pushed under water of a very foul quality, and this was continued until I was nearly suffocated.

The barber meanwhile was raised with some difficulty, vowing vengeance against me for having presumed to obstruct him in the performance of his honorable functions; and he certainly would have inflicted upon me the discipline of number one, had not the officer of the watch, with whom I happened to be something of a favorite, interfered, and saved my face from certain excoriation. I was at length suffered to escape with only a severe ducking, amid the murmurs of the disappointed barber.

No sooner had I quitted the tub, than the Scotch captain, by virtue of a privilege of the initiated, soused me from head to foot with a pailful of salt water, which, however, was rather agreeable than otherwise, as it helped to clean me. Anxious to witness the proceedings of the mummers, I seated myself on the poop, and beheld the remaining passengers one after another brought on deck, and subjected to the ceremony. The whole scene struck me as being disgraceful to a British ship's company. Every one of the crew who took part in the business, was so intoxicated that he could scarcely stand, and the blasphemies which they uttered were appalling. There was something in their frolics that savored more of a savage spirit than of the supposed character of an English tar.

Among the last of the passengers summoned, was the young man who had so vigorously resisted the impost in the morning. He was dragged from the steerage with extreme violence, to which, contrary to my expectation, he offered no resistance. When seated upon the cross-beam over the tub, having opened his lips to answer a question which was put to him, the horrid brush was instantly thrust between, to the infinite amusement of the onlookers. The barber then lathered his face up to the very eyes, all of which was borne with seeming patience. Emboldened by his tameness, which appeared like cowardice, the drunken monster then took up the deeply-serrated blade, and, sweeping it smartly along his cheek and chin, inflicted several gashes, from which I could see the blood immediately begin to flow. Incensed at length by this cruel usage, the lad suddenly slid from the plank, tore the bandage from his eyes, and striking the barber upon the forehead with his whole force, laid him flat upon the deck. He was immediately surrounded, but, seizing the trident from the grasp of Neptune, who was so stupified from intoxication that he could scarcely hold it, the ill-used youth wielded it with such lusty energy that he laid several of those who attempted to capture him beside their prostrate companion the shaver. Having cleared his way through the hostile throng, he rushed towards the cuddy door, which, it being locked in the inside, he burst open with a stroke of his hand, and proceeding to the captain's cabin, demanded admittance. This door was likewise locked, but with one blow of his foot he made a clear passage, and stood before the captain with his face begrimed and bleeding. 'Is this,' said he, in a tone of vehement indignation, 'the manner in which you suffer your passengers to be treated? Sir, I hold you responsible for this indignity. I have been insulted and ill-used by your men, and I here demand reparation from you for the injury.'

The matter had now become so serious, that the captain thought it his duty to interfere. Instead of resenting the violence of his insulted passenger, he made him the humblest apologies; declaring that he never intended any portion of his crew should proceed so far as they had done, and immediately appeared in person upon deck, ordering that the men should offer no further molestation to the gentleman who had so justly punished them for their brutality. Thus harmony was restored, and the injured youth descended to the steerage to wash his begrimed features, and to plaster his chin.

When all the passengers had been shaved, that unhappy portion of the crew who had not crossed the line were brought upon deck to undergo the same operation. Each, as he was conducted to the tub, was stripped to the waist. A still more offensive mixture than that hitherto employed was made use of; and the manner in which some of the men were treated was really disgraceful to civilized beings, yet neither captain nor officer interfered to prevent the outrage. Several of the poor fellows quitted the deck with the tears streaming from their eyes, in consequence of the gashes inflicted upon their chins. One fine athletic man refused to permit the vile ceremony to be performed upon him, upsetting the imperial car, knocking down the drunken officials, and making his escape unharmed. He was, however, followed by a strong party of the crew, some of whom were less intoxicated than those immediately composing Neptune's train; these seized him, after a strong resistance, and forced him upon deck. Having fastened a rope round his waist, they hoisted him to the mainyard-arm, and let him drop from thence into the sea. Here they kept him until he was nearly drowned, and most probably this consummation would have been effected, had not the officer of the watch interfered, and insisted upon the man being drawn up. He was obeyed with much reluctance, and the poor fellow was laid upon the deck all but senseless. The matter did not end here; for the man being removed below, no sooner recovered from the effects of his cruel bath, than he made his appearance among his drunken companions, and tearing off the swabs from Neptune's and the barber's brows, he seized each by the hair, and dashed their heads together with such violence that both fell speechless upon the quarter-deck. He then belabored the drunken Tritons with such earnestness, that several fell prostrate beneath the might of his muscular arm. This created a general tumult, which was not allayed before more than one broken head had been committed to the charge of the surgeon. The champion in this affray finally retired without a scratch, for he had fortunately escaped the infliction of the razor.

Thus terminated these disgraceful proceedings. Many of the landsmen were not subjected to the penalty of being shaved, in consequence of this opportune tumult, as the captain now interfered, and would not allow the sport to proceed further. Nearly all the men who had participated in it were in such a state of inebriation as to be unable to go below, but threw themselves under the forecastle, where they slept until the fumes of the grog were dissipated; though their bloodshot eyes and red inflated cheeks continued for days to mark the extent of their debauch.

Since this time, I have been informed the ceremonies so long customary on crossing the line have fallen much out of observance, or have been greatly tempered. Perhaps one cause of this may have been a certain law-suit which took place some years ago at Bombay. A gentleman who had taken a passage on board an Indiaman for that port, having heard that he would probably be subjected to the usual ceremony on crossing the line, remonstrated on the subject with the captain, from whom he demanded protection. The latter stated, that he never interfered on these occasions—that it was an old custom, which he could not attempt to put a stop to—and, in short, that he could not save his passengers from the usual infliction. 'Sir,' observed the gentleman, 'I have paid you handsomely for the use of a cabin on board your ship. Whilst I continue to occupy it, it is as much my house as a house would be for which I paid rent. No one has any right to enter it but with my consent, and I shall consider it sacred from intrusion whenever I may think proper to retire to it, as a protection against the assumed privilege of your crew. I shall neither pay them their demand, nor suffer them to intrude upon my privacy on the day when you think proper to give them a license to be tyrannical.' 'As you please,' was the reply.

On the following day, Neptune hailed the ship, and the recusant individual, who had retired to his private apartment, was summoned to appear. He refused. The door was immediately tried, but found too strongly fastened to be forced. The man who officiated as barber on the occasion, and another man, were then lowered over the ship's side, and, entering the cabin by the port-hole, dragged the refractory malcontent through it, hauled him to the deck, and there subjected him to the rite in its severest and most disgusting form. Upon reaching Bombay, he brought an action against the captain, and recovered £300 damages.

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THE STRANGER OF THE VILLAGE:

A STORY.

BY MRS. LOGAN, AUTHORESS OF 'ST. JOHNSTON,' AND OTHER WORKS.

A GREAT many years ago, during the vernal equinox, a high gale suddenly arose towards evening, which speedily tossed into fury the waters of the sea which wash the south-west district of Scotland. The heavy black clouds, which were tinged with a red glare, burst forth in several peals of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning; and the storm was beginning to assume a most threatening aspect when a small coasting vessel put up a flag, and stood in towards a little fishing village, situated in one of the beautiful bays of the Solway. The signal was immediately seen and comprehended by the landlord of the little thatched public-house of the hamlet, yclept the Wallace Inn, and he stepped hastily into his kitchen, to warn a boat's crew of fishermen of the event, who were regaling themselves with their accustomed libations. Four hardy fellows started on the instant to their feet, and were in a twinkling at the bottom of the bank, busied in launching their boat, which they had only an hour before drawn up high and dry upon the beach, in anticipation of the sweep that the waves were now making over their usual barriers. The landlord of the inn, and a young man whom business had made for the present an inmate of his little parlor, continued to watch the fishing-boat rise and fall, as it surmounted the white curling crests of the waves, or sank into their dark abysses, as if never to appear again. In a short time, however, it was seen returning from the sloop, which again pursued its laboring course. What communication could this little vessel have to make with the people of the village in such a night? was a question of no little curiosity to all who happened to be looking on, save the landlord of the Wallace, who expected about this time a few ankers of contraband spirits, and thought it probable that an opportunity might have been seized to land them, when the weather made it unlikely that the exciseman would be upon the watch. The honest man's interest being concerned in this matter, he took care to be upon the beach when the boat returned; but instead of having the agreeable duty of escorting a few ankers of gin to his tavern, he had to receive and pay proper obeisance to a stout-looking stranger, who jumped half-knee deep from the boat, and assisted as effectively as any of her crew in drawing her up once more to her dry station. A middle-sized black leather trunk, and a bundle of new fishing-rods, were the only luggage of the new-comer. When the fireside of the inn-kitchen was gained, and he had doffed his fur-cap, and pulled off his rough greatcoat, both wet with the spray, he stood forth a goodly person, gifted with a very considerable portion of manly grace. He seemed about five and thirty years of age, and his handsome features, which were somewhat weather beaten, and much sunburnt, appeared doubly swart, as contrasted with a high shining white forehead, surrounded by a thick shock of dark clustering hair. The expression of his countenance was that of honest open good-humor; and there was something singularly bland in his smile, which displayed an even set of teeth that matched his forehead in whiteness. It was whispered among the fishermen who attended him to the inn, that he was a seafaring gentleman. None other would have been up to the sea-language he used while in the boat, have feared the rough weather so little, and, above all, rewarded their trouble so liberally, or helped with such right good-will to pull up the boat. This, therefore, was a settled point.

What had brought him there was also speedily ascertained, for he presently informed his host that he was a Mr. Jones, who had taken a fishing and shooting lodge which had been advertised on the estate of Sir Charles Cardoness, now residing abroad. This brought on an introduction to the young man formerly mentioned as watching the boat from the inn window, and who was announced to the stranger as Mr. Henry Ogilvie, son to Sir Charles's factor, and his father's assistant on the extensive estates under his management, and who was at present the only ostensible agent, the factor being laid up with a fit of gout in the county town, where his wife and daughters resided. Mr. Henry was a fine-looking young man, with an intelligent countenance and frank manners, that seemed to gain mightily on the stranger while they remained together, and which produced a degree of intimacy, and a request from the latter that he would accompany him next morning to his new residence. This, when seen, was declared to be every way to the satisfaction of Mr. Jones. A decent elderly woman was recommended as servant, and in a few days he had removed himself, his trunk, and his fishing-rods, to the lodge, where Mr. Ogilvie was a frequent guest.

It soon, however, became matter of speculation to the people of the hamlet and its neighborhood, that the most inviting spring days found Mr. Jones not engaged in the business of catching trouts, but angling for information respecting their own affairs. His friend, Mr. Henry, had introduced him during their rides—for, like most seamen, he seemed very fond of equestrian exercises—to all the farmers' houses on the estates of Sir Charles Cardoness, where he seemed quite at home, as well as in the village, in all which places he continued to ask as many questions as though he had been appointed inquisitor-general of the district. Now, though he was generally liked, for he was fond of a good joke and a hearty laugh, and had a thousand ways of making himself agreeable to all ages, in one thing he was extremely provoking. Those features, generally so placid and benevolent, could assume an almost stern expression of dignified distance, which set all curiosity at defiance with regard to his own history or affairs; and there was a certain indefinable something about him, which made it very difficult to treat him with any degree of familiarity not sanctioned by himself. He, however, voluntarily confessed, that he had been for many years mate of an Indiaman, but that, having twice suffered shipwreck, he had retired from the service after having made by it barely what sufficed for an independence.

Among the stranger's favorite haunts was the manse, to which he was also introduced by young Ogilvie, who seemed a particular favorite there. In this picturesque country there was much of striking and grand scenery; but not even the most sublime views seemed to have so much attraction for him as the little modest mansion of the village pastor. Divided from the church-yard by a thin row of lilacs and laburnums, the precincts of this place appeared invested by almost as holy a calm as the resting-place of the dead, which it so nearly adjoined. Its master was an excellent old man, whose mild demeanor and exemplary life rendered him a most suitable shepherd to his little flock. Though a man of learning, his patience and charity were what chiefly endeared him to his people. His stipend was narrow, and his congregation rude and small; but his own modest spirit of resignation and content was in good keeping with the religion he professed and the duties he fulfilled. The manse, all unpretending as it was, had such an air of home comfort in its neat arrangement and perfect cleanliness, that when Mr. Jones sat reclined in one of the old-fashioned easy-chairs of its parlor, and experienced the warm and sincere hospitality of its owner and his two lovely daughters, and beheld the tender affection which united the family, he said to himself: 'Here, certainly, is happiness, if anywhere.' This picture of tranquillity fascinated our stranger, and a visit to the manse became one of his prime enjoyments. Here he would sit for hours admiring the feminine beauty of the sensible and guileless Jane, the minister's eldest daughter, her dutiful attention to her father, and the maternal care she took of her sister Eleanor, who was five years younger than herself. But perhaps what as much as anything won his heart, was the sweetness with which she always complied with his requests to sing and play to him those touching national airs which float like beautiful exhalations over the moral atmosphere of Scotland, and to which, he declared, he could listen for hours together. This source of enjoyment, with the sympathy which unites those of similar tastes, dispositions, and principles, soon created a degree of intimacy between the stranger and the inmates of the manse, which seemed to be strengthened by each interview; and it was with a feeling of pleasure, that the idea would sometimes intrude itself on the mind of the worthy minister, that Mr. Jones, who so much admired the musical talents of his eldest daughter, would in all probability, during the familiar intercourse now established between them, become her professed lover. There was, however, no encouragement given by the stranger to any such view, for his words and actions were always scrupulously guarded in all that related to Jane; and if any conclusion of the kind could be formed by herself or her father, it was only from their observations of his countenance, which sometimes involuntarily afforded too tender a comment on words that were commonplace in signification. Yet both father and daughter frequently said to themselves: 'What do we really know of this man, or of his history, save from his own lips?' and they would try, though ineffectually, to keep down their growing regard for him, and that strong interest they felt in all he said and did, which seemed to be usurping a most unaccountable dominion over their feelings. If the father was sensible of this dominion, the innocent Jane, on whose heart no soft impression had ever been made before, was doubly so. In short, she had so often listened to Mr. Jones's narratives of his adventures, and given them her tears, that she might be said, like Desdemona, to 'love him for the dangers he had passed,' though he had never said 'he loved her that she did pity them.'

While the stranger stood on this footing at the manse, some extraordinary circumstances were from time to time occurring in the village. Parcels of provisions and furnishings of various kinds, and even little sums of money, reached certain of the more necessitous villagers, without their knowing whence they came; and a young and meritorious couple, whom poverty prevented from marrying, were, in some inexplicable way, supplied with enough to enable them to gratify their mutual wishes. All was set down to the account of Mr. Jones; but the feeling which took possession of the villagers in consequence was not one of unmixed gratitude. It was suggested by some envious spirits, that there might be something under his apparent generosity—that it might even be a tampering with their most important interests—or at least that it was far too unlike common conduct to be quite right. Mr. Jones thenceforth of course passed as a mysterious, if not in some degree supernatural being, among this simple people, notwithstanding all the protestations of the honest landlord, that he paid his bill like any Christian gentleman, and the still more valiant defence of Davie the hostler, who, delighted with the *douceur* he obtained for teaching Mr. Jones to ride, got a black eye in fighting out his vindication with Black Will the smith.

One day, in passing the parlor window, the stranger caught a glance of the minister's youngest daughter, the commonly light-hearted and blithe Eleanor, sitting in a corner near a table, on which her arms rested, while her head was bowed down on her hands. It was an attitude of sorrow, and he felt himself arrested while he looked earnestly at her, and heard her abandon herself to a burst of grief. He was determined not to remain in ignorance of its cause, although he thought he could guess from whence it arose, and he softly opened the outer door of the house, entered the room, and walked silently up to her. He had laid his hand upon her shoulder before she perceived him, and she would now have fled out of the room, had he not seized both her hands, and seated her beside him. 'Come, come,' he said, 'I know all. Henry Ogilvie has quarrelled with his father on your account, and being dismissed from his business here, is to be sent immediately into England: so much I had from himself. But, of course, you are not ignorant of the supernatural powers with which I have become newly invested: I promise you they shall be exerted in your behalf.'

He uttered this with a comic expression of half-jest, half-earnest, and Eleanor was about to express her incredulity, when she heard her father's footsteps, and he no sooner entered than she made her escape. The evening was most inviting, and the minister and his friend strolled forth in the direction of the mansion-house of Sir Charles Cardoness. The fresh verdure of a mild spring lay on all around it. Every hill and valley, tree and bush, seemed rejoicing in the full pride of their unsullied livery of green, as yet unscathed by the heat of the summer sun. The scenery of this part of the country was in Mr. Jones's eyes much enhanced in beauty by its proximity to the coast, commanding, as it did, a view of the ungovernable Solway, with its promontories, its little sequestered bays, its tributary streams, and its fringing woods, combining so much of soft and fairy imagery with the bold and grand. The mansion-house was a noble building, and stood in the midst of an extensive park, thickly studded with stately trees, between which were seen the glittering waters of the Solway.

'There is something to me singularly affecting,' said the minister, 'in the sight of this fine old building, when I look back to the period when all about it was magnificence and gaiety. Ah,' he added, 'what fearful changes can crime effect! Perhaps you have never heard the cause of its abandonment by its present owner, who went into voluntary exile thirty years ago, in the vain hope of banishing the recollection of his misfortunes, by placing himself at a distance from the scene of their occurrence. His lady, a most lovely and fascinating young woman, on whom he doted with the fondest affection, proved faithless, and was divorced. This heavy stroke deprived him at once of all enjoyment in his wealth, and he forsook his country and went to Italy, where he has ever since lived the life of a hermit, while the rents of his large estates have been accumulating for the benefit of a distant heir, his only child having died soon after his mother's desertion. I was the only person admitted to see Sir Charles before he left this place, and learned much of his mind during what I may call the gaspings of his agony. He had lost all faith in his wife's former rectitude of conduct, and seemed even to shudder at the name of his poor little boy, who was about four years old, and whom he immediately removed from his sight, and sent into England, to be brought up there. I shall never forget the pang which assailed me as I carried the poor little child in my arms, and placed him in the carriage which was to convey him far from his home; or his lovely little countenance, as he smiled upon me, totally unconscious that he was banished forever from his father's love. Nor can I say I was sorry, when I shortly after heard of this poor forsaken child's death. Observe,' continued he, 'that wing of the building; it consists of a suite of elegant apartments, fitted up and furnished under the direction of Lady Cardoness for her own use, and contains much that is tasteful and costly, for it remains to this day exactly as when inhabited by its fair and frail mistress. The person for whom she sacrificed her duty and her fame made her his wife. But when was there happiness in such a union? She had forsaken a husband who really loved her, for a man who secretly despised and suspected her; and, after many years of remorse and misery, she is lately dead. It is, however, a great consolation to learn, that before her death she became a sincere penitent. Let us hope that she has found forgiveness, and is now the inhabitant of a better world!'

'Amen!' said Mr. Jones, in a voice which showed how deeply he was affected by the pastor's story; and they turned their footsteps from the house.

It was shortly after this conversation, that Mr. Jones announced to his friends at the manse his intention of leaving his fishing-lodge for a few months, and also his determination of taking up his permanent abode somewhere in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright on his return. Notwithstanding this promise, his departure was the cause of much regret. Nor could poor Jane bid him farewell without a secret feeling of disappointment; for though he had of late been so much less guarded in his expressions than usual, that he had drawn from the artless girl such sentiments as she feared he must have felt to be rather unequivocal tokens of her regard, he had not once spoken decidedly of uniting his fate with hers. Poor Eleanor also felt that she had lost a kind friend, while she sometimes thought, with a faint ray of hope, on his promise to interfere in her behalf with regard to her lover, who had been now some time absent. Yet as day after day passed on, this hope entirely forsook her. What, then, was the amazement of the family at the manse, when the factor one day made his appearance, and, begging a private interview with the minister, not only gave his consent to his son's marriage with Eleanor, but absolutely became a suitor in his behalf! This proposal was, it may be supposed, not rejected; and the good people had hardly time to recover in some measure from their surprise, when fresh matter was furnished for speculation, both to them and to the whole neighborhood. In short, the factor had taken up his abode upon the estate, and his ears, which had formerly appeared to be hermetically sealed against all complaints of the tenantry and laborers, were now only employed in listening to them, and all his time occupied in redressing them. What could have thus thawed the frozen factor? was a question which all ranks on the estate set themselves in vain to solve. Meanwhile, among the unaccountable proceedings of Mr. Ogilvie, was his diligent superintendence of a dwelling-house, which was erecting with all possible speed upon a spot not far from the wall of the park which enclosed the mansion-house. The place fixed upon for the new erection was a broad, sunny glade, surrounded by woods, and commanding a view of a deep winding valley, with its little impetuous stream, dashing its bright waters from rock to rock, and bursting into sight through the dark foliage of the trees which skirted it, while at some distance were seen the broad waters of the Solway. This was altogether such a situation as the lover of retired and picturesque scenery could not but pronounce perfect. The house was strictly in the cottage style, though large and commodious; and so many hands were employed upon it, that it rose to its completion as if by magic; so that at the end of a few months, being furnished by a fashionable upholsterer from Edinburgh, it was habitable. But who were to be its inhabitants, was unbreathed from any quarter; and there it stood, as if reared for the sole purpose of creating a very epidemic of curiosity. In a short time, it was generally made known that Sir Charles Cardoness had returned from abroad, and not many weeks after, that he was expected shortly to take up his abode in the old mansion. Soon after, the day was fixed for his arrival, and the tenantry and villagers were invited to witness this glad event.

A more beautiful day never shone from the heavens than that appointed for the celebration of this festival; for that such it was to be, appeared by the long tables, with their benches, on the lawn, the barrels of ale already placed near to them, and the gay wreaths of flowers hung in triumphal fashion over each gateway. By mid-day, the wide portals of the magnificent avenue were flung open; and soon after, the whole population of the village, and the inhabitants of every farm-house and cot for miles round, were assembled within them, and, cheered by a band of music from a neighboring town, awaited in anxious expectation the arrival of Sir Charles. The elder people, meanwhile, drew together in groups, and, speaking in whispers, compared the present rejoicing with those they had witnessed at the bringing home of their late unfortunate lady, and again at the birth of the son and heir, now dead; and marvelled that their old lord should take any delight in seeing them met together again on the occasion of his return to the long-forsaken and lonely dwelling. But, hark! the approach of Sir Charles Cardoness is announced; the music has struck up a lively air, and the minister and his two lovely daughters stand with the factor, at his special desire, on the head of the steps of the principal entrance of the house. A splendid open carriage and four, with out-riders, is seen in the distance, and the acclamations of the crowd are unbounded; but, as it dashed up towards the steps, they were exchanged for murmurs of surprise, for there sat in it only Mr. Jones and Henry Ogilvie. The former had removed his hat from his head, and exposed to full view his finely expanded brow; while an expression of triumphal glee beamed from his eyes, and clothed his countenance in smiles of benevolence, mingled with archness, as he sprang from the carriage, followed by Henry Ogilvie, whose hand he put into that of Eleanor, while he said: 'Perhaps you will think him no mean magician who, having transformed himself into Sir Charles Cardoness, is now the owner of this domain, has brought back your wandering lover, and provided you both with a pretty dwelling and a reasonable competency.'

During this speech, poor Jane became pale as death. This was not unobserved by her father, who drew her into an adjoining room, where they were immediately followed by Sir Charles, who, having conjectured the nature of her feelings on the discovery of his exaltation, could not bear to subject her to such cruel suspense for one unnecessary moment. Therefore, in less time than it will take us to write it, he had offered himself and his fortune to the beautiful but unpretending daughter of the minister. It is unnecessary to say, that he was accepted, and that a happier group than that day was assembled at the old mansion, has never been witnessed.

An ample explanation was now given of every event regarding his own history which appeared to involve any mystery. He informed them, that he was himself no other than that son of Sir Charles Cardoness who was supposed to have died in childhood. His father, being determined never to acknowledge him as his son, had caused his name to be changed, and a report of his death to be spread; and having paid for his education, and made him to understand that his birth was illegitimate, settled on him a moderate annuity, and sent him adrift on the wide world, to choose a profession for himself, while he was kept in profound ignorance of all the circumstances of his early history, or the name by which he had been called. Thus abandoned, his inclination lead him to a sea-faring life, and he embarked in an Indiaman, where he had risen, during nearly twenty years' service, only to the rank of first-mate, never having had either the influence or the pecuniary funds which might have obtained him the command of a ship. At length, about a year before we introduced him to our readers, his unfortunate mother, feeling that her end was approaching, ventured to address a letter to his father, to be delivered after her death, in which she solemnly declared that she had been innocent till near the time of her elopement. It fell upon the mind of her unhappy husband with the force of truth, particularly as he knew she was ignorant that her child still lived. The conviction that he still had a son produced such a revolution of feeling, that he immediately hurried to London with all the yearnings of a parent, eager to embrace and restore him to his rights. Unfortunately, he found that his son had just sailed on one of his long voyages. He was himself the last heir of entail on his estates, and had, in consequence of the disgust conceived against his child, bequeathed his property to a distant relation. His will was now altered, and his hitherto neglected offspring found himself, on his return from sea, the heir of one of the most respected names and largest estates in the south of Scotland. The meeting of father and child we shall not attempt to describe. As soon as its keener sensations had in some measure subsided, the young man had determined, while his existence still remained a secret, to visit what were in time to be his estates, and judge for himself of the characters of those whose protector and friend he was to be; and in this determination he was much influenced by a strong bias to eccentricity, which prompted him to take delight in conferring benefits without its being known from what source they flowed. It was this humor that had influenced him in so oddly bestowing the suspected gifts on his villagers, joined with his wish to see what use would be made of their increased resources; and he never ceased to rejoice that he had adopted the plan of appearing incognito, as it had given him such ample means of making his observations at the manse, and obtaining a wife whose affection was engaged without the aid of his wealth or rank.

But we must now hasten to bring our story to a conclusion. Called on a sudden to attend his father in London, who was supposed to have been seized by a mortal illness, he had left the village, as already related, and reached his parent's death-bed in time to render to him many marks of affectionate regard, which had rendered the close of his life one of happiness and peace. By a little judicious management, he had subsequently contrived the surprise which he had now given to his friends in Scotland. The diligent investigation which Sir Charles had been for several months secretly making into the circumstances of those about him, had given him cause of great dissatisfaction with his father's factor, and he accordingly now dismissed him, with a yearly allowance for the maintenance of his family, while he assured him, that he owed this to the respect he had conceived for the character of his son, whom he meant to put in his place, and for whom he had erected the beautiful dwelling near to his own, of which we have already spoken. It was a heart-satisfying sight to witness the joy which lighted up every countenance on this memorable day, when Sir Charles made the round of the well-replenished tables on the lawn, giving promise of support and protection to each individual as their need required, and assuring his villagers of the forgiveness which they humbly craved for their mistakes with regard to his benevolent gifts. Among the manifestations of joy, none were so obstreperous as those evinced by poor Davie, the hostler, who, according to promise, was to be installed as principal groom. 'How is it possible,' said Sir Charles to the good old minister, as they witnessed the glee with which the dance on the green was carried on, 'not to feel happy in the happiness of so many of our fellow-creatures. Twenty years of labor by day, and watching by night, while buffeting the waves, has given me a pretty good idea of the hardships of life, and it is my intention to ameliorate them to others. Providence has bestowed on me the ample means of rejoicing the hearts of thousands, and I am determined to use them for that purpose. Let those who have been differently nurtured become the companions, and copy the follies and vices, of the fashionable great; very different shall be my mode of practice. I shall be termed an odd fellow, but I am determined to be a happy one, by bestowing happiness on others.'

And well did he keep his word; for no sorrow was felt in the neighborhood of his princely mansion which he or his kind-hearted lady could avert. Nor was it only in the vicinity of their own dwelling that their beneficence was experienced; for they were frequently absent for months together in distant parts of the kingdom, indulging Sir Charles Cardoness's natural propensity to secret benevolence. And now, reader, if you have followed us thus far with any degree of interest, you will rejoice to hear that the prosperity of the two families at the mansion-house, and the factor's cottage, continued uninterrupted; and that in each the children were brought up to practise the lessons of general philanthropy early instilled into them by their parents, and that an assistant and successor being allowed to take possession of the manse, the excellent old minister lived alternately with his two daughters, until, at a very advanced age, he came to the grave 'like a shock of corn fully ripe.'

LOUVET'S NARRATIVE.

One of the most affecting parts of the history of the French Revolution, is unquestionably the fate of the party styled the Girondists. These were members of the Convention, taking their general appellation from the department of the Gironde, which some of them represented. They were, as even their enemies have allowed, men of enlightened minds, of patriotic sentiments, and mild and moderate principles; and if circumstances had allowed the revolution to stop at a certain point of moderation, and their countrymen had been in a condition fit for improved institutions, they would have probably been the leading men of the next age in France. But when the threatened invasion of foreign powers, and the counter-revolutionary designs of the Royalists, excited the terrors and violence of the people, the Girondists, unable to go along with the tide, necessarily fell in public estimation, and were obliged to give way to men of less scrupulous natures. During the dreadful winter of 1792-3, they did all they could to preserve obedience to the laws, and to control the frantic councils which were urged by Robespierre and Marat. But every effort was vain. The populace of Paris rose in arms to demand their expulsion, and, on the 2d of June, 1793, this measure was effected.

Some were arrested at their houses in Paris; others made their escape to the provinces, where they hoped to raise a moderate party for the control of the Convention. A small band, consisting of Guadet, Barbarouk, Petion, Salle, Valady, and Louvet, were anxious to reach Bordeaux, the principal city of the province they had represented, and which had recently made some demonstrations against the party who were dominant at Paris. Their first movement was to Brest, in Brittany, from which they hoped to reach Bordeaux by sea. After a time, they did get on board a vessel bound for Bourdeaux, the captain of which was a Scotsman. As the ship was running on her route along the coast, a number of English cruisers came in sight, and gave the proscribed deputies considerable alarm, for they labored under the belief, that the British were desirous to capture them, and deliver them up to Marat and their other enemies. But this was a small matter in comparison with another rencounter which they were destined to undergo. 'We came up,' says Louvet, 'with the grand fleet of Franee, consisting of twenty-two ships of the line, and twelve or fourteen frigates, that were ahead of us. We knew well, and so did all on board, that descriptions of our persons had been forwarded to every captain in the French navy, with strict orders to search every vessel at sea, and particularly examine the passengers. Conceive our terror, then, at this magnificent array of vessels! We were under the necessity of running along this entire formidable line.' However, the Scotsman's vessel was thought too insignificant for examination, and the very men on whose account the French fleet was scouring the coast, passed on their way under the eye of every vessel of the squadron.

They had another alarm, however, to suffer from this fleet, ere they got rid of it. A frigate belonging to it, came up afterwards with the little vessel, and hailed it: 'Have you any passengers on board?' 'No,' cried the Scotsman, so frankly and undauntedly, that the answer seemed to satisfy the querists. The proscribed deputies underwent another risk of the same kind ere they reached Bordeaux. At length they gained the port, and conceived themselves in comparative safety, for now they believed they were amongst their friends. But a short time in a revolution works great effects. The danger of the new state of things in France was to all appearance so imminent, that even the moderate men of this province became disposed to sanction the extreme measures which were in the course of being taken for the protection, as it was called, of the revolution. Emissaries of the Convention quickly brought the mass of the people to concur in those measures, so that the deputies had scarcely reached their destination, when they found themselves in the midst of enemies. Being now proscribed by the Convention, even their lives were in danger. Then were the men who had only a few months before stood at the head of a nation's councils, and lived in the enjoyment of all the luxuries of Paris—the learned, the eloquent, the high-spirited Girondists—compelled to betake themselves to the open fields, and submit to the severest privations in the hope of escaping an ignominious death. One of their number, Louvet, who escaped, has written a most interesting narrative, in which their sufferings, and his own adventures in particular, are narrated with great minuteness; and the detail is certainly most piteous.

Those who were friendly to the proscribed deputies were deterred by fear from assisting them, and their enemies were numerous and vigilant. From the first house in which they took refuge, they were soon forced to fly, and again found themselves in the fields, worn out with travel, watching, and want of food. They resolved to separate, but Louvet, Barbaroux, Valady, and another, remained together. These four took the road to Paris, though that city was at 300 miles distance, and though innumerable dangers lay between—their descriptions being in the hands of every village officer. On the first night of their route, they arrived, in a miserably depressed condition, at the house of a clergyman. Happily this person proved a friend to their cause, and kept them concealed for two days. When the place was no longer thought safe, the clergyman led them to the only place of refuge in his power. 'This,' says Louvet, 'was a hayloft over a stable, belonging to a farmhouse, in which resided a family of sixteen persons. Only two of these were let into the secret; the rest were going backwards and forwards to the stable at all hours of the day, and sometimes even mounted the ladder to look at the hay in which each of us lay, and in which we were forced to remain buried even over our heads. The hay being new, was consequently hot, and the loft was so full, that there was scarcely a space of two feet left for the circulation of air; and what little forced its way in, was only through a very small window. To add to the misery of our situation, the weather, though in the month of October, was very hot and dry; and, finally, our two confidants were sent to a distance on some business so suddenly, that they could give us no previous notice of it. They were absent *for three days.* During forty-eight hours, we tasted none of that coarse fare and small wine which we had been accustomed to receive from them by stealth. The extreme lassitude, dreadful headache, frequent faintings, burning thirst, and great agony we endured, are indescribable. Once my fortitude having failed, and the courage of Barbaroux having deserted him, I took hold of one of my pistols, and looked at him with a languid smile; he followed my example. We both kept silence, but our eyes counselled each other fatally; one of my hands fell on his; he pressed it with a sort of ardency equal to that which inspired me. The moment was now come when we were about to sink under despair; the signal of death was on the point of being given, when Valady, who had been watching our motions, cried: "Barbaroux, you have yet a mother! Louvet, think of your wife!" The sudden revolution these words produced is inconceivable. Our fire subsided into tenderness—our weapons fell from our hands—our weakened bodies sunk down—we mingled our tears together.'

During the third night which they spent in this condition, a noise alarmed them. A man entered the stable, and cried to them to come down. 'It was one of our confidants, that belonged to the farm; but his voice was so much altered, so hoarse and surly, that it alarmed us more than anything else.' When they did descend the ladder, they found that the farmer had taken the alarm, and that they must quit the premises on the instant. Thus were they again driven to the fields in a cold stormy night—the weather having changed—and, to complete their distress, two of them, Louvet and Valady, could scarcely walk from illness. The same clergyman who had found them their last place of refuge, now befriended them again, and in a few days afterwards they found a retreat which seemed remarkably well suited for concealment. This was in the house of Madame Bouquet, a relative of Guadet, who had already taken refuge here with some of his friends. The place was a large vault thirty feet under ground. A few days after, Buzot and Petion informed Guadet, by letter, that, having within fifteen days changed their place of retreat seven times, they were now reduced to the greatest distress. 'Let them come too,' said Madame Bouquet; and they came accordingly. The difficulty to provide for them all was now great, for, provisions being extremely scarce, a certain ration was served out to each family by the municipality, and that of Madame Bouquet was but one pound of bread daily. Fortunately, she had a stock of potatoes and dried kidney-beans, otherwise she must have been forced to expedients which could scarcely fail to expose her secret. The unfortunate deputies lay till noon, to save breakfast. They then had a dinner composed of vegetable soup alone. A morsel of beef, procured with great difficulty, an egg or two, some vegetables, and a little milk, formed their supper, of which their generous hostess ate but little, that her guests might have the more. A circumstance which adds infinite value to this extraordinary event was, that Madame Bouquet concealed as long as she was able the uneasiness which consumed her, occasioned by one of her relations, formerly the friend of Guadet. This man, having learned what passed in her house, put in force every means his mind could suggest to induce her to banish the fugitives. Every day he came to her with stories, one more terrible than another, as if to convince her of the danger she ran, but in reality that the deputies might be exposed to greater danger by being thrust out. At length, fearing he would take some stronger measure against them, she was compelled to lay her situation before her guests, who, resolved not to be outdone in generosity, instantly quitted the house. Soon after, Madame Bouquet and the whole family of Guadet were arrested, and perished on the scaffold.

During the month spent in the vault, the deputies every day heard of fresh sacrifices by the guillotine, not only of the suspected friends of the Bourbons, but of men like themselves, the partisans of equality with order. The Gironde was, indeed, at this time, more deeply dyed with blood than any other province of France. Their first refuge after leaving the house of Madame Bouquet was a cavern, where they suffered inconceivable hardships. Louvet here became so ill, that despair gave him courage, and he resolved to take the open high-road to Paris, to seek his wife and friends, at all risks; for he now felt assured, that there was fully less safety in the country than in the heart of the capital. Every one of his companions endeavored to dissuade him from the attempt, but he was resolute, though ill and lame at the same time. Embracing his friends, and dividing his money with them, he disguised himself as well as he could, and took leave of his companions. By this measure, desperate as it seemed, he probably saved himself from the fate that befell the others; for all of these unhappy deputies of the Gironde—Guadet, Barbaroux, Petion, Salle, Valady, and Buzot—either perished on the scaffold, or died of hunger in the fields!

Louvet had a forged and very insufficient passport with him, when he set out on his journey from the Gironde to Paris—a distance, as has been already said, of 300 miles. His plan was, to pass the large towns *by night*, and only to rest at the smaller villages, where the defects of his passport would fall under eyes less competent to detect them. The troubles and alarms which he underwent were inconceivable, for every traveller was a suspected person, and the minds of men, in that hour of madness, dreamed of nothing but confiscations and informations, for which large rewards were offered. Louvet's presence of mind saved him on many occasions. A malicious landlady at Mucidan, one of the first villages he stopped at, put Louvet into the greatest possible peril and distress. She affected, in order to lead him off his guard, to sympathize with 'those good noblemen, those poor priests, those worthy merchants, who were carried to the guillotine by scores.' This would not do; the insinuating treachery was overacted, and Louvet was on his guard. He railed at her like the most violent of the violent friends of the guillotine. But the landlady, though foiled in this point in her hope of getting a reward for information, did not let off the poor deputy without another trial. When he proposed to proceed on his journey, she said to him, that she would take payment for what he had got in a few minutes. She then went out, and soon returned with a huge country oaf, the chief magistrate of the place. 'This is the citizen, our mayor,' said she; 'he is come to look at your passport.' The scene which followed was ludicrous, but to poor Louvet it was a matter of life and death. 'I produced my passport,' says he, 'with a satisfactory air. By the manner in which the mayor inspected it, I soon perceived that he could scarcely read. He asked where the seal was; I showed the stamp, and added that it was the only method of sealing in my country.' Louvet then proceeded to give a dissertation on the virtues of that manner of sealing, not forgetting at the same time to call for a bottle of the landlady's wine, in which he pledged the mayor repeatedly, until that worthy forgot the passport altogether. The malicious hostess observed this, and fell on another scheme. 'I will go,' said she, 'and fetch the attorney; he can read writing off-hand.' The attorney came; but Louvet contrived, by repeated bumpers, and by drawing upon his memory for a number of his best stories, to lead away the attention of the attorney also from the passport. It is true that the landlady was always anxious for its reappearance. 'And reappear,' says Louvet, 'it often did, but it disappeared again as quickly. *My duty and respect for the people's magistrates* brought it into my hands every moment, but my praises of the Republic, and the many amusing stories I told, always hindered me from opening it; without thinking, I always put it back in my pocket-book. In the space of an hour, it performed this journey fifty times; fifty times they had a glimpse of it, but they saw it not once.' The vixen of a hostess saw all this, and she next brought in a municipal officer. Louvet's wine and stories diverted him, like the others, from the main point. She next brought in two recruits, but Louvet was successful in impressing upon all of them the belief that he was a good citizen and *sans-culotte*. In the end, the landlady was wearied out, but not until she had made Louvet run up a large bill. He went away with the good wishes of all his compulsory acquaintances.

On several other occasions, he owed his safety in like manner to his firmness and composure. He came up, for example, at a village called Aixe, near Limoges, to a young soldier who was standing sentry, with twenty of his comrades around him. 'Citizen, your passport!' said the sentinel. Louvet raised his lame and bandaged limb, and exclaimed: 'There it is, you young dog! Go where I was, and get yourself wounded by the royalist thieves in Vendée; then come back, and go where you please boldly: your half-broken leg will be a very good passport!' The royalist-hating soldiers laughed, and cried: 'Bravo! bravo! comrade!' and Louvet limped on, saved from what might have been a fatal examination. Happily for him, he fell in with a humane carrier, who conducted him a considerable part of the way, and got him afterwards placed in another carrier's wagon, which was going the whole way to Paris. At the gates of Orleans, Louvet, as the wagon was leaving the city, underwent a fearful risk. He was seated along with a number of other persons in the covered wagon, when it stopped at the barrier of the bridge, in order to have its inmates examined, which the officer insisted upon doing. In vain Louvet's companions in the wagon announced that their passports had been seen when they entered the city. The carrier, who knew perfectly the character of *one* of his passengers, and that *he* had no passport, insisted also on passing. '*I must see faces*,' cried the officer: 'let every one alight!' Louvet, whose face was perfectly known in Orleans, heard this ominous speech, and drew his pistol from his bosom, being determined not to be taken alive. He was stretched in the far corner of the wagon, half covered with packages and straw. In going out, however, the other passengers left him almost uncovered. Quickly, and noiselessly, Louvet drew bundles and straw again about his body. Having examined the faces of all who had gone out, the officer asked if there was nobody else in the vehicle, and jumped in to satisfy himself. 'I both heard,' says Louvet, 'and felt him enter. He placed one of his feet on one of my legs. His hands tumbled over the large packages heaped behind the back seat; he struck the seats with many blows, at the foot of which I was lying, among a number of little bundles. Protecting Heaven! his feet could not feel me, his hands could not touch me, his searching eyes doubtless passed over me, but he did not see me. Had he stooped the least way, had he looked upwards from below, had he deranged a few straws, or lifted up the flap of the greatcoat, all would have been over with me!' The officer left the wagon, and let it pass. To the credit of his fellow-passengers, none of them showed any disposition to betray Louvet, either on this or other occasions.

The proscribed deputy, for whom every officer of justice in the kingdom was on the watch, at last got safe to Paris in spite of all dangers. But here a new distress awaited him. He found his wife at the house of a friend from whom he expected a safe asylum. He had not, however, been a few minutes in the house, until his host's terrors overcame all sense of friendship, and Louvet was requested to depart within a single half hour; but he refused to go till the ensuing morning, and his friend did not carry inhospitality so far as to *inform* upon him. In the morning, he found another refuge; and in a few days afterwards, his indefatigable wife had taken a lodging in a proper spot, and had, moreover, furnished it with a place of concealment, which rendered Louvet almost secure. 'My wife's delicate white hands,' says his narrative, 'had never been accustomed, as you may suppose, to handle the plane, the saw, or the trowel; yet in five days more [after they entered the lodging] she finished, without the least of my assistance, which my short-sightedness rendered me totally incapable of giving, a piece of joiner's work and masonry on so correct and neat a plan, that her first attempt might have passed for the work of a master. Unless some one were known to be hid in that box, which appeared to be like a solid wall, in which a single crack could not be perceived by any one who knew not of it, I might defy the scrutiny of the sharpest eye.'

In this retreat, which he entered towards the close of 793, Louvet remained in security for two or three months, trusting always that the wild convulsion would at length expend its fury, and be followed by a calm. Robespierre, however, still continued lord of the bloody ascendant, when, in February, 1794, Louvet was compelled again to fly from Paris for safety. By the most cautious preparations, he made his way without much difficulty to the mountain *caverns* of Jura, where he found a comparatively secure retreat, and where he was joined by his wife. Their privations here were great, but their minds were at ease. From Jura, Louvet's narrative is dated, and four days only after the conclusion of it was written, Robespierre died on the scaffold. Soon after that event, France, it is well known, returned to a state of comparative repose, and Louvet, with many others, came forth from their retreats to enjoy the light of day in safety.

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ODE TO YIMMANG RIVER.

BY AN AUSTRALIAN POET.

[From the following pastoral, it will be seen by the European reader, that there is something to captivate the admirer of nature in the woods and wilds of Australia, and also to afford an idea of the rural scenery on the banks of Hunter's River and its tributary the Yimmang.]

On Yimmang's banks I love to stray,
And charm the vacant hour away,
At early dawn or sultry noon,
Or latest evening, when the moon
Looks downward, like a peasant's daughter,
To view her charms in the still water.

There would I walk at early morn
Along the ranks of Indian corn,
Whose dew-bespangled tassels shine
Like diamonds from Golconda's mine;
While numerous cobs outbursting yield
Fair promise of a harvest-field.

There would I muse on Nature's book,
By deep lagoon or shady brook,
When the bright sun ascends on high,
Nor sees a cloud in all the sky;
And hot December's sultry breeze
Scarce moves the leaves of yonder trees.

Then from the forest's thickest shade,
Scared at the sound my steps had made,
The ever-graceful kangaroo
Would bound, and often stop to view,
And look as if he meant to scan
The traits of European man.

There would I sit in the cool shade,
By some tall cedar's branches made,
Around whose stem full many a vine
And kurryjong their tendrils twine;
While beauteous birds of every hue—
Parrot, macaw, and cockatoo—
Straining their imitative throats,
And chirping all their tuneless notes,
And fluttering still from tree to tree
Right gladly hold corrobory.*

Meanwhile, perched on a branch hard by,
With head askance and visage sly
Some old Blue-Mountain parrot chatters
About his own domestic matters:
As how he built his nest of hay,
And finished it on Christmas-day,
High on a tree in yonder glen,
Far from the haunts of prying men:
Or how madame has been confined
Of twins—the prettiest of their kind—
How one's the picture of himself—
A little green, blue-headed elf—
While t'other little chirping fellow
Is like mamma, bestreaked with yellow:

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* Noisy chatter.

Or how poor Uncle Poll was killed
When eating corn in yonder field;
Thunder and lightning!—down he fluttered—
And not a syllable he uttered,
But flapped his wings, and gasped, and died,
While the blood flowed from either side!
As for himself, some tiny thing
Struck him so hard, it broke his wing,
So that he scarce had strength to walk off!
It served him a whole month to talk of!

Thus by thy beauteous banks, pure stream!
I love to muse alone and dream,
At early dawn or sultry noon,
Or underneath the midnight moon,
Of days when all the land shall be
All peaceful and all pure like thee!

THE JOHN OF BELFAST.

It was at an early period of the present century, that my acquaintance with the ocean commenced. Circumstances required my presence in South America, and I sailed from the Thames in a large merchantman bound for Demerara, touching at Kingston, Jamaica, on our way. The first part of our voyage was favorable. We ran out of the Channel with a fine easterly breeze, which continued until we had fairly cleared the Bay of Biscay. This lucky beginning, however, soon received a check. A south-wester met us in the teeth, which lasted for a whole fortnight, blowing during almost the whole time a heavy gale. We had nothing for it but to lie to; and it was now that, for the first time, I had an opportunity of contemplating the 'much-resounding sea,' as Homer terms it, in all its stormy grandeur. We had a full complement of passengers; and my berth was a sofa on the starboard side of the after or captain's cabin. Another passenger occupied the sofa on the larboard side; and the captain himself had a couch made up on the bulkhead right astern. I was awaked about midnight by the mate reporting to the captain that a heavy gale appeared to be coming on.

'From what quarter?'

'Right ahead, sir.'

'Call up more hands, then,' rejoined the captain; and, springing up, proceeded to hurry on his clothes.

Ere he had half completed this business, however, the squall was upon us; the ship was in an instant thrown almost right on her beam-ends, and myself nearly pitched out of bed—which latter casualty would certainly have happened, if my sofa had not broken loose from its lashings, and, being set on castors, rattled across the cabin, and ran smack against the one to leeward, in which lay my fellow-passenger, fast asleep. The concussion, which awoke him and made him start up, threw us in a manner into each other's arms, and we sat staring at each other for a few seconds in a sort of stupified surprise, when the vessel again heeled with still more frightful violence, a fearful crash was heard close at hand, and a deluge of salt water the next moment poured in upon us. The sea had stoved in the glazed window of the starboard quarter-gallery.

'Call the steward here, boy, to put up the dead-lights,' cried the captain, with a coolness that made him appear in my eyes a very monster of insensibility. 'And hark ye, boy,' he continued; 'bring a couple of glasses of brandy and water for these gentlemen, and get that sofa better belayed.'

He then advised us to go forward to the main cabin till the water was baled out, and being by this time dressed, he hurried on deck. My fellow-passenger and myself, having with difficulty slipped on a few clothes, scrambled forward into the cabin accordingly; the brandy and water was brought and swallowed; but all the brandy in the ship, I believe, would not have blunted my sensations that night. I never passed one of such nervous horror in my life, nor am I ashamed to confess it. I had never been at sea before, and the terrific novelty of the situation might well excuse a feeling of trepidation. The roaring of the wind and waves was absolutely deafening; the latter ever and anon lashing up against the side of the vessel, as if seeking to break through and engulf us; the hasty trampling of the crew, as they rushed to and fro upon the deck, argued immediate and pressing danger; while the shouts of the captain, amid the uproar of the elements, seemed as if at half a mile's distance. I think he must be either more or less than man, who, so circumstanced for the first time—away a thousand miles from the green earth, with only a plank between him and eternity, and in the midst of an uncontrollable element, roaring and merciless as a maniac—could have sat with calm feelings and unshaken nerves. To go to bed again was out of the question; and I therefore sat down with my companion, who was as young a sailor as myself, one on each side of the table, across which we gazed on each other's pallid countenance, and exchanged muttered expressions of awe and alarm. The morning at length dawned; and the gale having somewhat moderated, I ventured on deck; but never shall I forget my sensations of wonder and delight at the scene which met my view. All the anticipations I had formed from the descriptions of poet and painter were in a moment dissipated, and I felt how impossible it would be to transfer to paper or canvas any faithful delineation of 'the welterings of the mighty deep.' From windward came on the roll of the great Atlantic in successive ridges, not curled and foam-tipped, as limners are wont to exhibit them, but each massive, solid, and unbroken as a green hillside. As the mass approached, it seemed impossible for us to escape being overwhelmed; but just as the water came lipping up to the bulwarks, our vessel swung over it like a duck, and down we sank into the deep and sheltered valley beyond, which, looking fore and aft, seemed stretched out for miles. It was indeed a splendid scene, worth the encountering of every danger to behold; and it was with a strange mixture of feelings that I recalled the words of Byron, where he sarcastically recommends a trip across the Atlantic to some of his brother poets, in order to give them 'a few new sensations.'

For a whole fortnight the gale continued, but we were in a fine vessel; and not a drop of the 'salt-sea faem' reached the deck—except when the *scud* from off the top of the waves came sprinkling over us like the finest snowdrift—save on one occasion, which was as follows: Amongst the crew was one personage who seemed to be possessed with the very demon of ill-humor. From the time we had weighed anchor, be he idle or busy, wet or dry, full or fasting, in foul weather or fair, this man's discontented disposition seemed unappeasable. His age was perhaps thirty-five, a broad-shouldered, brawny fellow, but very poorly attired. He wore no shoes or stockings; his canvas trousers, which were beautifully glazed with grease, tar, and other commodities of the forecastle, scarcely reached above his haunches, which they embraced as tightly as if the sail-maker had sewn him into them, with a strain on every stitch. His scarlet woollen shirt was left negligently open from the waist upwards, leaving his chest exposed to all weathers. His head and features resembled, in color and formation, nothing I ever saw so much as a little round red Dutch cheese—the bullet-shape of the cranium being displayed by an old leather cap, which closely encircled all above the root of the nose. His fat, plump, vermilion cheeks scarcely left room either for nose or eyes; and, indeed, these features, as it happened, did not require much space; the former, like that of Tristram Shandy's father, being the exact counterpart of the ace of clubs, and the latter as small, red, and fiery, as those of a ferret.

It was upon a Sunday forenoon that I went on deck, along with two or three of my fellow-passengers, to while away the time, and discuss the chances of more favorable weather—for the adverse gale still continued with great fury. That morning, indeed, it was more violent than it had yet been; a circumstance which we were at no loss jokingly to account for, on seeing who was steersman, being no other than Jack Wrathful himself, as we had dubbed the sailor above delineated. People situated as we were, are glad of any excuse for amusement, and this man's causeless and pertinacious ill-temper, as we looked at him rocking to and fro from one foot to the other—for even when his work was stationary, it seemed impossible for him to rest a moment in one position—and 'shivering his timbers' with his customary fervor, struck us sympathetically in so droll a light, that one and all of us burst out a laughing. Wrathful looked furious, but dared say nothing directly to us. He resolved, however, on having his revenge, and adopted a plan which could scarcely have entered any head but his own. Our nautical readers will be aware, that the great point, when a vessel is *lying to* in a gale, is so to manage the helm as to prevent her rolling suddenly to windward and meeting the coming wave, the consequence of any negligence or unskilfulness being, that she will to a certainty 'ship a sea.' This casualty had hitherto been so well guarded against, that we never dreamed of the possibility of such a thing befalling us. We were therefore leaning carelessly over the taffrail, chatting of various matters, when I suddenly felt the vessel quiver from stem to stern, and the next moment the voice of the mate, who was standing amid-ships, bawled out, 'Hold on!' Looking forward, I beheld a column of water fully twenty feet high breaking over the foremast, and had just time to lay hold of a rope when the deck was swept fore and aft with the force of a water-spout.

For a moment afterwards, I was blind, breathless, and stunned with the weight of water that struck me, and might have been half-way beneath the ocean for aught I knew. An emphatic execration uttered close at hand, gave me the first intimation of my being still safe on board the *Hector;* and looking round, I found that all my fellow passengers had also escaped for the ducking. The malicious intention of the rascal who had occasioned it was so evident, that with one voice we accused him to the captain, who instantly came upon deck; but the yells and screams that began to issue from below induced us to hurry down, where a truly serio-comic scene awaited us. Of eleven passengers, eight, including one lady, the daughter of a wealthy and intelligent old gentleman, a Jew, happened to be congregated in the cabin, the glazed skylight of which had been removed for the purpose of ventilation, so that the water had poured down upon them like a cataract, and swamped them in a moment to the depth of two feet. They imagined, one and all, indeed, that they were going to the bottom; and it was curious to remark the different aspects their alarm assumed in that moment of extremity. Two or three had thrown themselves on their knees, but their cries consisted rather of petitions for respite to their lives, than for mercy to their souls. One had snatched down a gold repeater that hung in his berth, as if—as the captain sarcastically remarked—he wished to note down the exact moment of his own death; and another had a case-bottle of brandy at his mouth. The assurances of the captain of there being no immediate danger, brought them to themselves again; but there were some who probably derived a salutary lesson for the rest of their lives from that one moment of panic; at least it seemed to engender serious thoughts in several, who never appeared to have thought seriously before.

The wind at last became favorable; and having got into the trade-winds, we ran across the tropic of Cancer with every stitch of canvas set. One afternoon, it fell almost a dead calm, there being just wind enough occasionally to lift the sails and bear us forward at the rate of perhaps half a knot an hour. I was conversing with the captain on the quarter-deck, when the mate reported that there was a small schooner lying in our course right ahead, but that he could see no person on board of her. The captain looked through the glass, and having made the same observation, directed the man at the wheel to steer as close as possible to the strange vessel. In somewhat more than an hour, we were within two cable-lengths of the schooner, when, although all the sails were set, no one yet appearing on the deck, our captain directed a musket to be fired as a signal. Presently a strange figure, dressed in a most unsailor-like garb—inasmuch as he was enveloped in a huge drab great-coat, and had the remnant of a beaver-hat on his head—issued from the hold, and, rushing to the side of the schooner, bawled out in a broad Irish accent: 'Stop! stop a little, if you plase, sir!'

'Who are you?' sung out our captain, putting the usual nautical interrogatory when ships are speaking each other.

'I'm a mishnur', sir,' replied the man.

'A mishnur'!' echoed our captain, repeating the words to himself: 'never heard of a vessel with such a name in my life.' 'Oh, ay,' as the mate here suggested an explanation of the reply—'that's your own employment, is it? But what's your vessel's name, I mean?'

'The *John* of Belfast, sir; and, you see, we're going to Burbadis with a cargo of taties—taties and salt beef, sir; but I believe we'll be all dead with thirst by the time we raich it. Can you give us nuthint to drink?'

'Have you no water on board?' asked our captain, equally surprised and amused at this singular application.

'Not a cupful, sir,' replied the Irishman; 'that's to say, there's about a couple o' gallons or so; but Bill Kearney—that's our captain, sir—keeps it locked up, as he has just about as much whisky, to make grog of. He always takes it half and half.'

As well as he could for laughing, our captain here directed our sails to be backed, to prevent our making headway from the schooner, and called out to the Irishman to send a boat, and he would get a supply of water.

'Send, sir! I have nobody but myself to send!—and sure I can't walk on the surface of the say for it!'

'Where's your captain? Desire him to speak to me.'

'Our captain, is it, sir?—he can't spake at present: this is his time o' day for being dead-drunk.'

'Where's the mate, then?'

'He's drunk, too, sir.'

'And where are all the crew?'

'I'm all the crew myself, sir; that is, me and the little boy—and he's drunk also. For you see, sir, our other man—that was Barney Ryan—died about a week ago of a sort of *frinzy*, and was thrown overboard. And well for us that he was so!—for he drank more than the whole of us put together; and if he had lived, we might *all* have been thrown overboard by this time!'

The whole of our crew and passengers were by this time in a roar of laughter at the *naïve* communication of the poor Irishman; but our captain, compassionating his condition, ordered a boat to be lowered, and directed the mate to board the schooner, and ascertain how matters actually stood. Curiosity induced me to ask permission to accompany him; and we were soon alongside the little vessel, with a hogshead of Thames water in the long-boat. As we were nearing her, I could hear the 'mishnur',' as he called himself, shouting down the companion to his slumbering captain: 'Bill—I say, Bill Kearney, come up here dirickly. Here are some gintlemen coming to visit you, and you lying snoring there like a pig. Get up, man, I say, for very shame.'

And accordingly, as we got on deck, Captain Kearney made his appearance. He was the very *beau ideal* of an Irish sailor—a clean made, active fellow, with a shock head of red hair, and a round, good-humored countenance. But for his blearedness of eye, we could see no symptoms of intoxication upon him; he saluted our mate with much easy politeness, said he was happy to see him, and concluded with remarking, that it was 'charming weather.'

'So it would need, Mr. Kearney, I think,' replied our mate, 'if this be the order you maintain on board. Are you not afraid of being taken aback by a squall?'

'Not at all, sir—not at all,' replied Mr. Kearney: 'I knew there would be no squalls this afternoon. Besides, I had the doctor here—this is Dr. Sullivan, sir; he's a taicher, and is going out to learn the little black boys and girls to spell and write, sir—I had Dr. Sullivan to keep a look-out in case of accidents. I kept him sober on purpose, while Phil Connor and I were drinking a drop to our ould friend Barney Ryan's memory, who died a few days ago.'

'But what would your owners say to all this, Mr. Kearney, if they came to know it?'

'Owners!—we've no owners, sir,' replied Mr. Kearney with dignity. 'This bit craft is Phil Connor's and mine, 'sept a two-and-thirtieth that the doctor's brother has in her. She's employed in the butter-and-pig line between Belfast and Port-Patrick; but as the trade is rather cut up, we thought of making a start for some of the islands hereabouts, to see what could be done.'

'And where are you bound for?'

'For Burbadis,' answered Captain Kearney.

'Barbadoes!' echoed our mate; 'why, you're a hundred miles south of it. How do you keep your reckoning?'

'I tould you so, Bill Kearney,' here broke in the *doctor* with great bitterness: 'I tould you, but you wouldn't mind me at all at all! I tould you that you had missed a whole day, drunk in bed as you was, without knowing of it! Set your watch by the gintleman's this moment, and wake Phil Connor, and let's be getting back as fast as we can. There was one fool more than enough in the world, Bill Kearney, when I took you for a sailor.'

'Have you no quadrant or chronometer on board?' asked our mate in astonishment, his ideas of nautical proficiency being shocked at what appeared to me only inexpressibly ludicrous.

Captain Kearney confessed his total ignorance of such articles. His only guides were an old timepiece, the compass and the log; and it appeared, on explanation, that he had forgotten to wind up the former, upon the evening of *waking* the deceased Mr. Barney Ryan. It turned out, in short, that the whole party were a set of genuine originals: not one of them had ever been in that quarter of the ocean before—knew nothing of navigation save what appertained to the Irish Channel, and, had their water and 'swait Inishone' lasted, would in all probability have sailed into the antarctic regions, had they not fallen in with us.

The individual whom they styled the doctor, and who had complacently adopted the further honorary epithet of *missionary*, had, it seems, no more pretensions to these titles than what keeping a hedge-school for instructing children how to join letters together, and get their alphabet by rote, could give him. His friends, probably anxious to rid themselves of a burden, had persuaded the poor fellow to adopt the present step, he himself working for his passage. Our mate expressed his utter astonishment that they had not all gone to the bottom long since. He endeavored, however, to instruct Kearney and the doctor respecting their present bearings, and the course they must pursue to make Barbadoes; for which, as well as the supply of water, they professed eternal obligation. The captain's watch was duly set; and, having seen Phil Connor and the boy roused from their drunken slumbers, we departed. In the evening, the breeze freshened; and the *John* of Belfast, having got upon another tack, began to beat back to her place of destination, her comical crew saluting us with three hearty Irish cheers at parting.

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ADVENTURE OF A BRITISH SOLDIER.

In the year 1759, when the war with France was conducted with great spirit in North America, a division of the British army was encamped on the banks of a river, and in a position so favored by nature, that it was difficult for any military art to surprise it. War in America was rather a species of hunting than a regular campaign. The French, like the British, had incorporated the Indians into their ranks, and had made them useful in a species of war to which their habits of life had peculiarly fitted them. They sallied out of their impenetrable forests and jungles, and with their arrows and tomahawks committed daily waste upon the British army—surprising their sentinels, cutting off their stragglers, and even when the alarm was given and pursuit commenced, they fled with a swiftness that the speed of cavalry could not overtake, into rocks and fastnesses whither it was dangerous to follow them. In order to limit as far as possible this species of war, in which there was so much loss and so little honor, it was the custom with every regiment to extend its outposts to a great distance beyond the encampments; to station sentinels some miles in the woods, and keep a constant guard round the main body.

A regiment of foot was at this time stationed upon the confines of a boundless savanna. Its particular office was to guard every avenue of approach to the main body; the sentinels, whose posts penetrated into the woods, were supplied from the ranks, and the service of this regiment was thus more hazardous than that of any other. Its loss was likewise great. The sentinels were perpetually surprised upon their posts by the Indians, and were borne off their stations without communicating any alarm, or being heard of after. Not a trace was left of the manner in which they had been conveyed away, except that, upon one or two occasions, a few drops of blood had appeared upon the leaves which covered the ground. Many imputed this unaccountable disappearance to treachery, and suggested, as an unanswerable argument, that the men thus surprised might at least have fired their muskets, and communicated the alarm to the contiguous posts. Others, who could not be brought to consider it as treachery, were content to receive it as a mystery which time would unravel.

One morning, the sentinels having been stationed as usual overnight, the guard went out at sunrise to relieve a post which extended a considerable distance into the wood. The sentinel was gone! the surprise was great; but the circumstance had occurred before. They left another man, and departed, wishing him better luck. 'You need not be afraid,' said the man with warmth; 'I shall not desert!'

The relief company returned to the guard-house. The sentinels were replaced every four hours, and at the appointed time the guard again marched to relieve the post. To their inexpressible astonishment, the man was gone! They searched round the spot, but no traces could be found of his disappearance. It was necessary that the station, from a stronger motive than ever, should not remain unoccupied; they were compelled to leave another man, and returned to the guard-house. The superstition of the soldiers was awakened, and terror ran through the regiment. The colonel being apprised of the occurrence, signified his intention to accompany the guard when they relieved the sentinel they had left. At the appointed time, they all marched together; and again, to their unutterable wonder, they found the post vacant, and the man gone! Under these circumstances, the colonel hesitated whether he should station a whole company on the spot, or whether he should again submit the post to a single sentinel. The cause of these repeated disappearances of men, whose courage and honesty were never suspected, must be discovered; and it seemed not likely that this discovery could be obtained by persisting in the old method. Three brave men were now lost to the regiment, and to assign the post to a fourth, seemed nothing less than giving him up to destruction. The poor fellow whose turn it was to take the station, though a man in other respects of incomparable resolution, trembled from head to foot. 'I must do my duty,' said he to the officer; 'I know that; but I should like to lose my life with more credit.' 'I will leave no man,' said the colonel, 'against his will.' A man immediately stepped from the ranks, and desired to take the post. Every mouth commended his resolution. 'I will not be taken alive,' said he; 'and you shall hear of me on the least alarm. At all events, I will fire my piece if I hear the least noise. If a crow chatters or a leaf falls, you shall hear my musket. You may be alarmed when nothing is the matter; but you must take the chance as the condition of the discovery.' The colonel applauded his courage, and told him he would be right to fire upon the least noise which was ambiguous. His comrades shook hands with him, and left him with a melancholy foreboding. The company marched back, and waited the event in the guard-house.

An hour had elapsed, and every ear was upon the rack for the discharge of the musket, when, upon a sudden, the report was heard. The guard immediately marched, accompanied, as before, by the colonel, and some of the most experienced officers of the regiment. As they approached the post, they saw the man advancing towards them, dragging another man on the ground by the hair of his head. When they came up to him, it appeared to be an Indian whom he had shot. An explanation was immediately required.

'I told your honor,' said the man, 'that I should fire if I heard the least noise. The resolution I had taken has saved my life. I had not been long on my post when I heard a rustling at some short distance; I looked, and saw an American hog, such as are common in the woods, crawling along the ground, and seemingly looking for nuts under the trees and among the leaves. As these animals are so very common, I ceased to consider it for some minutes; but being on the constant alarm and expectation of attack, and scarcely knowing what was to be considered a real cause of apprehension, I kept my eyes vigilantly fixed upon it, and marked its progress among the trees; still there was no need to give the alarm, and my thoughts were directed to danger from another quarter. It struck me, however, as somewhat singular, to see this animal making, by a circuitous passage, for a thick coppice immediately behind my post. I therefore kept my eye constantly fixed upon it, and, as it was now within a few yards of the coppice, hesitated whether I should not fire. My comrades, thought I, would laugh at me for alarming them by shooting a pig. I had almost resolved to let it alone, when, just as it approached the thicket, I thought I observed it give an unusual spring. I no longer hesitated; I took my aim—discharged my piece—and the animal was instantly stretched before me with a groan which I conceived to be that of a human creature. I went up to it, and judge my astonishment when I found that I had killed an Indian! He had enveloped himself with the skin of one of these wild hogs so artfully and completely, his hands and feet were so entirely concealed in it, and his gait and appearance so exactly correspondent to that of the animal, that imperfectly as they were always seen through the trees and jungles, the disguise could not be penetrated at a distance, and scarcely discovered upon the nearest aspect He was armed with a dagger and a tomahawk.'

Such was the substance of this man's relation. The cause of the disappearance of the other sentinels was now apparent. The Indians, sheltered in this disguise, secreted themselves in the coppice; watched the moment when they could throw it off; burst upon the sentinels without previous alarm; and, too quick to give them an opportunity to discharge their pieces, either stabbed or scalped them, and bore their bodies away, which they concealed at some distance among the leaves.*

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* The above appeared a number of years ago in a collection of miscellaneous pieces.

THE GIPSY LAIRD:

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

About a hundred years ago, when the country gentlemen of Scotland were characterized by less refined, and we may add, less virtuous manners, than at present, there flourished in Roxburghshire a certain Laird Baillie, who was even then remarkable for his frolicsome, pugnacious, dread-nought sort of habits. Every fair within thirty miles was sure to be attended by this hearty fellow, who seldom saw one of these scenes of rustic business and festivity come to a conclusion, without either fighting a battle on his own account, or participating in one, perhaps, in which some boon-companion was the principal. One evening, as he was riding home from St. Boswell's Fair, he overtook a large party of gipsies, who had been attending that market with their horn and tin-ware, and who were now slowly wending their way to a point of rendezvous where they were to meet with another party with whom they usually associated. Baillie was a friend and favorite of the gipsies, whose wild and vagrant character found a peculiar sympathy in his own bosom; and on the present occasion, as on many others, he had to thank them for having aided him in one of those fights in which he took so much pleasure. For an hour he reined in his horse, and, walking abreast with the chiefs of the party, chatted over all the deeds of the day, in his usual good-humored manner, without observing that the night was advancing, while he was still ten Scotch miles from home. At length the gipsies turned off the road, in order to pitch their camp at the back of an adjacent plantation where it seemed, from the gleam of a fire among the trees, that their companions were already assembled. Baillie, whom they expected to take leave of them here, and pursue his own way, proposed, after a moment's hesitation, to linger with them for a short space, and take a glass from their bottle; to which they very readily acceded. On arriving at the place to which the fire directed them, Baillie found half a score of the same tribe busily engaged in preparations for supper and for bed, a large kettle being swung above a fire upon the ground; while an awning, extended between two donkey-carts, was destined to serve for a general dormitory. In a quarter of an hour, the young laird found himself seated at a supper, which, for substantiality and delicacy, rivalled that of Cumaco. When it was done, liquors of various kinds were produced —flowing horns went round—the laird's spirits became unusually excited—he laughed, he joked, he sang—the gipsies themselves became nearly as elevated. Ere long, Baillie forgot every other consideration but the merry scene before him, and, under the gust of a sudden passion for the life of a gipsy, he declared he would join their corps, thinking, of course, that after going along with them for a few days, and seeing a little of their mode of life, he would resume his usual habits. The gipsies, taken off their guard, and unreflecting upon the consequences, agreed to the proposal, and in the course of a few minutes initiated their friend into such of their mysteries as were necessary for the support of the character he wished to assume.

With the morning, reflection came, but to the gipsies alone; they now bitterly regretted their folly in trusting a person whom they could not hope to retain in their band, or in their confidence, except upon compulsion. He, however, was still in the humor for the joke, and, being furnished with suitable attire, and tanned with the true Egyptian olive, was delighted to survey in himself what he was pleased to call as roguish a looking loon as ever cheated the widdy. In compliance with his request, the party directed their course across the country to the mansion of one of his acquaintances, where they arrived about nightfall. Here the laird had an opportunity of gratifying his frolicsome humor, by displaying an assumed talent of fortune-telling, in which, from his knowledge of the history of his dupes, he succeeded so well as to excite no little astonishment amongst them. This was to him a rich treat; and for several days longer he enjoyed similar opportunities, in passing from house to house, of gratifying his humor. Upon the fourth, as the party were traversing a wild moor bordering on the laird's own property, they were overtaken by a hasty messenger of their tribe, from Kirk-Yetholm, who informed them of the great alarm excited by Mr. Baillie's disappearance, and stated that warrants were out against several of the party, in consequence of their being seen in his company at St. Boswell's Fair. A council was forthwith held, at which the laird himself was present, and where, with a mixed feeling of surprise and amusement, he heard it gravely proposed and decided on to send him off to a distant part of the country, under the charge of three of the chief gipsies. To save them, as he imagined, from any further trouble on his account, Mr. Baillie intimated his intention of immediately returning home, and, handing to the chief or leader what stock of money he had about him to drink his health with, he promised them all good quarters whenever they found it convenient to rendezvous at his house, which he invited them to do frequently. A malicious tittering laugh passed amongst the gipsies at this announcement of Mr. Baillie, and their leader, a tall, swarthy savage, turning to him, with a grim smile merely observed, that he must leave the regulation of his future motions to his captain. Somewhat surprised, and not half relishing the tone and looks of the desperadoes, Baillie, who still conceived that their demeanor was merely assumed with the view of extorting money from him, desired to know at once what 'smart-money' they insisted on having, and he would give them anything in reason; but he was cut short by the captain, who sternly remarked, that when they wanted any of his money, they would ask for it; but in the meantime he must comply with the orders he received. Mr. Baillie was thunderstruck, but his indignation soon overcame his surprise. He was not naturally the most temperate man in the world, and highly incensed at what he considered an insolent aggression on his personal freedom, he reiterated his determination to leave them, and intimated by a flourish of his cudgel, that it would not be safe for any one to attempt to interrupt his purpose. But the gipsies had anticipated this explosion of wrath, and at a signal from the captain, four or five threw themselves upon him, and in spite of his great strength, pinioned his arms to his body. Without attending to the furious denunciations of vengeance which Mr. Baillie continued to pour forth, their captain proceeded to give orders for the dispersion of the band, directing the three previously selected to make the best of their way with their captive, by the most unfrequented paths, to the wilds of Galloway, with peremptory injunctions to put him to death should he attempt to escape.

It would be impossible to describe the young laird's feelings as he was led off by his lawless companions, or rather keepers. For awhile, he continued in a sort of stupor: the whole appeared a dream, a delusion, from which, by a succession of mental efforts, he endeavored to rouse himself; but the close watch and threatening looks of his companions as often forced upon him the bewildering reality. They travelled all night, and rested about daybreak in an unfrequented part of the open moor, each of the gipsies by turns keeping watch; but, as may be imagined, the transformed laird felt little inclination to sleep, although scarcely knowing in what light to regard his singular situation. Sometimes he was disposed to laugh outright at the idea of a gentlemen being kidnapped in an age and country in which the sacredness of the person was so strictly guarded by law; then his fiery temper would become impatient at even the temporary restraint on his personal liberty, and he started up with the determination of instantly asserting his independence and departing home; but the pressure of the bonds on his arms, as well as the *click* of the sentinel's pistol at his slightest motion, convinced him of his helpless condition, and he lay down again, with a cold shudder, as the thought recurred to him —could it be true?—was he doomed to spend his future life in the company of such wretches?—an outcast from civilized society and all its enjoyments? But, no, no!— the idea was too horrible, too preposterous! If he could find no covert means of escape, he would discover himself to the first person they encountered, and the arm of justice would rescue him.

His companions, however, took care to give him no opportunity of carrying the latter purpose into execution. Remaining in hiding all day, and travelling only during the night, they reached an ordinary place of rendezvous for their horde, amongst the inaccessible fastnesses of Tintock, and there abode for about five weeks, until the hue and cry about their captive's disappearance had subsided; from thence they descended to another of their dens in the Vale of Clyde, where they abode for several weeks more. During all this time their unfortunate captive was in a state of mind bordering on frenzy. One of the gipsies always remained as guard over him, and each of these persons he successively tried to work upon, by entreaties, bribes, and threats; but all in vain. His mind at last sank under his situation, and he abandoned all hope of freedom. From Lanarkshire, the party proceeded through the Pentland Hills, and across the Forth, to the general rendezvous of the tribe in Fifeshire. Here the laird was compelled to take a part in the thievish practices of the band, parties of whom scoured the country every night; and he actually assisted in emptying several hen-roosts, and stripping a few washing-greens! His feelings under these circumstances were agonizing. What, he thought, if he should be seized, and convicted in some of his predatory acts? How could he prove that he did not continue, as he had begun, to associate voluntarily with the band of outlaws? And even supposing his character vindicated, in what a humiliating light would he be placed for the rest of his life? His anguish of mind, however, became at last so dreadful, that he began to hope of falling into the hands of justice, as his only means of rescue from a long life of misery and crime. Owing to their numerous depredations, the band were soon obliged to separate, and Baillie's party returned to his native district, where a general meeting of the whole tribe belonging to the south of Scotland soon after took place, for the arrangement of their various routes, or, as it may be called, their plan of campaign for the winter. Here Baillie for the first time saw the patriarch or king of the tribe—a venerable-looking old man, whom all seemed to look up to with the profoundest respect. To him the unfortunate man took an opportunity of representing his situation, and his remonstrances met a more favorable hearing than he ventured to hope. The old man owned that he regretted when he heard of his Baillie's) joining their fraternity; but since he had done so, he must conform to their established laws. 'Beware,' said he, in a low and earnest tone, 'of discovering yourself, or attempting to escape; if you do so, you are a lost man! Your party is bound either to recover you or destroy you; and there is not a spot on earth where you will be safe. We have confederates in every land, and all will join in pursuing you to destruction. Farewell; be faithful, or it will be the worse for you.' The old man then turned from him, and the whole party soon afterwards departed on their different routes.

It would occupy too much space to detail all the incidents and adventures in which Mr. Baillie was engaged during the time he remained with his lawless confederates. Suffice it to say, that for nearly two years more he continued a member of the fraternity, partaking in all their criminal enterprises, and frequently obliged to assist in robbing his nearest and dearest friends.

But his feelings at last became insupportable; and as every remonstrance he made to the chief gipsies respecting his continued detention met with either total neglect or equivocation, he resolved, at whatever risk, to effect his escape. In this he at last succeeded, and the method he adopted is not the least curious part of his adventures. Each company carried with them a considerable wardrobe, for the purpose of their assuming whatever disguise might be suitable for carrying their various roguish plans into effect, or in aiding their concealment; and from that belonging to his own party, Mr. Baillie contrived, during the course of a long march, to abstract several articles of apparel as they went along; so that he had the means, should he find an opportunity of escaping, of transforming himself in a few hours from a blackguard tinker into a well-clad sheep-farmer.

It was the custom of the party, when they lodged for the night in the open moor, to make two keep watch—one part of whose duty it was to make the round of their encampment alternately, at intervals, in order to ascertain that none of their asses strayed; that the children were resting properly; in short, to see that 'all was well.' Against the night when Baillie's turn for watching came, he had provided a large bottle of whiskey; and when his companion and himself sat down together in the tent before the huge fire which was always kept blazing, he had little difficulty in engaging him in the discussion of the contents. As he had anticipated, however, the spirits alone would by no means have served as a sufficiently speedy opiate, and he had accordingly provided a considerable quantity of laudanum, which he managed to drop from time to time into his companion's cup while the latter was patrolling round the encampment. It may easily be imagined with what unspeakable agitation Baillie watched the consummation of a plan upon which depended his chance of escaping from the horrible thraldom in which he was detained. He could with difficulty command his feelings so far as to converse rationally with his companion; and they became more and more acute, as he observed, from the increasing heaviness of the latter, the approach of the moment when he was to make the perilous attempt. At last the gipsy lay down, fairly overpowered by the whiskey and laudanum he had swallowed, and the risk must now or never be run. Stripping himself of everything but a top-coat and a hat, Baillie slipped out at the back of the tent, and took to flight with the speed of the reindeer. He knew every foot of his way; and although the night was pitch-dark, he proceeded at the top of his pace for a length of time that afterwards appeared to himself miraculous. As he proceeded, he picked up the various articles of apparel he had secreted, but, as may be believed, did not pause to attire himself for the first two or three stages. When morning dawned, he was forty miles distant from the spot whence he had set out; but such was the excitement of his mind, that he was insensible to fatigue, and would have continued his flight, had not prudence dictated the necessity of concealing himself during the day, which he did in an old sheepfold. On the following evening, he arrived at an obscure inn in Edinburgh, where he had once more the satisfaction of finding himself in civilized society, and under the protection—though this he could not long calculate upon—of human laws. He lost no time in writing to his brother, who joined him within forty-eight hours, and, after an affectionate recognition, proposed instantly to make surrender of his estate, so that he might resume the enjoyment of it. 'Alas! brother,' said the unfortunate laird, 'I could not hope to live a week at home. The villains who have had me in custody would make my heart's blood flow upon my own hearthstone, though sure to be hanged for it the next hour. My only chance of safety is in flight—instant flight to the continent—the further away the better; though I hardly hope to escape their fangs ultimately.' His brother then, at his request, took a passage for him in a vessel at Leith, bound for Hamburg, on board of which he went that evening, after concerting means for occasionally obtaining information and money from that home which he hardly hoped ever again to call his own.

The vessel was driven by stress of weather into Rotterdam, where Mr. Baillie left her, and proceeded up the Rhine. No step, he afterwards learned, could have been more fortunate, for the gipsies, having ascertained the way in which he left Scotland, had several of their number stationed at Hamburg before the vessel arrived there, by whom he must have been assassinated shortly after he touched the land. His unexpected landing at Rotterdam put them off the scent for awhile, and it was not till about a twelvemonth after, when he was living in an obscure lodging in Florence, that he found himself once more under the observation of his enemies. Instantly flying to Leghorn, he threw himself into a vessel just leaving that port for Marseille, and in three weeks had buried himself in the recesses of the Pyrenees. Here he lived without molestation for six months, when, warned by advices from home, he found it necessary to make another remove. By the most retired and Alpine paths, he once more sought the head of Italy, where for another year he skulked about under various disguises, generally shunning the considerable towns. He afterwards spent a year in the suburbs of Vienna, never stirring abroad except by night. His next place of fixed residence was St. Petersburg, where, after about five years of absence from Scotland, he was informed by his brother, that, by intelligence obtained from the gipsy chief, who seemed to take a sympathizing interest in his distresses, it appeared that the chase was now much slackened. A considerable number of his pursuers had fallen victims to the laws in various parts of the continent, and others had returned to Scotland in despair, where, being excommunicated by the rest of their tribe, they had become notorious criminals, and were rapidly thinned in number by the Court of Justiciary. A few still remain to be accounted for; but there was every likelihood that these had also been cut off in consequence of their evil courses. Mr. Baillie, however anxious to go home upon this assurance, was still unable to convince himself that his life was safe. At length he received the joyful information, that the last of his enemies supposed to be in Scotland had just been sentenced by the circuit court at Jedburgh to transportation for life. In compliance with the pressing request which accompanied this letter, he set sail for Scotland, flattering himself that now at last all his anxieties were set forever to sleep, and that he would be allowed to spend the remainder of his life in that tranquillity which he felt to be necessary for a frame shattered as his had been by so many hardships. He arrived in safety, resumed possession of his estate, and for some weeks attended to nothing but the heart-warm congratulations of his neighbors and kindred. Scarcely three months, however, had passed away, when he received a visit from his old friend the chief, who communicated the startling intelligence, that one of his continental pursuers —the last survivor of them—had returned to Scotland, and expressed his resolution to watch an opportunity, and either slay the deserter or be slain in the attempt.

From this time, Mr. Baillie never moved abroad except upon important occasions, and that always in company of two servants. After nightfall, he never left his fireside. He had every door and window in his house secured in the most approved manner, and the servants had strict orders upon no occasion to open the door in the evening without first putting on the reserve-chain. After two years spent in this timorous fashion, hearing nothing of his enemy, he became a little more confident, and resolved to indulge in a visit to a few old friends who resided in Edinburgh. In the society of these individuals he gradually regained still more of his usual ease of demeanor; and having oftener than once gone out to dinner, and returned in safety, he at length ceased to reflect on a danger which seemed so inconsistent with every circumstance of the gay and pleasant scene around him. One evening, he ventured so far as to attend a ball in the Assembly Room, where the enjoyment which he felt in once more mingling with the beautiful, the young, and the refined, banished entirely for the time all recollection of the last twelve years, and of the doom which he lately knew to be hanging over him. He danced almost without intermission, and had even made some progress, as he flattered himself, in the affections of one of the handsomest young ladies in the room. While the festivity was at its height, and the heart of Mr. Baillie in a state approaching to ecstacy, his servant brought him a message, that a gentleman wished to speak to him in the vestibule. Supposing it to be a friend, who, before going home, might be anxious to make some appointment with him, he walked into the small lobby, which in those days divided the only fashionable dancing-room in Edinburgh from a dismal alley. There, accordingly, stood one of his friends, who, as he conjectured, desired, before leaving the house, to invite him to dinner for next day. With the utmost good-humor, he agreed to the proposed meeting, and, walking through the lane of *cadies* and chairmen who lined the lobby and part of the alley, took leave of his friend at the door. As he turned to regain the dancing-room, he was suddenly met and almost overthrown by a man in the dress of a menial, who, in ruffling past him, planted a short knife in his side. Feeling himself wounded, he made an effort to seize the villain, but reeled, and fell in the arms of the bystanders. Notwithstanding the suddenness of the incident, and the confusion which arose in consequence of the fall, some of these individuals had sufficient presence of mind to grasp the flying assassin, whom, notwithstanding a desperate resistance, they succeeded in securing. Baillie was immediately removed into the supper-room, where he was soon surrounded by the dancing company, full of curiosity, anxiety and horror; as well as by several surgeons, who lost no time in dressing his wound. While this process was going on, the man was brought before him, that he might say whether he was sure that this was the actual inflicter of the blow. 'Yes, yes; it is he!' cried the unfortunate gentleman, and swooned away through agitation occasioned by the sight. It was the gipsy who had sworn to seek his life—the last survivor of the band which Baillie, so unfortunately for both them and himself, had joined twelve years before.

Fortunately, the wound was not mortal. Baillie recovered in the course of a few months, before the expiration of which the gipsy was far on his way to Maryland, under the sentence of the supreme criminal court. But though thus freed from all further alarm as to his life, the subject of this tale could not reflect but with the bitterest sensations on the misery which his folly had been the means of bringing both upon himself and upon a set of fellow-creatures, who, however blameable for their lawless passions, would not, but for him, have developed them to nearly so great an extent, or come to such disasters in consequence. A settled melancholy, therefore, hung for many subsequent years over the mind of Baillie; and he found on the approach of age, that, through the culpable rashness of a moment, he had completely forfeited the enjoyment of the better part of his life.

GROTIUS AND HIS WIFE.

Among the number of learned men whom Holland has produced, one of the most eminent was Hugo Grotius, who flourished in the early part of the seventeenth century, and obtained a wide reputation for his deep and extensive sholarship, as well as for his sufferings in the cause of religious and civil liberty.

Grotius was a native of the town of Delft, where he was born in the year 1583. While yet a child, he acquired fame for his extraordinary attainments. At eight years of age, he composed Latin elegiac verses; and at fourteen, he maintained public theses or dissertations in mathematics, law, and philosophy. In 1598, he accompanied

Barneveldt, the ambassador from the Dutch States, to Paris, where he gained the approbation of the reigning French monarch, the celebrated Henri Quatre, or Henry IV., by his genius and demeanor, and was everywhere admired as a prodigy. After his return to Holland, he adopted the profession of a lawyer, and while no more than seventeen years of age, pleaded his first cause at the bar, in a manner that gave him prodigious reputation. Some time afterwards, he was appointed advocate-general.

In the year 1608, Grotius married Mary Reigersberg, whose father had been burgomaster of Veer. The wife was worthy of the husband, and her value was duly appreciated. Through many changes of fortune, they lived together in the utmost harmony and mutual confidence. It will be immediately seen how the devoted affection of the wife was tried in endeavors to soothe the misfortunes of the persecuted husband. Grotius lived in an evil time, when society was unhappily distracted by furious religious and political disputes. Mankind were mad with theological controversy; and Christian charity, amidst the tumult of parties, was entirely forgotten. Grotius was an Arminian and a republican; and his professional pursuits soon involved him in a strife, which it was next to impossible to avoid. Barneveldt, his early patron, who possessed similar sentiments, was seized and brought to trial, and Grotius supported him by his pen and his influence. But his efforts were useless. In 1619, Barneveldt, on the charge of rebellion, was brought to the scaffold and beheaded, and his friend Grotius was sentenced to imprisonment for life in the fortress of Louvestein, in South Holland. After this very rigorous and unfair proceeding, his estates were confiscated. Previously to his trial, he had a dangerous sickness, during which his anxious wife could not by any means obtain access to him; but after he was sentenced, she presented a petition, earnestly entreating to be his fellow-prisoner; and her prayer was granted. In one of his Latin poems, he speaks of her with deep feeling, and compares her presence to a sunbeam amid the gloom of his prison. The States offered to do something for his support, but, with becoming pride, she answered that she could maintain him out of her own fortune. She indulged in no useless regrets, but employed all her energies to make him happy. Literature added its powerful charm to these domestic consolations; and he who has a good wife, and is surrounded by good books, may defy the world. Accordingly, we find Grotius pursuing his studies with cheerful contentment, in the fortress where he was condemned to remain during life. But his faithful wife was resolved to procure his freedom. Those who trusted her with him must have had small knowledge of the ingenuity and activity of woman's affection. Her mind never for a moment lost sight of this favorite project, and every circumstance that might favor it was watched with intense interest.

Grotius had been permitted to borrow books of his friends in a neighboring town; and when they had been perused, they were sent back in a chest which conveyed his clothes to the washerwoman. At first, his guards had been very particular to search the chest; but never finding anything to excite suspicion, they grew careless. Upon this negligence, Mrs. Grotius founded hopes of having her husband conveyed away in the chest. Holes were bored in it to admit the air, and she persuaded him to try how long he could remain in such a cramped and confined situation. The commandant of the fortress was absent, when she took occasion to inform his wife that she wished to send away a large load of books, because the prisoner was destroying his health by too much study.

At the appointed time, Grotius entered the chest, and was with difficulty carried down a ladder by two soldiers. Finding it very heavy, one of them said jestingly: 'There must be an Arminian in it.' She answered very coolly that there were indeed some Arminian books in it. The soldier thought proper to inform the commandant's wife of the extraordinary weight of the chest; but she replied that it was filled with a load of books, which Mrs. Grotius had asked her permission to send away, on account of the health of her husband.

A maid, who was in the secret, accompanied the chest to the house of one of her master's friends. Grotius came out uninjured; and, dressed like a mason, with trowel in hand, he proceeded through the market-place to a boat, which conveyed him to Brabant, whence he took a carriage to Antwerp. This fortunate escape was effected in March, 1621. His courageous partner managed to keep up a belief that he was very ill in his bed, until she was convinced that he was entirely beyond the power of his enemies.

When she acknowledged what she had done, the commandant was in a furious passion. He detained her in close custody, and treated her very rigorously, until a petition which she addressed to the States-general procured her liberation. Some dastardly spirits voted for her perpetual imprisonment; but the better feelings of human nature prevailed, and the wife was universally applauded for her ingenuity, fortitude, and constant affection.

Grotius found an asylum in France, where he was reunited to his family. A residence in Paris is expensive; and for some time he struggled with pecuniary embarrassment. The king of France at last settled a pension upon him. He continued to write, and his glory spread throughout Europe. Cardinal Richelieu wished to engage him wholly in the interests of France; and not being able to obtain an abject compliance with all his schemes, he made him feel the full bitterness of dependence. Thus situated, he was extremely anxious to return to his native country; and in 1627 his wife went into Holland, to consult with his friends on the expediency of such a step.

He was unable to obtain any public permission to return; but relying on a recent change in the government, he, by his wife's advice, boldly appeared at Rotterdam. His enemies were still on the alert; they could not forgive the man who refused to apologize, and whose able vindication of himself had thrown disgrace upon them. Many private persons interested themselves for him; but the magistrates offered rewards to whoever would apprehend him. Such was the treatment this illustrious scholar met with from a country which owes one of its proudest distinctions to his fame!

He left Holland, and resided at Hamburg two years; at which place he was induced to enter the service of Christina, queen of Sweden, who appointed him her ambassador to the court of France. After a residence of ten years, during which he continued to increase his reputation as an author, he grew tired of a situation which circumstances rendered difficult and embarrassing. At his request, he was recalled. He visited Holland on his way to Sweden, and at last met with distinguished honor from his ungrateful country. After delivering his papers to Christina, he prepared to return to Lübeck. He was driven back by a storm; and being impatient, set out in an open wagon, exposed to wind and rain. This imprudence occasioned his death. He was compelled to stop at Rostock, where he died suddenly, August 28, 1645, in the sixty-third year of his age. His beloved wife, and four out of six of his children, survived him.

Grotius was the author of a number of works in different departments of learning, and his writings are believed to have had a decisive influence in the diffusion of an enlightened and liberal manner of thinking in affairs of science. Much of his learning being merely philological, or referring to a knowledge of the Greek and Latin tongues, is now justly held to have been of little value, and his productions in the belles-lettres are therefore in a great measure forgotten. His fame in modern times rests principally on his great work on natural and national law, written in Latin, and entitled *De Jure Belli et Pacis*—the Law of War and Peace—by which the science of jurisprudence has been ably promoted.

THE SIEGE OF BLAIR.

Sir Andrew Agnew, of Lochnaw, Baronet, the representative of an old Scottish family, who were hereditary sheriffs of Wigtonshire, and had intermarried with the noble families of Eglinton, Galloway, and others of distinction, was a famous soldier in the reign of George II. He entered the army as a cornet in the second regiment of dragoons, and his first battle was that of Ramillies, fought in May, 1706, when he was nineteen years of age.

Possessed of an iron frame and an iron mind, he had passed through a great deal of military life, without, it is said, having ever been sick; without ever being present at an action in which the English were worsted; and without being once wounded. A reckless bravery and hardihood, unaccompanied by any military qualifications of a graver or more important kind, raised him, in the course of forty years' service, to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the well-known foot regiment called the Scots Fusileers; and when the Duke of Cumberland, in the spring of 1746, wished to blockade the Highlands, with a view to embarrass the rebel forces at Inverness, Sir Andrew was detached with 300 men to take possession of the Duke of Athole's castle at Blair. The service on which he was thus commissioned was not thought to be one of great difficulty, or it would have never been intrusted to an officer, who, though brave as his own sword, was too much of an oddity to have been even mentioned for such a post without exciting the mirth of the army. It was considered as only the establishment of a temporary station; and, accordingly, our lieutenant-colonel was furnished with neither artillery nor such a quantity of provisions as might have enabled him to endure a siege, his party having scarcely twenty ball-cartridges to each man. It nevertheless happened that Sir Andrew was besieged, and that he acquitted himself, under very difficult circumstances, with a surprising degree of discretion.

Early in the morning of the 17th of March, Lord George Murray, generalissimo of the Highland army, unexpectedly entered Athole with 700 men, and, by a well-concerted scheme of operations, seized no fewer than thirty smaller posts of the British forces within the space of two hours. He was himself stationed at the Bridge of Bruar, with only twenty-four men, awaiting the return of his various parties with their prisoners, when Sir Andrew Agnew, alarmed by some obscure account of his proceedings, marched out at the head of a large portion of his garrison, and, just at sunrise, came within sight of the bridge. If Lord George had retreated, he would have not only been pursued, but every one of his parties might have been captured or cut to pieces as it reached the place of rendezvous. He therefore arranged his men at wide intervals behind a turf-wall, and, many of them being bagpipers, he caused Sir Andrew to be saluted with such a variety of pibrochs as might have been music for a whole army, while every man who had a sword was commanded to brandish it over the wall. The trick took effect. Sir Andrew immediately returned to Blair Castle.

Lord George now resolved to attempt the reduction of Blair Castle, with the capabilities of which he had every reason to be acquainted, as it was his native home and the property of his brother. This ancient mansion consisted of one huge and lofty building, of great strength, but unprotected by any exterior walls, and having a sunk bowling-green and a range of offices at the distance of a few yards. The entry was by a turret-like stair-case; while a more ancient part of the building, called Cumming's Tower, to which the rest had perhaps been an addition, had a separate doorway for itself. As Lord George lost no time in bringing forward his men, it was with some difficulty that the outposts of the garrison got the horses of the officers and a small quantity of provisions withdrawn into the house. One of these horses, a little Highland creature, recently purchased by Captain Wentworth, being too late to get into the castle, was hastily thrust into the bottom of Cumming's Tower, and there left with the door shut upon it, without either fodder or water. The great door in the staircase was now barricaded, and placed under a guard; a guard was also placed upon the draw-well, to prevent the water being in any way spoiled. For the inmates—consisting of 270 private soldiers, a proper number of officers, and seven officers and domestics of the Duke of Athole—the chief or only provision was a parcel of biscuit and cheese, and that so small, that each could only be allowed a pound of the one and a quarter of the other, with a bottle of water, daily. We shall continue our narrative in the words of a subaltern in the garrison.

'Pretty early in the forenoon of the 17th March, Lord George Murray, as lieutenant-general for the Prince-regent, with Major-Generals Lord Nairne and Mr. Macpherson of Clunie, and the principal part of the rebel forces, having established their head-quarters in and about the village of

Blair, nearly a quarter of a mile to the north of the castle, sent down a summons, written on a very shabby piece of paper, requiring Sir Andrew Agnew, Baronet, commanding the troops of the Elector of Hanover, to surrender forthwith the castle, garrison, military stores, provisions, &c., into the hands of Lieutenant-General Lord George Murray, commanding the forces there of his royal highness the Prince-regent, as the said Sir Andrew Agnew should answer to the contrary at his peril.

'It appeared afterwards, that no Highlanders, from the impressions they had received of the outrageous temper of Sir Andrew Agnew, could be prevailed on to carry that summons; but a maid-servant from the inn at Blair—then kept by one M'Glashan—being rather handsome, and very obliging, conceived herself to be on so good a footing with some of the young officers, that she need not be afraid of being shot, and undertook the mission; taking care, however, when she came near the castle, to wave the paper containing the summons over her head, as a token of her embassy: and when she arrived at one of the low windows in the passage, whither the furnisher of these notes, with three or four more of the officers had come, the window was opened, and her speech heard; which strongly advised a surrender, promising very good treatment by Lord George Murray, and the other Highland gentlemen; but denounced, if resistance were made, that, as the Highlanders were 1000 strong, and had cannon, they would batter down or burn the castle, and destroy the whole garrison.

'That speech was received from Molly with juvenile mirth by the officers, who told her that those gentlemen would be soon driven away, and the garrison again become visitors at M'Glashan's, as before. She then pressed them much that the summons should be received from her, and carried to Sir Andrew: but that was positively refused by all, excepting a lieutenant, who being of a timid temper, with a constitution impaired by drinking, did receive the summons, and after its being read, carried it up, to deliver it to Sir Andrew, with some hopes, doubtless, of its having success; but no sooner did the peerless knight hear something of it read, than he furiously drove the lieutenant out of his presence, to return the paper—vociferating after him, so loud, on the stairs, strong epithets against Lord George Murray, with threatenings to shoot through the head any other messenger whom he should send, that the girl herself perfectly overheard him, and was glad to take back the summons, and to return with her life to Lord George, who, with Lord Nairne, Clunie, and some other principal officers, were seen standing together, in the churchyard of Blair, to receive her, and could be observed, by their motions and gestures, to be much diverted by her report.

'From that time Lord George made no attempt to have any intercourse with the garrison, but from all the measures he took, seemed to place all his hopes in reducing it to surrender by famine, having probably heard of the store of provisions being scanty; for the better execution of which design, he easily found means, by his great superiority in number, to block up the castle so very closely, by men up to the walls, wherever they could not be annoyed from it by musketry, particularly round that part where the scaffold guard was posted, heaving up stones from time to time among them, with coarse jokes, especially against Sir Andrew, of whose peculiarities they seemed to have been well informed, that it was indeed impossible to receive any sort of supplies into it. It is also probable that he had some expectation of hastening a surrender by setting fire to the castle, or putting the garrison in great dread of it, by firing at it red-hot bullets, from two field-pieces which he had brought with him, and placed a little to the eastward of Blair village, behind a wall in which he made two embrasures.

'All his efforts, however, for that purpose, at different times proved ineffectual, as all the red-hot bullets which lodged in the rafters of the roof, or other solid timber in the castle, did not set them on fire, but only charred or burned black what was around them; and either falling out of themselves, or being otherwise got hold of, were caught up in an iron ladle from the Duke of Athole's kitchen, and tossed into tubs of water. To Lord George's disappointment in his attempts against the north front of the house was attributed the removal of his field-pieces in a night, before his breaking up the blockade, to a nearer position on the south side of the back of the castle; from whence, however, their shot produced no greater effect than the former.

'However determined the commandant was—and whatever military talents he might want, those of zeal and natural courage were surely none of them—as well as his garrison, to make the most intrepid efforts rather than submit to any capitulation, yet if the rebels could have kept up the close blockade for a short time longer, the garrison, after being reduced to eat horse-flesh, must have tried the last resource, by an attempt in the night-time to break through the blockade, and try to join the king's troops at Castle-Menzies. The garrison could then have issued from the castle only by a door, under the annoyance of an enemy so near; and must have afterwards been exposed to their attacks on all sides, with very superior numbers, during a march of about ten miles, mostly across a country very mountainous, and without roads. This was indeed a very desperate project; but it would have been attempted, and, whatever had been the issue, it would have merited the highest honors of fame.

About a week after the commencement of the blockade, the garrison heard a knocking, apparently underneath the castle, and formed the conclusion that the besiegers were undermining it, for the purpose of blowing it up. This noise, however, proved to have been caused by a soldier who was cutting wood in one of the upper rooms. In the morning of the 29th, they contrived to get Wilson, the duke's gardener, smuggled out, with a letter, explaining their situation, to the Earl of Crawford, who was supposed to be then at Dunkeld or Perth. As this man's horse was seen in the morning in the possession of a Highlander, it was concluded that he had been intercepted. 'Before this time,' continues the subaltern, 'the question whether the young Highland horse of Captain Wentworth, which had been hardily bred on the Highland hills, but hastily put into the bottom of Cumming's Tower, and shut up from all communication with the castle, as has been said, could be still alive or not; as having been left without either forage or water. It was therefore thought that he could not have outlived nine or ten days at most, which in the sequel will be only found to prove that the English and the Lowland Scotchmen were no judges of the constitution of a Highland horse, bred on bleak and barren hills.

'After the apparently most unlucky fate of Wilson, no hope of relief remained, but from the chapter of accidents, especially with the soldiers, who used frequently to say among themselves, that Sir Andrew's good luck would certainly help them out in some way or other. They were therefore the less surprised when, at break of day, on the 1st of April, not a single Highlander could be seen; and soon after M'Glashan's maid Molly, who had brought down the summons, came to congratulate her old friends, that Lord George, and all his men, as she called them, had gone off in the night, for Dalnacardoch and Badenoch; adding that she believed the Highlanders had been afraid of being surrounded by Lord Crawford with the king's black horse from Dunkeld; but it was afterwards said, with more probability, to have been in consequence of an order suddenly received by Lord George Murray to join the forces of the pretended Prince of Wales near Inverness, and in the expectation of being soon after attacked by the Duke of Cumberland, then marching from Aberdeen.

'Notwithstanding the certainty of the rebels having broken up their blockade in the night-time, and marched off in such haste—all particulars of which were speedily reported to the commandant—yet as he was purblind, and could not have the evidence of his own eyes, nor would trust to the eyes of others, he positively ordered that the garrison should be kept shut up till further orders; and those orders were not given for its releasement until next morning, the 2d of April, when an officer having arrived on horseback from the Earl of Crawford, he informed the commandant, that his lordship, with some cavalry, might be expected in an hour, as accordingly happened; and the garrison being drawn out, his lordship was received by the commandant, at the head of it, with this compliment: "My lord, I am very glad to see you, but, *by all that's good*, you have been very dilatory, and we can give you nothing to eat." To which his lordship answered laughingly, with his usual good-humor: "I assure you, Sir Andrew, I made all the haste I possibly could; and I hope that you and the officers will do me the honor to partake with me of such fare as I can give you." His lordship did accordingly entertain, afterwards, in the summer-house of the garden, Sir Andrew and his officers, with a plentiful dinner and very good wines, and returned in the evening to Dunkeld; whence it is supposed that Lord Crawford had made a handsome report to the Duke of Cumberland in favor of the garrison, as public thanks were soon after given to it by his royal highness for its steady and gallant defence of Blair Castle, and the matchless commandant promoted to be colonel of a regiment of marines.

'It was then learned that, although Mr. Wilson had got a fall from his horse, which was frightened by the fire at him, yet he had on foot made his escape from the rebels, arrived early next day at Dunkeld, and waited on Lord Crawford with his dispatch; and it was further understood that his lordship had spared no pains to prevail on the commandant of the Hessians to advance with them against the rebels in Athole, but without effect; so great was their terror of being attacked, in the Pass of Killiecrankie, with swords, by the wild mountaineers, as they considered them, who had twice beaten the king's troops with firearms, as they had heard.

'One remarkable incident at the end of the blockade still remains to be told, which is, that after Sir Andrew's general jail-delivery of the garrison, in the morning of the 2d of April, some officers hastening to see the poor *dead* horse of Captain Wentworth, it being the seventeenth day of his confinement, they had no sooner opened the door and entered, than they were precipitately driven out, laughing, to avoid the animal, who was wildly staggering about. That fine stout animal having received the most proper care and best treatment by order of his master, soon became in excellent condition, and, as it is believed, was then sent to England by Captain Wentworth, as a present to one of his sisters.'

It may be mentioned that Sir Andrew died at Lochnaw in 1771, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, having attained to the rank of lieutenant-general, and governor of Tinmouth Castle. One very characteristic anecdote in reference to the siege has been omitted by the above narrator, but is given from tradition in the *History of the Rebellion of* 1745, in Constable's Miscellany. While Lord George's cannon-balls were rattling along the walls of Blair, the fearless commandant looked over the battlements, and remarked to those beside him, in his usual broad Scotch : 'Hout, I daursay the man's mad—knocking down his ain brother's house!'

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MONSIEUR DE LA TUDE.

Of the numerous tales related of the incarceration of real or pretended criminals in the Bastile and other state-prisons of France during the principal part of last century, none are so remarkable or so affecting, none so much calculated to rouse feelings of indignation in the bosom of the philanthropist, as that told by M. de la Tude, in the published memoirs of his life. It appears that this gentleman, while no more than twenty-three years of age, and when residing and pursuing his studies in Paris, fell under the displeasure of Madame de Pompadour, a potent court favorite during the reign of Louis XV., and by her orders, enforced probably through the medium of a *lettre de cachet*, was seized, and without form of trial or accusation, committed to the Bastile. This event took place on the 1st of May 1749; and from that date commences the history of the sufferings and attempts to escape of this unfortunate and enterprising individual, whose memoirs are only paralleled by those of the equally unhappy Baron Trenck.

From the 1st of May till the beginning of September, De la Tude remained confined in the Bastile, when he was removed, for some unexplained reason, to the castle of Vincennes. He had not been long in this gloomy fortress, till he put in execution a project for accomplishing his escape. Being indulged by the lieutenant-governor with the privilege of walking two hours a day in the garden of the castle, he bethought himself of taking advantage of this circumstance for his purpose. Two turnkeys usually attended him, one of whom waited in the garden and the other conducted him down stairs from his room. Having formed his project, he for several days together descended a little faster than the turnkey, who, as he always found him by the side of his companion in the garden, took no notice of this manœuvre. Observing this, and taking a favorable opportunity, he tripped as fast as possible down the flight of steps, and shutting the bottom door of the staircase, advanced boldly to the garden-gate, where a sentinel was posted by way of security.

The vigilance of this man, as well as that of several others who were placed on the opposite side of the drawbridge, he eluded, by pretending to inquire for a person who had just gone that way: but after having obtained his liberty in this artful manner, he was imprudent enough, through the advice of a friend, to surrender himself up again to the king, trusting that the artless confidence of an innocent man would not be abused. He was, nevertheless, reconducted to the Bastile, where he was closely confined for eighteen months in one of the most dismal dungeons of that prison. At the expiration of that term, he was taken from this horrid situation, and put into another room, with a prisoner named D'Alégre, who was likewise detained by Madame de Pompadour.

Both he and his companion had been long taught to expect with patience the disgrace of the marchioness; but with the unfortunate, days are as tedious as years, and it is no wonder that they should turn their thoughts towards regaining their liberty. This, however, appeared a romantic idea; for, besides the high walls of the Bastile, which were six feet thick, and four iron grates at each window, the prison was continually guarded by a number of sentinels, and the trenches which surrounded it were most commonly full of water. How, then, could two prisoners, confined in a narrow cell, and destitute of all human assistance, effect their escape?

M. de la Tude, who was fruitful in expedients, first informed himself, by means of an artful trick which he played while they were conducted back to the room after hearing mass, that the apartment in which they were confined had a double ceiling; and after mentioning what he had observed to his friend, told him that he had formed a plan for their enlargement, which could not fail of success. From his confidence upon this occasion, D'Alégre thought him disordered in his mind, and asked him, with a sneer, where they were to get the ropes and other implements necessary to such an undertaking.

'As for the ropes,' said De la Tude, 'give yourself no manner of trouble: in that trunk there are twelve dozen of shirts, six dozen pair of silk stockings, twelve dozen pair of under-stockings, five dozen drawers, and as many dozen of napkins; now, by unravelling these, we shall have more than enough to make one thousand feet of rope.'

'True,' said the other: 'but how shall we remove the iron bars from the window? for without instruments it is impossible to do anything.'

De la Tude told him that the hand was the instrument of all instruments, and that men, whose heads are capable of working, are never at a loss for resources; what, though neither scissors, knives, nor any edged tools, are allowed us, have not we the iron hinges of our folding-table, which, with patience and skill, we can make answer the same purpose?

From this discourse D'Alégre began to entertain some hopes, and they now employed all their time and talents in the execution of this curious project. The first evening, by means of one of the hinges, they took up a tile from the floor, and after digging for six hours, found it was a double partition, as De la Tude had conjectured. They then carefully replaced the tile, and began to unravel some of the shirts, drawing them out thread by thread, and twisting them together, till they had formed a rope fifty-five feet long; this they made into a ladder, consisting of twenty-five rounds, made of the wood which was brought them for firing.

The next thing to be done was to remove the iron bars from the chimney, by which outlet they had resolved to escape; they accomplished it in about two months, and then returned them to their places, leaving them ready to be removed when they should be wanted. This appears to have been an exceedingly troublesome operation, as they never descended from the work without bloody hands, and their bodies were so bruised in the chimney, that they could not renew their labor for an hour or two afterwards. This toil over, they now set about making a wooden ladder of twenty feet long, which, as fast as it was finished, was hid with the other things between the two floors.

As the officers and turnkeys often entered the apartment in the daytime, without any previous notice, they were obliged not only to secrete their tools, but the smallest chips and rubbish that were made, the least appearance of which would have betrayed them. To answer this purpose the more effectually, they gave each of them a private name, and when anybody was coming in, he who was next the door gave the cant term to the other, that he might conceal them as expeditiously as possible. When their ropes were all ready, their measure was 400 feet; they had still to make 200 steps for their ladders, which, when accomplished, they covered with the lining of their bed-gowns and under-waistcoats, to prevent their rustling against the walls as they descended.

These preparations cost them eighteen months' work, night and day, and they now waited for a dark stormy night to favor their escape. At length, after a great number of difficulties, and many narrow escapes from being detected by the officers, the happy moment they had been so long expecting arrived, and De la Tude was the first to mount the chimney. Here he was almost smothered with the soot, and the blood streamed from his hands, elbows, and knees, down to his legs. After some time, however, he got to the top, and by means of a string, drew up his companion, and all their implements, to the top of the building, from which they lowered their baggage, by fastening a rope to the chimney; and in this way they descended, both at once on the platform, serving as a counterpoise to each other.

Here they fastened their rope-ladder to a piece of cannon; and let themselves and their baggage down into the trench, an operation which was attended with the utmost difficulty; for out of 1000 spectators who should have seen them by daylight, vibrating backwards and forwards in the air, not one of them, says M. de la Tude, but would have given us over for lost. They arrived, however, at length, safely in the trench, and felicitated themselves upon the success of this part of their enterprise; having been extremely apprehensive of detection, as the sentinel was all the time walking on the corridor, at not more than thirty feet distance.

From this place they proceeded to the wall which parted the trench of the Bastile from that of St. Anthony's Gate, where there was a ditch six feet wide, and deep enough to wet them to the armpits. When they had crossed this, they had yet to work their way through the stone-wall of the governor's garden, which was more than four feet thick: and all the time they were employed in this business, the major's round passed them with a great lantern every half hour, at about ten or twelve feet over their heads; during which times they were always obliged to retreat into the ditch, and to stand up to their chins in water, in order to avoid being seen.

Before midnight, by means of the iron bars which had been taken out of the chimney, they had displaced two or three wheelbarrows of stones, and in a few hours more a breach was made in the wall sufficiently large for them to get through it. They were now in the trench of St. Anthony's Gate, and thought themselves entirely out of danger, when they both suddenly fell into an aqueduct, with at least six feet of water over their heads. In this dangerous situation, De la Tude caught hold of the bank, and plunging his arm into the water, drew his companion to him by the hair of his head, and thus happily escaped the danger which threatened them.

'Here,' says M. de la Tude, 'ended the horrors of that dreadful night; and here we embraced each other, and fell upon our knees to thank God for the great mercy he had bestowed upon us, in thus restoring us to liberty.' They now mounted the slope of the ditch as it struck four o'clock, and after calling upon a friend who was not at home, flew for refuge to the abbey of St. Germain-des-préz.

Soon after this almost miraculous escape, they both set out, by different routes, for Brussels, agreeing to meet at the same inn; but when De la Tude, who had to encounter with a number of perils on his journey, arrived at the place appointed, he found that his friend had been discovered, and conducted back to prison. Shocked at this intelligence, he set out immediately for Amsterdam, where he had not been long, before he was demanded of the states by the French ambassador, in the name of the king, and carried back to his old quarters in the Bastile, fettered hands and feet, and only allowed a bed of straw, without covering, to repose on.

In this wretched situation he remained forty months, and during this confinement was one day indulged with the barbarous privilege of being permitted to see his friend D'Alégre, whom he found raving mad in the hospital for lunatics at Charenton. The poor creature had no remembrance of him, and made him no other answer, when he reminded him of their escape from the Bastile, than by telling him that he was God.

Some time after this shocking interview, in the year 1764, and when he had been fifteen years in confinement, he observed from the tower of the Bastile a large piece of paper at the window of a chamber in St. Anthony's street, on which was written these words: 'Yesterday died the Marchioness of Pompadour.' This had been placed there by some young ladies, who were acquainted with his story, and he was now persuaded that he should be released from his confinement; but M. de Sartine had expressly forbidden all the officers of the Bastile to inform the prisoners of her decease. When De la Tude, therefore, wrote to him, entreating his deliverance, he came to the prison, and insisted upon knowing his author.

His behavior upon this occasion proving offensive to M. de Sartine, he was removed from prison to the governor's house, loaded with chains from head to foot, and afterwards sent to the castle of Vincennes, to be confined in the black-hole. Here, however, the lieutenant-governor, being a humane man, suffered him to walk two hours a day in the fosse, guarded by two fusileers and a serjeant, who stood at the gate with another sentinel. While he was walking here one evening, it happened to be a prodigiously thick fog, which he thought was a circumstance by no means to be neglected; he therefore struck down the two sentinels with his elbows, and pushing boldly past the others, flew as fast as his legs would carry him. A great cry of 'Stop thief!' ensued, in which he joined, and by that means made his escape to Paris.

Although the author of De la Tude's misfortunes was now no more, although her death was little regretted by the king, and rejoiced over by the nation, still, strange to say, the persecution of our hero was not remitted. His escape was no sooner made known, than a number of spies and setters were sent out upon the search after him, and 1000 crowns were offered as a reward for discovering him. Finding, therefore, that it would be impossible to elude the vigilance of scouts and informers, he wrote a letter to the minister of the war department, acquainting him that he would not fail to be with him on such a day, and begging he would have the goodness to suspend the orders for arresting him till he had been indulged with a moment's audience. Going, according to his promise, to the apartment of the minister, he was immediately secured, without being permitted to utter a syllable, and put into one of the most gloomy dungeons of the castle of Vincennes.

All hope of release now died within the bosom of this victim of a cruel and arbitrary government. He sank into despair. He looked forward to death as the only event calculated to bring a termination of his sufferings. Yet death came not, and a gleam of hope now and then cheered him to sustain the mortal coil. Thus, for an additional period of twenty years, did he endure the horrors of confinement in the vaults of Vincennes and the Bicetre. At length, Cardinal de Rohan, a minister of Louis XVI., discovered him at the bottom of a dungeon in the last-mentioned Parisian prison, and being moved with his extreme wretchedness, promised him his liberty, provided he could give proper security for his good behavior. This last kind office was undertaken by a charitable lady of the name of

Le Gros, who, on being accidentally informed of his misfortunes, resolved to dedicate her whole time and attention towards procuring his enlargement. The difficulties she had to encounter, together with the narrowness of her own circumstances, rendered the accomplishment of this project almost impossible; but, by incessant and persevering diligence, she at last obtained the object of her wishes; and, after having set him free from all restraints, helped to support him by the small earnings of her own and her husband's industry.

His joyful liberation took place in 1784, having altogether been confined for about thirty-five years. He entered prison a gay, light-hearted young man of three-and-twenty; and when restored to the world, it was at the mature age of fifty-eight; but the sufferings he had endured had broken his constitution and blighted his prospects, and he now had all the appearance of a man in the extreme of old age and decrepitude. Such is the story of the unfortunate M. de la Tude, which forms another testimony of that terrific species of oppression which has been for ages perpetrated by the continental powers of Europe, and an exemption from which is one of the proudest boasts of this land of liberty and intelligence.

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THE SWORD-PLAYERS OF THE LAST CENTURY.

Those who are shocked by the descriptions of the gladiatorial scenes exhibited on so large a scale, and with circumstances of such monstrous barbarity, in ancient Rome, will be still more so when informed that practices similar in kind, if less remarkable in degree, were common in our own country till within the last hundred years. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, a place of amusement called the Bear-garden at Hockley-in-the-Hole, in or near London, was devoted to amusements of this description, which were not only resorted by the lower populace, but by noblemen, and occasionally even by the resident ambassadors. Men, styling themselves professors of the noble art of defence, and occasionally assuming the title of champion for particular English counties, were either stationary at that place of exhibition, where they defied all competitors, or went about the country challenging particular towns to furnish them with an antagonist—a failure in which could only be expiated by a purse of gold to purchase their departure. The professors of this barbarous art were in many cases Irishmen; and that there was at least one eminent proficient who claimed Scotland for his place of birth, is proved by a scarce old volume, in which is chronicled the life of Donald Bane, a man who had originally been a soldier, but afterwards gained a subsistence by teaching the broadsword, and occasionally taking a purse by prize-fighting. On the days when there was to be a fight at Hockley, they used to advertise the circumstance by parading the streets in fancy dresses, with swords drawn, colors flying, drums beating, and a few officials whose duty it was to disperse bills of the performance. The offensiveness of these promenades is alluded to in terms of bitter reprobation in a presentment of the grand jury of London in June, 1701; but they were not finally put down for fully thirty years after that period.

In 1712, the reigning gladiator of the Bear-garden was one named Timothy Buck. The *Spectator* devotes a paper to an account, by no means conceived in a strain of indignation, of a combat which took place in July of that year between Buck and a gigantic soldier named Miller, who, hearing of the great renown of the Hockley champion, had thought proper to challenge him at back-sword, sword and dagger, sword and buckler, single falchion, case of falchions, and quarter-staff. Miller came first upon the stage, preceded by two disabled drummers, and attended by a second—a *gentleman*, whose lowering looks seemed to express dissatisfaction at his not being a principal. The challenger was six feet eight inches high, 'of a kind but bold aspect, well-fashioned, and ready of his limbs,' with a blue ribbon round the sword-arm. 'Buck came on in a plain coat, and kept all his air till the instant of engaging; at which time he undressed to his shirt, his arm adorned with a bandage of red ribbon. No one can describe the sudden concern in the whole assembly; the most tumultuous crowd in nature was as still and as much engaged as if all their lives depended on the first blow. The combatants met in the middle of the stage, and shaking hands, as removing all malice, they retired with much grace to the extremities of it; from whence they immediately faced about, and approached each other, Miller with a heart full of resolution, Buck with a watchful, untroubled countenance; Buck regarding principally his own defence; Miller chiefly thoughtful of annoying his opponent. It is not easy to describe the many escapes and imperceptible defences between two men of quick eyes and ready limbs; but Miller's heat laid him open to the rebuke of the calm Buck, by a large cut on the forehead. Much effusion of blood covered his eyes in a moment, and the huzzas of the crowd undoubtedly quickened the anguish. The assembly was divided into parties upon their different ways of fighting; while a poor nymph in one of the galleries apparently suffered for Miller, and burst into a flood of tears. As soon as his wound was wrapped up, he came on again with a little rage, which still disabled him further. But what brave man can be wounded with more patience and caution? The next was a warm, eager onset, which ended in a decisive stroke on the left leg of Miller. The lady in the gallery, during this second strife, covered her face; and for my part, I could not keep my thoughts from being mostly employed on the consideration of her unhappy circumstances that moment, hearing the clash of swords, and apprehending life or victory concerned her lover in every blow, but not daring to satisfy herself on whom they fell. The wound was exposed to the view of all who could delight in it, and sewed up on the stage.' Thus seems to have ended the combat. The paper which we have been quoting concludes with a cool speculation as to the source of the pleasure which the people take in such exhibitions, whether cruelty or pity, and some remarks respecting the popularity which seemed to be enjoyed by the losing party.

In 1725, one Figg entertained the public in a similar manner at an amphitheatre in the Oxford Road, where, on one occasion, Sutton, the champion of Kent, and a *female* of the same county, fought Stokes and his wife for forty pounds, to be given to the male or female who gave most cuts with the sword, and twenty pounds for the most blows at quarter-staff, besides the collection in the box. Two years later, appeared the following advertisement:—'In Islington Road, on Monday, the 17th of July, 1727, will be performed a trial of skill by the following combatants. "We, Robert Barker and Mary Welsh, from Ireland, having often contaminated our swords with such antagonists as have had the insolence to dispute our skill, do find ourselves once more necessitated to challenge, defy, and invite Mr. Stokes and his bold Amazonian virago to meet us on the stage, where we hope to give a satisfaction to the honorable lord of our nation, who has laid a wager of twenty guineas on our heads. They that give the most cuts to have the whole money, and the benefit of the house; and if swords, daggers, quarter-staff, fury, rage, and resolution will prevail, our friends shall not meet with a disappointment."—"We, James and Elizabeth Stokes, of the city of London, having already given a universal approbation by our agility of body, dexterous hands, and courageous hearts, need not perambulate on this occasion, but rather choose to exercise the sword to their sorrow, and corroborate the general opinion of the town, than to follow the custom of our repartee antagonists. This will be the last time of Mrs. Stokes performing on the stage." There will be a door on purpose for the reception of the gentlemen, where coaches may drive up, and the company come in without being crowded. Attendance will be given at three, and the combatants mount at six precisely. They all fight in the same dresses as before.' In October, 1730, Mr. Figg fought his two-hundred and seventy-first battle with a Mr. Holmes, whose wrist he cut to the bone. It does not appear, however, that these horrible exhibitions were ever attended with a mortal result: such an event would have probably put an end to them.

At a somewhat later period, an Irish sword-player named O'Bryan, who had beaten all the combatants at the Bear-garden, and various individuals in other parts of the kingdom, paid a visit to Edinburgh, where, according to his custom, he challenged the inhabitants to produce an antagonist, under the usual penalty. That a breach of the peace of this monstrous character was then tolerated, or such an exaction submitted to, in a populous and not unenlightened city, may well excite surprise; but if we only reflect on how much custom will reconcile us to, our wonder may in some measure cease. O'Bryan had been in the city for some weeks, daily parading through its streets to proclaim his challenge, when the Duke of Hamilton, then residing in Holyrood House, sent for Donald Bane, the teacher of the broadsword already mentioned, with the view of engaging him to take up the cause of the citizens. When Bane arrived at the palace, the duke of Argyle happened to be present, and, as an old commander of the veteran swordsman, entered heartily into the project.

'Has he a drum?' said Bane.

'Yes,' answered Argyle; 'and a very clever, stout fellow he is, I assure you.'

'You may make yourself easy as to that,' replied Bane, 'for I have broken his drum already.'

This was really the case; for, meeting O'Bryan at the foot of the West Bow, where he was, in no very courteous terms, defying the whole of Scotland, the patriotic blood of the Caledonian had become excited, and he drove his foot through the one end of the drum, and his fist through the other, as a first intimation of his acceptance of the challenge. An agreement, indeed, had already been made between O'Bryan and Bane to fight on that day week. It was, nevertheless, thought necessary that a reply to the challenge should be published in fair set-terms, and in Latin verse—a fact which strikingly proves the interest taken in these sanguinary proceedings by persons of the better order.* Donald being now sixty-six years of age,

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* This answer was entitled *Donaldi Bani famigerati ad Andreæ O'Bryan chartam provocatoriam Responsum*, and commenced as follows:—

> 'Ipse ego Donaldus Banus, forma albus, et altus,
> Non huic Andreæ thrasoni occurrere decro,' &c.

It might be thus translated into English:—'I, Donald Bane, fair-complexioned and tall, shall not fail to enter the lists with this bully Andrew. With Heaven's assistance, and as a friend to my country, I will go to meet him who, unskilful in the art, daringly challenges me to the combat. In a short time, when we have entered upon the fight, brave men admitted to some fears were entertained by his friends for his success in the encounter; and tradition represents his chief asking, if he thought he were '*yauld* enough' for O'Bryan.[*] On this the veteran pulled out his claymore, and made it whistle in the air over his head, a sufficiently expressive test of his strength of arm. As he passed along the street, some of the bystanders said: 'Ah, Donald's failed; I doubt he'll no do;' whereupon he leaped up to a lamp iron far above the reach of ordinary men, hung by one hand for a moment, and springing down, exclaimed: 'She'll do yet!'[†] The stage was erected in St. Anne's Yards, at the back of the cavalry green attached to the palace; and the conflict, which lasted several hours, and was tried with a variety of weapons, terminated in a declaration of victory in favor of the native combatant, who, at the conclusion, found the boards covered with gold and silver, thrown there for him by the admiring spectators.

These facts must be allowed to denote a remarkable change of manners in our island, for, though boxing is still occasionally practised, and sometimes with more fatal effects, it is obvious that a more barbarous and brutalized character is necessary to endure the sight of a fight with edged weapons, than one in which the hands only are employed. A lesson may be taken by persons in authority, and by public writers, from the history of British gladiatorship. Such exhibitions, it is evident, were regarded a century ago with much the same feelings which are now experienced in reference to boxing. Morality stamped it as an abominable vice; and such every authority and every public writer of the least elevation of character must have esteemed it. But the *existence* of the practice tended to avert due reprobation from it, and was the means of its prolongation. In the same way, boxing cannot now be defended for a moment, when considered with a reference to morality. But, nevertheless, the ex-

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behold us will perhaps see that the pugilist O'Bryan is, as I believe, not so expert a master of the art of fencing. Whether he have a protection or a patron, my weapon will render him an idle capon.'

[*] *Yauld*—agile, with vigor.

[†] Cunningham's edition of Burns, ii. 39.

istence of the practice is a kind of defence to it, putting us upon suggesting all sorts of empty reasons for tolerating it—such as its tending to keep up a manly and martial spirit in a commercial community—which we have heard seriously urged in its favor. Were it once suppressed, we should wonder that it ever existed, as we wonder at the obsolete amusement of sword-playing—so much are we liable to be affected in our judgment of an abuse by the fact of its *being or not being*. Could we, by any moral argument, more effectually urge the propriety of utterly extinguishing the degrading sports of the ring?

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THE CURATE OF LANGBOURN:

A STORY.

The rays of the autumn sun fell cheerfully on the fields around Langbourn, as the curate of the village, Mr Benson, set out on the path leading from his humble dwelling. For some time he walked onwards with downcast eyes, and from the expression of his pale and thoughtful countenance, it was evident that a tinge of melancholy pervaded his meditations. The road to the mansion of his rector, whither he was now proceeding, was a by-path intersecting rich and well-cultivated fields, in which the reapers were prosecuting joyously the labors of the harvest. Their clear, ringing voices, and noisy peals of laughter, aroused the curate from his abstraction, and he felt as if the light-hearted sounds chid him for the pensive character of his own thoughts. 'The Almighty,' said he, 'has sent a good and plenteous season, that his creatures, the high and the low alike, may have wherewithal to eat; and even the red-breast that chirps across my path shall have its portion. Want has hitherto been mercifully withheld from crossing my threshold, and poverty has been too long an inmate of the dwelling, to make its continuance a thing to be dreaded. Alas! how unwilling is my tongue to utter, or my heart to admit, that there is a deeper cause for the heaviness that oppresses me! Mary, my beloved child, it is thy fading cheek and drooping spirits that my soul would fain exclude the knowledge of from itself, for the temporal comforts and means that might revive thee are not in my power!' Uttering a pious wish for the object of his anxiety, and beseeching resignation to his own mind, the curate walked onwards to the abode of his superior.

Before relating the purpose and tenor of the interview between the rector and the curate, we may describe briefly to the reader these personages themselves. The rector was a man of a portly presence, haughty and grave, even to sternness, in his address. His origin was humble, for he was the son of a poor tradesman, and the presentation to the livings he now enjoyed had been the result of a long service as tutor in a family of rank. Though thus meanly descended, the rector was a proud man; and his first object on acquiring the rectory, had been to unite himself with a well-connected lady, who, though considerably beyond her prime, formed a bond between her husband and the families of rank in the neighborhood. Still the churchman did not fully attain his object, for, though elevated in station in his own eyes, and even in those of his inferiors, by the marriage, those with whom he was most anxious to mingle were not conciliated, by his personal merits, to overlook the humility of his native rank. This was unfortunate for him in more than one respect; those with whom he might have formerly associated, he now considered himself elevated above; and not being admitted freely to the higher class of society, he stood in some measure in a lonely and even solitary position. His lady was not of an age to enliven his home with children, and by degrees the temper of the rector, which was naturally social, became haughty and soured. He was by no means uncharitable, but his charities were sadly affected by prejudices; and he had imbibed, during his intercourse with the higher classes, the doctrine that poverty is indispensable, and indeed a blessing, to the lower orders of society, in every well-regulated state. Mr. Benson, the curate, was in many respects a contrast to his rector. He was modest, amiable, and intelligent, and was beloved and esteemed by the inhabitants of Langbourn. He was the immediate descendant of a family that had been of considerable importance in the neighborhood; and this circumstance, together with his general character, made him respected even in quarters which his superior could not propitiate. An early love-marriage had prevented his struggling, like his fellows, for advancement in the church, and had made him glad to take refuge from want in a curacy of £35 a year. His wife died without leaving any family, and the curate took into his home a widowed sister and her only child, to whom he was deeply attached. His niece, Mary Warner, was now about the age of eighteen, a slender and elegantly-formed young woman, with one of the sweetest and most expressive of countenances, the index to her amiable mind. She had lately been residing for some time with an aunt at a considerable distance, and, since her return home, had, to the great distress of her fond uncle and parent, drooped both in health and spirits. Never had the curate felt the narrowness of his income so severely, as when it limited his means of procuring necessary comforts for his beloved niece. Mr. Benson was on his way to the rectory, to receive his half-yearly pittance, and it grieved him to think how small a balance would be left of it after the payment of the debts already incurred.

On reaching the rector's goodly though old-fashioned mansion, buried in venerable woods, which the rooks had for centuries held as their peculiar domain, the curate was shown by one of the servants into an ante-chamber, with the promise that his reverence should be informed of the visitor's presence. Some minutes elapsed before the servant reappeared, in which time Mr. Benson, on looking around, could not help contrasting the duties of the rector with his own, and the difference in the reward. The thought, however, was rebuked as quickly as it arose, and he uttered a prayer that his reward might be, not temporal, but spiritual and eternal. He was at length ushered into the presence of his superior. 'Sit down, sit down, Mr. Benson,' said the rector; 'I hope your family are well. Pray, excuse me for keeping you waiting; my wife's cousin, Sir John Oatlands, had called, and we were engaged in sipping a glass of port. Here, Peter, bring a glass of wine for Mr. Benson.' The rector had acquired a taste for good wine during his tutorship, and was really a critical judge of its merits. The poor curate sighed almost audibly as he raised the glass placed before him to his lips, and thought of the dear one whose declining health such a cordial might revive, while to him it was useless, as it was undesired. The rector continued to descant on the subject of his visitor and relation Sir John, and the qualities of the wine, to all which the curate listened patiently. At last, on mention being made of the business for which Mr. Benson came, his reverence said: 'Thirty-five pounds is a large sum, sir: and, with the other perquisites, constitutes, altogether, I have no doubt, a handsome enough living. Indeed, Mr. Benson, I have just had an offer from a young man, a very valuable person, to perform the duty for thirty pounds.' The curate was too much struck with this announcement to make any reply. The thought had sometimes occurred to him, that, could he overcome his pride so far as to inform the rector how much need there was of an augmentation of salary, it was possible that it might be granted by that gentleman, as the duties of the curacy were more extensive than usual. This hope had taken a deeper hold of his mind than he himself was sensible of, till it was thus overthrown, and the prospect of losing his present pittance, small as it was, presented in its stead. The rector probably saw the depression his words had caused, and he proceeded to say: 'This must be thought of, Mr. Benson: in the meantime, you of course will go on with your duties; we may speak of the reduction at some future time.' The servant had been called into the room previous to this last speech, and his master directed him to pay the salary to Mr. Benson. He then left the room, imagining, no doubt, that he had acted charitably in not pressing an immediate reduction; a view of the subject certainly not coincided in by the other party concerned.

The rector derived his information regarding the affairs of the parish, both clerical and laical, chiefly from the lips of inferior functionaries, to whose purposes and projects Mr. Benson's integrity had often proved a barrier. The perquisites attached to the curacy were insignificant, and the rector had been maliciously misinformed on the subject. As the curate pursued his walk homewards, in deeper depression than before, he thought with regret of having permitted this impression to remain on the mind of his superior, and resolved to explain it away, if possible, at an early opportunity, either personally or in writing. His mind then reverted to his sister and niece, and he reached his home with a load on his spirits which he in vain endeavored to dispel.

The curate's dwelling was a low white-washed cottage, consisting internally of two small rooms, with sleeping apartments attached to them. In the parlor, at the moment of Mr. Benson's return, sat Mary and her mother, engaged in some feminine occupation. The cloud on her uncle's brow was soon observed by the niece, and she sat down by him, anxiously inquiring at the same time if he were well. The curate parted the locks from her fair and high forehead, and kissed her affectionately before he answered her question. 'Were you well, dearest, little care would affect me; but as long as your cheek is pale and thin, Mary, so long must I be ill at ease. You take no adequate support, and seem, indeed, in the condition which the poets describe as characteristic of true love unrewarded.' He spoke this in a playful tone of reproach, without observing the effects of his language. Mary blushed and became pale alternately; and an accurate observer might have believed that the analogy pointed out, unsuspectingly, by the curate, was not far from the truth. This might have even occurred to himself, unsuspicious as he was, had not an interruption occurred from the delivery of a letter by a boy at the cottage door. The curate read it attentively, and simply saying that he was under the necessity of going to the village, rose and left the house.

The letter which the curate received ran as follows:— '*To the Curate of Langbourn*—Sir, I take the freedom of addressing you, for a reason that can only be explained on a personal interview, which I beg of you most earnestly to grant me as early as your convenience will permit—A STRANGER.' The messenger brought it from the village inn, and there an answer was expected by the writer. It can scarcely be said that the circumstance excited much curiosity in the mind of Mr. Benson, though the hand-writing was that of an educated person, and such was not the common way in which ordinary tales of distress came to the benevolent curate's ear. His mind, however, was fully pre-occupied with the disheartening prospects held out in the interview with the rector. Before proceeding to the inn, he resolved to pay a visit to the tradesmen who supplied his family with necessaries, and discharge their several accounts. As he reached, with this intent, the door of the village butcher, he heard his own name mentioned within, and, not desirous of hearing either evil or good of himself, stepped into the house at once. The party conversing with the butcher was the rector's servant, who, after hastily saluting the curate, left the place. The master of the shop was a man of very middling character, and no favorite of Mr. Benson's; a circumstance the former knew well enough, but which the absence of any rivals in his trade entitled him, in his own opinion, to disregard. After the account was settled, the curate was about to take his leave, when his attention was arrested by some words muttered indistinctly, and with some degree of embarrassment, by the butcher, regarding future payments. On being asked, the man, recovering his usual unblushing confidence, repeated what he had said; and the curate found, to his dismay, that the babbling servant of the rector had overheard the conversation at the rectory respecting the reduction of salary, the repetition of which to the butcher had produced an unwillingness to give the usual credit. 'God pity and help my poor sister, and Mary, if others should act with me like this man!' thought Mr. Benson to himself, as he left the shop in silence.

None of the other tradesmen to whom the curate gave the sums they were entitled to, repeated the conduct or sentiments of the butcher; but the anxious fears of the clergyman suggested that this forbearance might be owing to their ignorance of the same circumstances. After the last account was discharged, the curate found himself with little of his salary remaining, and with melancholy prospects of the future. In this state he still remembered that his services were required, and, uttering a hope internally, that the distress—for distress he was prepared to find—might not be pecuniary, he entered the little inn of Langbourn. The boy who had been the bearer of the letter appeared to be in waiting for him, and conducted him up stairs, where, opening the door of a small apartment, he merely uttered the words, 'The curate, sir,' to a person within, and then retired. The stranger was seated at a table, from which he immediately rose. He was a young man, apparently not above two or three-and-twenty, with a tall and handsome person, and a countenance strikingly open and beautiful. The blush with which he met his visitor, heightened the ingenuousness of his look, and his manner had an air of breeding and refinement, which appeared in despite of the faded dress which he wore. 'I have to apologize, sir,' said he to the curate, 'for the great liberty I have taken, though it will appear greater when I state to you its object.' Respectfully handing a chair to Mr. Benson, and begging him to seat himself, the stranger continued: 'I am at present, sir, in a situation which makes me blush for the imprudence that has placed me in it, and made such an explanation as this necessary. It is requisite that you should know all the circumstances which led to this unfortunate situation. My father was a general officer in the army, who fell in battle when I was a child, and was followed to the grave soon after by my mother. My father's elder and only brother, who possessed the family estate, was the guardian to whom the dying lips of my mother consigned me, and never was charged so affectionately executed. My uncle was unmarried, and, having some family pride in his disposition, brought me up as he thought the heir of the estates, and the supporter of the name, ought to be. He was but too kind to me, and since my boyhood has striven to gratify my wishes in every respect. This generated in me habits of paying too much deference to my own will and too little to that of others, and rational lookers-on would have called me, I am afraid, a spoiled child. After returning from the university, I took up my residence for some time in the country, with my uncle, intending speedily to set out upon my travels. Here occurred the circumstances which were the origin of my first disputes with my kind uncle, and which have caused me to be here, but which still, in some respects, I never can regret. Near my uncle's residence is a small village, which in my rides and walks around the neighborhood, I had frequent occasion to pass through. I met there, while calling accidentally at the house of a friend, a young lady, whose beauty struck me indescribably at the first view. I will not endeavor to paint to you the charms of mind and disposition which I found her, on further knowledge, to possess; suffice it to say, that the impression made by them is not, and never can be, erased from my heart. I often visited the family in which she resided, and indulged for some time in a species of dream, from which I was rudely awakened by my uncle's discovery of the object of my visits to the village. He commanded me to give up an attachment which was so derogatory to the dignity of the family. The irritated state of my uncle's feelings constrained me to put some guard upon my own. I withdrew from his presence in silence, but it was only to seek that presence where alone I felt happiness. You will pardon me these expressions, sir, for I am still a lover. I could not conceal from the object of my affection what had occurred, and the tear which dimmed her lovely eyes, grieved, at the same time that it charmed me. This was the first time that my heart was satisfied that my passion was returned; and though the proof was given at the very moment that she was exhorting me to forget her forever, it gave me consolation even then. She bade me farewell, and I have never again seen her. Her residence in the village was, I should have informed you, merely temporary; and when I returned on the following day to her relation's house, I found that she had taken her departure, and had, besides, directed her friends, as her peace of mind was valued, not to acquaint me with her home, which, during the brief entrancement of our love, I had not been informed of, though I knew the position in life of her friends to be respectable. I returned to my uncle's house in despair, and angry words passed between my kind relation and myself. In short, sir, instead of remaining to attempt to pacify and reconcile my uncle to what I felt to be necessary to my happiness, I was imprudent enough to leave his house with the determination not to return to it. I wandered about the country for some time, hoping always that a chance meeting might occur with her I loved; but this romantic idea never was gratified. The money I had taken with me being expended, and pride and other causes still making the idea of returning home odious to me, I was forced, for mere subsistence, to join myself a few days ago to a band of strolling players. We arrived at this inn last night, and this morning I found that my companions had disappeared early, leaving the burden of their night's expenses upon myself. But I also found in this paper,' lifting it up from the table, 'what grieved me much more. Here is an advertisement, informing me of my uncle's illness, and entreating my return, at the same time declaring that all my wishes shall be gratified.'

The curate had listened with much interest to the stranger's story, and took the newspaper handed to him. After reading the advertisement, he said: 'I hope, sir, you have no other intention but to return as soon as possible to your family?'

'Most assuredly I shall,' said the stranger. 'The cause which detains me for a moment from the road thither, is the necessity of paying the sum required by the people of the house. If you do me this favor, sir, you will make me ever grateful for permitting me to go where my presence will bring comfort.'

The curate rose without reply, and motioning the stranger to keep his seat, left the room. On his return, Mr. Benson mentioned to the young man that the necessary sum was paid; and with the freedom of a clergyman and a senior, gave him some paternal and friendly admonition, at the same time pointing out the extreme impropriety of conduct of which he had been guilty, and the misery that almost invariably follows the course of life into which he had recklessly plunged.

He whom he addressed, like the repentant prodigal, was deeply affected, even to tears, by the friendliness of the tone and counsel, and said, when the curate ceased: 'I shall neither forget your counsel, sir, nor the obligation you have conferred on a stranger—one, indeed, who does not know the name of his benefactor. I as yet know you, and have heard of you by no other name than that of the curate. My own name is Norton, Charles Norton, with the bearer of which I hope you will yet be further acquainted.'

The curate gave his name in return, and requested Mr. Norton, before leaving the village, to visit his residence, advising him at the same time to defer his departure till next morning, as the day was far advanced. After a promise to this effect, the curate and Mr. Norton parted.

The rector, and everything connected with his own circumstances, were for awhile obliterated from Mr. Benson's mind by the interest excited by the young stranger's story; and such is the pleasing effect that a benevolent action, however trifling in itself, leaves on the mind of the doer, that the depression of his spirits did not return in the same degree of severity. On entering his home, he was affectionately reproached for neglecting his usual meal; but warded off the censure by stating, after satisfying his hunger, that he had a tale to tell for their gratification. Even Mary's languor was dissipated for the time by the tidings; but when the curate commenced the narration, the attention of the young lady soon changed to strong emotion. 'Out of delicacy,' said Mr. Benson, when he came to the stranger's falling in love, 'I did not inquire the name of the lady, nor did he mention it, but his own name is Charles Norton—'

Mary uttered not a word, but in a fainting condition let her head fall upon the shoulder of her mother.

'I see it all!' exclaimed the curate, as the idea flashed across his mind which may already have been in our reader's: 'it is our own Mary of whom I have been speaking!'

Resting her head upon her mother's bosom, she confessed, at their anxious entreaties, that she was the unfortunate object of Charles Norton's love, and that she had concealed the circumstance from them to spare their feelings, and hoping that time would remove the impression left upon her mind. Her uncle and mother were filled with anxiety for her, and prevailed upon her to go to rest immediately, which she only consented to on hearing the issue of the story from the curate.

The curate deliberated long and earnestly with his sister that night, whether it would be proper to admit Norton's visit in the morning, after what had come to their knowledge. The result was, that a letter was despatched to him at an early hour, stating plainly what Mr. Benson had learned since their interview, and declining a visit at that moment, on account of the possible danger from an agitating meeting to Mary, who had not been informed that he was still in the village. The note was written in friendly but decided language, and a brief and hurried reply was returned by Charles Norton, expressing deep anxiety for Mary's health, and at the same time hoping that, though it might be improper to receive him at present, he might be permitted, at no distant date, to see one so dear to him, and whom he had so long desired to see in vain.

Nothing was heard by the curate's family of him on whom the happiness of its most beloved member depended till a few weeks after the circumstances we have related, when a letter with a black seal arrived for Mr. Benson. It was from Charles Norton, and contained an account of his uncle's death, which the writer stated to have been occasioned, according to the opinion of the attending surgeons, by confirmed dropsy of many years' standing. This had relieved the writer's mind, he said, of a great load. 'As soon as circumstances will permit,' continued the letter, 'I shall visit Langbourn, when I hope to be allowed to visit my dear Mary, and offer her myself and all I have in the world.' Need we add, that Mary's cheek soon recovered its bloom, and that a few months afterwards she became the wife of the object of her early and only affection. In the comforts, also, of a moderate living to which he was presented by Mr. Norton, and in the happiness of seeing the children of his beloved Mary spring up like olive plants around him, the curate of Langbourn forgot the unfriendly bearing of the rector, and his threatened reduction of salary.

A TOWN ON THE CHINESE FRONTIER.

By an arrangement betwixt the Chinese and Russian governments, the only point at which commerce can take place between their respective empires is at Kiachta, a town on the frontiers of Siberia. To this busy trading settlement centres the inland traffic of the whole of Northern Asia, and here reside the commercial agents of many of the wealthiest merchants of St. Petersburg. While Kiachta thus forms the seat of trade of the Russians, the Chinese, with whom the communication is carried on, possess a similar depôt in their town of Mai-ma-tchin, which stands at a short distance on the corresponding frontier of their empire. A closed esplanade separates the two towns. On the Russian side, there is a European gate, with a guard-house; and on the Chinese side, there is a beautifully constructed entrance, with inscriptions and mythological figures.

The interior of Mai-ma-tchin possesses all the characteristics of a Chinese city. The streets are straight and narrow, and nothing is seen but long blank walls, interrupted now and then with a closed gateway; for in China it is the custom to be shut up in one's own premises, and to let nothing be seen externally of what is going on within. Behind the heavy dead walls of the street are the respective dwellings, each in the shape of distinct open courts, round which the rooms for the residence of the families are erected, as well as the apartments and booths for traffic. These dwellings are for the most part elegantly furnished with mats, divans, japanned tables, mirrors, pictures, and other articles of luxury. The principal article of furniture is the divan, a large sofa-like seat placed in the sitting apartment, and on which the Chinese place themselves with legs crossed, according to Oriental usage. Every dwelling has a flower-garden attached—the cultivation of flowers being a favorite pursuit of this remarkable people. One of the most striking peculiarities of this Chinese town, is its total want of women, no female being allowed to reside in it; a circumstance perhaps arising from the proximity of the town to the European settlements.

A TOWN ON THE CHINESE FRONTIER.

A gentleman, high in office in the Russian service, who had occasion to visit Kiachta and Mai-ma-tchin, and from whom we have received an account of these particulars, thus describes his visit of ceremony to the house of Tzin-Loe, a Chinese of distinction, and *dzargoutchey* or chief agent under the minister of foreign affairs:—It was agreed I should accept his invitation to dinner for next day; and in the meantime, I sent an aide-de-camp to present the usual compliments. Next day, accompanied by the inspector of the frontiers, the director of the customs, other public functionaries, and a detachment of Cossacks, I repaired to Mai-ma-tchin.

Our host met us at the outermost door of his apartments, and after shaking hands, which is a Chinese as well as an English custom, he conducted me into his saloon, where he and I alone placed ourselves on the divan. Tea was handed round in porcelain cups, with boat-shaped saucers; next we had dried fruits and sweetmeats. We then reciprocally presented our officers to each other. The conversation began with common-place questions about our ages, families, and ranks; the details regarding arms and dress; and at last fell upon the intention of my journey, which the curious Chinese tried to find out by very skilfully-put questions. I was amused by his efforts; and as there was no secret in it, I told him, that in going to visit, by the emperor's orders, the metallurgical establishments of the province of Nertchinsk, I was tempted by curiosity to look at this interesting point of our frontier. I do not know if he believed me, but he appeared satisfied, and I shall be honored by a report regarding me being made to his celestial majesty. Our conversation was carried on by means of an interpreter. When dinner was announced, the dzargoutchey and I passed together into the dining-room, hand in hand. There were five of us at the table, which was not much larger than an ordinary whist-table. Before each guest were set two porcelain saucers, one of which was empty, and the other half-full of vinegar. We had brought knives and forks with us, as the Chinese employ two little ivory chopsticks, which they manage very skilfully with the three first fingers of the right hand, and with which they even contrive to take liquid food. The table was covered with preparations served in saucers like our plates, and the dishes consisted of pieces of pork, of mutton, of fowl, and of game, fried in grease. Portions are taken upon the saucers, and eaten after being dipped in vinegar; the meat-dishes, vegetables, cabbage, cucumber, cauliflower, and sweet pastry, were alternately handed round. Fifty-two saucers were successively offered to us, and I tasted a great many of them, at first from curiosity, and afterwards because, according to the rules of Chinese politeness, the dzargoutchey was continually helping me to those bits which he thought best. The dinner was ended by eight sorts of meat-soups, which is the maximum of Chinese etiquette, which proportions the number of dishes to the consideration in which the guest is held. We had brought bread for ourselves, as the Chinese never use it. Little pieces of silver paper were constantly given us to wipe our mouths with. The beverage was a kind of brandy, made from sweet rice, of a very disagreeable taste. There was no water, and the glasses were similar to those used in France for liqueurs. Such was our repast, which lasted for nearly an hour, and during which we conversed gaily regarding the manners of the Chinese ladies. Certainly, a Chinese dinner is not particularly delightful to a European, but some of the dishes of mashed pork and pastry are very palatable. They are neatly served, and prepared with cleanliness, if one may judge by their kitchens, which are very ingeniously contrived with respect to the application of fuel. The Chinese *cuisine* aims more at variety than at quantity, and it would really be tolerable if there were less grease employed. Spices, and, above all, garlic, predominate, and pork is their favorite meat. After dinner, we returned to the drawing-room, where we were offered tea and excellent sweetmeats. Apropos of tea, it is prepared in China in a way very different from ours. A large bowl is half filled with black pekoe, the most esteemed, or, at least, the most commonly used; boiling water is poured upon it; and after leaving it for some time to infuse, it is served in cups without the addition of sugar. One becomes accustomed to drink it in this way, which renders the flavor much more perceptible. The tea which we drank at the house of the dzargoutchey was remarkably fine.

Whilst we were at dessert, our host retired to change his dress; for it is a mark of politeness among the Chinese to do so after dinner. The dress of the Chinese is nearly the same for all classes, excepting in the materials, and consists of a long robe, which crosses over and is attached by buttons; and of a vest with wide sleeves, which is put on above it, and which falls down to the haunches. The trousers are in two parts, one for each leg, and are fastened together at the waist. The stockings are of silk, and very thin, and the boots are of black satin, with thick soles of paper covered with leather. The head is shaved, but a long lock of hair is reserved, and hangs from the crown. A little black cap, with a conical crown covered with a fringe of scarlet silk, and with the brim turned up, is worn by every one; and those of the rich are distinguished only by the fineness of the felt and by the color of the button, which is a distinctive mark of rank. Our dzargoutchey had a transparent button, which indicates that he belongs to the sixth rank—there being fourteen in China. The military classes have, as a mark of honor, peacocks' feathers, which they wear in their caps. Every Chinese has at his girdle a pouch, a purse, and a case containing his little chopsticks for eating, with a knife. The cases which hold these articles are often of precious materials, and highly ornamented.

The dzargoutchey returned after having dressed. He was in a robe of a beautiful kind of silk, of a charming shade of brown, and his vest was of blue figured satin. He showed us several curiosities, books, and weapons, and offered to show us the principal temple, in order to pass the time until the hour for the theatre. The temple which I saw, the interior of which resembles those Chinese pavilions of which every one has seen drawings, is of a square form, with a wide projecting cornice forming a veranda, supported by the pillars which surround the building. Nothing can be more extraordinary than the number of paintings and ornaments which decorate the cornice. The pillars are gilt, and covered with inscriptions, and the walls with mythological emblems and sentences from sacred books. The interior of the temple is divided into three parts, where the idols are placed; and before those idols which occupy recesses, are tables, on which are candles burning, vases filled with water, perfumes, or the articles offered in sacrifice—such as flowers, grains, and free-will offerings. Draperies and pennons hang over the tables, and conceal the idols from the view of the spectator. The walls are painted in fresco, with gold and beautiful colors, and represent the most remarkable actions or circumstances in the lives of the gods to whom the temple is dedicated, and principally, the combats which have given to their chief deity the pre-eminence.

On arriving at the recesses which contain the idols—which are not seen on first entering—one cannot help giving a start of surprise, and almost of fear, on seeing these strange figures, of about twenty feet in height, with features of a horrible aspect. The dress of the idol is as extraordinary as their countenances, and everything about them is carved and colored with a care and a skill which prove the high talents of the artists. In the temple which I saw, there were nine divinities placed in three groups. In the centre one was Fo, the chief deity, accompanied by his acolytes, or apostles, who have contributed to his success; on the two other sides were the gods of War, of Justice, of Commerce, and of Agriculture, with some secondary idols. The god Fo is the only one which has a dress of yellow satin—a color which is held sacred by the Chinese, and worn by none but the emperor. The temple of Mai-ma-tchin appeared to me one of the most remarkable things which I have seen during my travels. After we had visited the temple, the time for the theatre being arrived, we repaired thither to the dzargoutchey's box. The theatre was like those which are to be seen in the Champs Elysées at the time of public fêtes; it was decorated with great taste, in the Chinese manner, with a projecting cornice, and was very well painted. There were inscriptions over and on the pillars of the proscenium. The female characters are represented by good-looking young men about fifteen years of age. The spectators are in the open air, with the exception of the dzargoutchey and the principal merchants, who alone have boxes in front of the stage. The piece represented was a melodrama, and the intervals between the acts were filled up by a burst of instrumental music. One must have heard this horrible music to have an idea of the discordant sounds which can be produced by enormous clarionets without keys, by flutes six feet long, accompanied by cymbals, by gongs, and by a kind of drum, which could be heard at the distance of a league—the whole led by detestable marine trumpets. The subject of the play was taken from the history of China. An emperor is dethroned by a usurper, who draws the people to him by declaring himself inspired by Heaven. The Emperor dies in prison, and the empress retires into a distant province, where, by her courage and her efforts, she brings back a portion of her subjects to their allegiance, fights against the usurper, kills him with her own hand, and places her own son on the throne. The whole was mixed up with tricks and combats, much more ridiculous than those in our minor theatres. Those who played the parts of women resembled masses of clothes in which no feature was distinguishable, and were altogether ungainly objects.

From anything I could learn, the Chinese, even of the highest rank, in Mai-ma-tchin, as elsewhere, are either very ignorant in general knowledge, or affect to be so. They consider themselves to be superior to all other nations in the world; indeed, every other people are reckoned barbarians, or little better than dogs. The dzargoutchey, for instance, I found to be ignorant of the existence of the French nation. He knew in Europe only the English and Portuguese, and believed the Russians to be Asiatics. But for everything which concerns their self-love or their interests, the Chinese have a sense and a tact which supply the place of real information. The prejudices which they possess are not chargeable upon themselves, but the conceited and ignorant government which shuts them up, and refuses all external communication. I know that the Chinese people would not be sorry to see the world opened to them. They feel that they would gain much by it; but it is with fear and trembling that a few of them dare to touch upon this subject with strangers, for the most cruel punishments would be inflicted upon any one who should have the audacity to express such an opinion, which is, however, very generally held.

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GULLS.

When people talk of certain persons being easily *gulled*, or that they are stupid *gulls*, meaning that they are of a simple, credulous character, and may be imposed upon with impunity, they follow a very erroneous idea of considerable standing—namely, that the species of sea-birds known by the name of gulls, possess an intelligence inferior to the rest of the feathered tribes. There could be nothing more unfair as respects the genius and habits of these abused animals. Instead of being stupid, or over-simple, the gull is a right-knowing bird, active in his pursuits, and wise in his contrivances. Those who have any doubts on the subject, may be referred to one of the volumes of *American Ornithology* by Audubon. This enterprising naturalist gives us some amusing sketches of the different descriptions of gulls on the North American coast, from Florida to Labrador, from which it appears that these birds are ever on the watch for self-preservation from man's rapacity, and ingenious and persevering in their schemes both while seeking for food and choosing localities for their habitation. Speaking of the herring-gulls at White Head Island, in the Bay of Fundy, the author expresses his surprise on finding that these birds had changed their natural habits of building nests on the ground to placing them on the branches of trees. 'I was greatly surprised,' says he, 'to see the nests placed on the branches, some near the top, others about the middle or on the lower parts of the trees, while at the same time there were many on the ground. It is true I had been informed of this by our captain, but I had almost believed that, on arriving at the spot, I should find the birds not to be gulls. My doubts, however, were now dispelled, and I was delighted to see how strangely nature had provided them with the means of securing their eggs and young from their arch enemy man. My delight was greatly increased on being afterwards informed by Mr. Frankland, that the strange habit in question had been acquired by these gulls within his recollection; for, said he, "when I first came here, many years ago, they all built their nests on the moss, and in open ground; but as my sons and the fishermen collected most of their eggs for winter use, and sadly annoyed the poor things, the old ones gradually began to put their nests on the trees in the thickest parts of the woods. The youngest birds, however, still have some on the ground, and the whole are becoming less wild since I have forbidden strangers to rob their rests; for, gentlemen, you are the only persons out of my family that have fired a gun on White Head Island for several years past; and I dare say you will not commit any greater havoc among them than is necessary, and to that you are welcome." I was much pleased with the humanity of our host, and requested him to let me know when all the gulls, or the greater part of them, would abandon the trees and resume their former mode of breeding on the ground, which he promised to do. But I afterwards found that this was not likely to happen, because, on some other islands not far distant, to which the fishermen and eggers have free access, these gulls breed altogether on the trees, even when their eggs and young are regularly removed every year, so that their original habits have been entirely given up. My opinion, that after being thus molested for some time longer, they may resort to the inaccessible shelves of the high rocks of these islands, was strengthened by Mr. Frankland's informing me that many pairs had already taken refuge in such places, where they bred in perfect security. The most remarkable effect produced by these changes of locality is, that the young which are hatched on the trees or high rocks, do not leave their nests until they are able to fly, while those on the ground run about in less than a week, and hide themselves at the sight of man among the moss and plants, which frequently saves them from being carried away. The young on the trees are shaken out of their nests, or knocked down with poles, their flesh being considered as very good by the fishermen and eggers, who collect and salt them for winter provision.

'Shy and wary in as great a degree as the black-backed gull,' continues Mr. Audubon, 'they were with difficulty obtained, unless we approached them under cover. The least noise made them instantly leave their perch; and although there were six of us, each furnished with a good gun, and some sufficiently expert, not more than a dozen were killed that day, and all of them while flying. The moment one started, it would sound an alarm, on which hundreds would rise and sail over us, at such a height that it was useless to shoot at them. Now and then, one accidentally passing low over the woods, was brought down. While returning in the evening, we shot one at a great height, having merely broken the tip of its wing. Having caught it, we placed it on the narrow path, on which it ran before us nearly to the house of the governor, as Captain Frankland is called. It offered no resistance, but bit severely, and now and then lay down to rest for a few moments. It ran fast enough to keep several yards before us, cackling all the while, and once suddenly made off from the path at a rapid rate.'

The above traits of character do not indicate anything like either stupidity or simplicity on the part of the gull; and its reasoning power on cause and effect—or what the phrenologists call Causality—is pleasingly illustrated by the author when describing the manner in which it procures its food, which is principally the fry of the herring.

'They also feed on other fishes, of small size, shrimps, crabs, and shell-fish, as well as on young birds and small quadrupeds, and suck all the eggs they can find. The rocky shores of the islands on which I found them breeding are covered with multitudes of sea-urchins, having short greenish spines, which give them the semblance of a ball of moss. At low-water, the herring-gulls frequently devour these animals, thrusting their bill through the shell, and sucking its contents. They also take up shells in the air, and drop them on the rocks to break them. We saw one that had met with a very hard muscle, take it up and drop it three times in succession, before it succeeded in breaking it, and I was much pleased to see the bird let it fall each succeeding time from a greater height than before.'

Let no one after this imagine that *gull* is an appropriate synonym for blockhead.

JOSEPH OF ISLAY.

In Queen Anne's reign, few made more illustrious figure than Butler, Duke of Ormond, who, for his attachment to the cause of the Stuarts, was a particular favorite of the queen, and of the party who then held the reins of government. It happened once that his grace, who had been appointed lord-lieutenant of Ireland, when on his passage to undertake his government, was forced by contrary winds upon the almost barren island of Islay.

There was no place in this small and bleak island where his excellency could find tolerable accommodation, except a poor clergyman's house, in which were two or three rooms, and these but very poorly furnished. However, these inconveniences were amply compensated by the cheerful and happy disposition of the landlord, and the frugal but decent hospitality with which his excellency was particularly charmed. The wind some days afterwards shifting about, the duke and his retinue prepared for setting out again on their passage; but before he went on board, he asked his landlord what his living was worth. 'Only twenty-two pounds,' replied Joseph, for that was his name; at which his excellency being surprised, asked again how he came to have things so decent and neat on such a small salary. 'Why,' replied he, 'my wife Rebecca is an excellent housewife; and as we have two cows, she sells the milk and cheese, and almost supports the family, whilst we reserve the chief part of the income for clothes and our children's education, which, at all events, I am determined to give them: and then the world is before them—let them shift for themselves.' Ormond was pleased at the sight of so much contentment and genuine felicity which this poor clergyman enjoyed, and, therefore, having made the wife a handsome present, he promised to do still something more for Joseph her husband, and immediately went on board.

Joseph having in vain waited with anxiety from time to time to hear of something being done in his favor, at last took the resolution of going to Dublin and pushing his fortune, for which he seemed to have had only this single opportunity in his whole life. Fully bent on his design, he set out, and soon arrived in Dublin. Being a man of some abilities, he imagined the only way to obtain his end would be, if possible, to preach before his excellency, and using every stroke of address, to make the duke recollect who he was, and what he had promised. He thought if he could gain his end this way, it would be more successful than, by an indelicate bluntness, to go at once to his excellency's residence, and put him in mind of his promise. Upon this, he applied to the dean to be permitted to preach in the cathedral next Sunday. The dean, who knew nothing about him, and never heard of him before, seemed a little surprised at the request; and being of a humane and gentle disposition, he did not peremptorily refuse it, but, judging it necessary to be somewhat acquainted with the abilities of the person to whom he was to grant this favor, he artfully entered into conversation with the stranger upon various subjects; and finding him to be a man possessed of no contemptible share of both natural and acquired abilities, he permitted him to preach the following Sabbath afternoon before his excellency and the peers and commons. Having mounted the pulpit, he chose that remarkable text: 'But the chief butler [his grace's name was Butler] remembered not Joseph, but forgat him.'

Here he used his utmost efforts to paint the unhappy tendency that high life has upon the great, to make them overlook beneficent actions done them on some occasions by those that even tread in the humblest paths of indigence and obscurity; and having described the inhumanity and injustice towards their generous benefactors, he observed, that this negligence often took its rise from the multiplicity of business in which they were laudably employed, or from having their ears poisoned with the fascinating adulations of that servile crowd of flatterers that never fail on all occasions to seduce their attention from the most noble of all pursuits, humanity, benevolence, and compassion, to those of insensibility, intemperance, riot, and debauchery, rather than from any innate depravity of heart. Having delineated this unhappy tenor of conduct at some length, and with the most pathetic, lively, and animated address, so that almost every person hearing him felt what he said, he fully accomplished his design by making this striking application: 'And now, my honored hearers, let us turn our thoughts inwardly, and question ourselves: 'Did ever I have a kind office done me by one of an inferior station of life, and to whom a bountiful Providence had not been so liberal as to worldly affluence, but had bestowed more valuable favors, those of a kind, generous, and open heart, and, like the poor widow in the Gospel, that freely gave a mite, although it was all her living? And have I overlooked such generosity, and basely forgot to reward it sevenfold? Have ever I in my life been in such a situation, exposed to the inclemencies of the storm, and when conflicting elements seemed to conspire my ruin? And did ever any of a low but contented station of life, with open arms receive me and my weather-beaten attendants into his house, while, perhaps, his equally kind spouse was busy in heaping on plenty of fuel, to recall the heat into our chilled and benumbed limbs, and with the utmost solicitude preparing a repast of decent, plain, and comfortable food, to revive our exhausted spirits, and to cherish our hearts, now secure from the impetuosity of the roaring storm?—nor would the kind pair permit us to venture away from their frugal but happy abode, till serene weather and milder skies invited our departure, although they had no hopes, or at least no certainty, of recompense on my part? Have I, with a baseness of soul unworthy of my station, allowed such true benevolence to pass unrewarded, and felt ashamed to acknowledge my benefactor? Have I suffered them to languish under the iron grasp of poverty, and, possibly, to solicit charity's cold hand in vain?" ' Here the duke, who paid all along attention to the sermon, could not help examining his own conduct, and, upon recollection, found that he himself was guilty of some pieces of negligence, equally criminal, and perfectly similar to this which had just now been described in such affecting colors. But he was still more affected when, upon a thorough examination of the person, he found he bore a strong resemblance to the figure and features of his old hospitable landlord in the island of Islay, and whom, till brought to recollection by this affecting discourse, he had unkindly fogotten; upon which he turned to one of his lords, and asked him, if this was not their old landlord in Islay; to which he replied: 'Please your excellency, I think it is.' 'Cause him, after service, to come and dine with me.'

Joseph, being thus brought in and set down, the duke asked him if he did not come from Islay, and if it was not his design to put him in mind of his promise to provide for him. Here Joseph blushed, and with that ingenuousness natural to a generous mind, confessed that he was the person, and that it really was his sole intention; for that he imagined his excellency's neglect of him did not arise from a contempt of his meanness of life, or from a dishonorable shame of acknowledging a good office when done by an inferior, which a great soul like his excellency's must disdain, but from the vast and important concerns of the government with which he was intrusted; therefore he accounted it no matter of surprise that this, like a small receipt among a heap of papers, was fallen aside and lost. To which the duke replied: 'You are a worthy man;' and immediately after dinner, he ordered one of his clerks to look over the vacancies in the church. The clerk, after searching, told his excellency there were none but a living of £400 per annum. His excellency answered: 'Well, there is none more deserving of it than this generous, worthy man,' and immediately preferred Joseph from his poor £22 a year to £400.

Let us now mark the quick transition of fortune. The opposite interest getting the superiority, for jarring interests and factions will always be joined in a free state, the Duke of Ormond was divested of all his dignities, and escaping a trial by returning to France, he was declared a fugitive, and his large fortune was forfeited to the crown. The generosity of his friends for some time supplied him, but, alas! these aids were soon withdrawn, and the once great duke of Ormond, lord-lieutenant of Ireland, lieutenant-general of his majesty's armies, &c., &c., now found himself treading in the lowest paths of fortune, and surrounded with all the horrors of indigence, contempt, and death. But how agreeably was he surprised to find a comfortable supply from a very unexpected channel—namely, his old friend Joseph! That generous-hearted man, hearing of his great patron and benefactor's misfortune, thought the least part of his duty was to spare as much as he could out of his benefice to supply the necessities of that great and good man from whom he had all his living; and, therefore, one day taking his wife aside, he said to her: 'Rebecca, my dear, you hear what has happened to the Duke of Ormond, who liberally put us into our present affluent situation, and you know very well we can as easily live upon a hundred pounds a year as on a thousand. What would you think of settling three hundred pounds a year on our generous patron for life?—for I hear, to the disgrace of his friends, he is in danger of perishing for want.' Rebecca readily consented to so noble a proposal, and immediately Joseph modestly remitted to the duke the first quarter of his annuity. Struck with this second act of kindness, his grace wrote a full account of it to a great personage at court, who, although in different interests, still preserved the laws of friendship, amidst all the commotion of state, inviolable and secure. Being charmed with such true generosity in a poor man, this friendly courtier got Joseph preferred to a second living, which made him worth £800 a year; but prior to this second preferment, the Duke of Ormond died in exile; so that Joseph had now no more in his power to relieve the wants and alleviate the misfortunes of his noble benefactor.

Every circumstance in this story is true, and truth gives a value to anecdotes of this kind. Some years ago, an officer in the army declared that he was the grandson of the hero of our story, and used to divert himself and friends with relating these particulars respecting his benevolent progenitor, Joseph of Islay.

THE FAIR OF COPENHAGEN.

FAIRS—which with us have generally dwindled into insignificance, and in which, too frequently, merriment degenerates into profligacy—are still sustained in pristine vigor in many of the northern countries of Europe. There, fairs often last for weeks, and business is transacted to an incredible amount. At some of these great assemblages of people, amusement, as well as commerce, is kept in view. The business of the visitors is perhaps not so much to buy and sell, as to laugh. Some may possibly conceive this to be a very frivolous purpose, but that is what we cannot by any means assent to. Laughing is an exceedingly healthful exercise—at least so physiologists tell us; and it used to be a remark of the great Dr. Sydenham, that he always observed the health of the inhabitants of a village improved after the visit of a harlequin. Be this as it may, our continental neighbors, who prefer merriment to sadness, are particularly careful of keeping up their fairs, or rural fêtes, as they call them. They in reality dote upon their fairs. The fair is the great event in the year, or the season. All must attend the fair—all must see the shows, the rope-dancing, the scenic representations, and everything else that is to be gazed at; all must dance, and all be delighted.

I had once the good luck to be present at one of these great national assemblages. It was at Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, and took place in the delightful month of July. At a short distance from this pretty Danish city, in a park extending some miles in circumference, in which are two royal residences, the fair was held, and a better situation could not have been devised, embellished as it is by trees, shrubberies, and all that tends to adorn the environs of a capital. For three weeks is this extensive pleasure-ground the centre of gaiety and frolic to the whole country, drawing to the spot not only the Danes in great numbers, but also the Swedes, and even the Norwegians, who cross the Sound in parties, upon this holiday excursion. After the lapse of several years, the scene is still vivid and fresh before me. Beneath the trees, which shed a delightful shade, are spread numberless little tables, round which different groups are congregated, discussing the provisions which they have had the foresight and economy to bring with them. Shows and spectacles, in infinite variety, hold out their attractions to the lovers of marvels, and urgent and vociferous are the different competitors for public favor. Loud and swelling music, also, never ceases its joyful strains, and many are the couples who yield to its enticement, and press the greensward in a lively dance. Nothing can give the mind more unmixed pleasure, than the contemplation of thousands of human beings thus assembled together for innocent recreation, from which excess of every description is excluded, where no intoxication is witnessed, and where no broils or drunken rows occur to mar the general harmony, or to drive decent and respectable persons away in disgust. The prominent features, indeed, of all such assemblies throughout continental Europe are, the undisturbed good-nature of every one present, and the sincere endeavor of all to render themselves happy without any improper interference with others. All classes mingle together upon an equal footing, which no one attempts to subvert; and the laboring orders are admitted to a full participation in the current pleasures, without the richer classes feeling either degraded or annoyed at the intermixture. This is perceptible in public places, and especially, in the instance before us, at the fair in Copenhagen Great Park; a quiet and orderly feeling, which rather enhances than diminishes the universal joy and satisfaction, permitting the mind every rational indulgence, without any brutal and inordinate gratification. Therefore, not only the sons and daughters of toil, the peasants, laborers, artisans—not only the merchants and shopkeepers with their families, but also the nobility and princes of the blood, mingle in the general sports. On the occasion of my visit to this interesting and picturesque fete, the princes Christian and John, cousins of the reigning king, pursued their way in the crowd, without attracting any particular observation, and seemingly as much intent in search of novelty and amusement as the most unsophisticated of their countrymen.

As my friend and myself passed through the various scenes of this ever varying panorama—now gazing on the nimble dancers—now enjoying the busy work beneath the trees, where knives and forks were clattering, and tea-urns steaming, and where so many happy faces were grouped —now casting our eyes over the whole picture, so studded with animating objects crowded upon the vast plain before us, diversified by the national costumes of the peasants of Norway, of Sweden, and of the Danish islands—we at length stood before a booth, in front of which a brisk little personage was trotting up and down, loudly proclaiming the superior excellence of the performance enacted within.

As entertainment was our immediate object, and it was here offered at a moderate charge, we entered with the rest, and took our places amongst the spectators. The exhibition was of a theatrical description, and was given in a very pleasing and correct style. A simple piece was represented, in which a love-sick maiden, named Annette, pursues her swain to the camp, and through the toils of war, in male disguise. Her lover is in garrison in winter-quarters, and falls in love with a young girl, whom he, regardless of the vows he has exchanged with his former sweetheart, is about to marry. The struggle between the pride and affection of the forsaken girl, who still remains in disguise, upon the discovery of the faithlessness of her lover, is made equally interesting and touching. At length she resolves to be present at the wedding, but not to discover herself until the marriage ceremony is performed, when she determines upon upbraiding the robber of her heart with his perfidy, and then destroying herself in his presence. The concluding scene arrives—the lover and his intended bride are present, exchanging mutual caresses, and surrounded by comrades and friends. The priest is in readiness, and Annette is in the background. Suddenly she comes forward, and presents her lover with a letter which she has in the meantime written, wherein she recalls to his recollection his plighted vows. He reads it, and is dreadfully agitated. He takes the bearer aside, and inquires anxiously after her to whom his first love had been given. She tells him Annette lives only for him; that she offers up prayers for him night and day, and longs to clasp him in her arms. His levity now occurs to him in all its baseness; yet the attractions of his new mistress are present and powerful. The struggle in his mind between duty and temptation is severe. Perhaps the latter would have gained the mastery; but at this moment of deep interest, a young and fair-haired girl, who had been watching the piece with intense anxiety, unable longer to endure the suspense which had for her everything of real agony, suddenly started up with the tears in her eyes, and holding out her arms in the most beseeching tone, she cried: 'Oh! marry Annette—indeed she loves you—it is she herself who gave you the letter; and if you marry that other girl, she has the knife ready to kill herself!'

I never recollect a piece of natural eloquence so affecting as this burst of feeling. Every one present seemed to feel it. The imaginary woes of Annette became in a moment doubly interesting. There was not a laugh heard at the artless sympathy of the girl, but rather a hope perceptible that her appeal should not be in vain. A silence prevailed for some moments in the little theatre, during which the young girl, abashed at the publicity into which her feelings had hurried her, sank back on her seat, and covered her face with her hands. But the player, with prompt alacrity, yielded to what was surely the general wish, and throwing himself into the arms of his former lover, he shouted out: 'Yes, dearest Annette, I will marry only thee!' How truly he had caught the prevailing sentiment, was evinced by the instantaneous applause which followed. Whether the conclusion was such as had been designed, I know not, but I think no one was dissatisfied with it. The curtain dropped; and as we left the tent, I saw a smile of joy, such as looks so angelic on youthful innocence, playing on the countenance of the now delighted girl.

We now sauntered about the park without having any definite object in view, save the giving vent to the buoyancy of spirits which the exhilarating scene around was calculated to produce. The day had been very sultry, and even now, when it was verging towards evening, the air felt singularly oppressive. Yet the crowd seemed greater, gayer, and more light-hearted than ever, and not a thought was given to a dense and gloomy cloud which had formed in the horizon, and was spreading rapidly upon the wide arch above. At length a flash of lightning danced in our eyes, followed by a terrific burst of thunder, when the floodgates of heaven being opened, the rain splashed down upon us like a water-spout. Thus taken unawares, nothing could exceed the hurried dismay with which the crowd rushed about in search of shelter. The carriages were at some distance, as they were not allowed to enter within the circuit of the fair. The impetuosity of the rain was not to be trifled with. All ran pell-mell to the nearest booths, and it was in no very enviable condition that my friend and I found ourselves safely lodged in our hotel.

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HYMN TO THE SETTING SUN.

[The following beautiful lines are the production of the late and much-lamented Robert Gilfillan, and appeared originally in the *Glasgow University Album.*]

Sun of the firmament! planet of wonderment!
  Now thy far journey of day it is done;
Still art thou parting bright—shedding immortal light,
  Down on thy throne of night—hail! setting sun!

Slow thou departest away—far from the realms of day,
  Lingering in pity on summer's loved bowers;
Thy last ray is streaming—thy farewell tint gleaming,
  Yet soon thou'lt return to refreshen the flowers.

Thy parting brings sadness—yet nations in gladness
  Are waiting to worship thee—fountain of light!
Where'er thy footsteps be, there do we beauty see,
  Thou kindlest day in the dwellings of night!

Where sleeps the thunder—there dost thou wander,
  Down 'neath the ocean deep, there dost thou stray,
Kissing the stars at morn—high in the air upborne,
  Skirting creation's far verge on thy way!

Grandeur and glory—they travel before thee;
Brightness and majesty walk in thy train!
Darkness it flies from thee, clouds may not rise to thee,
When thou awakest from the ocean again.

All own thy influence—kindly thou dost dispense
Blessings o'er nature, where'er its bounds be;
Afric's lone desert, it blooms at thy presence;
And Lapland is turned into summer by thee!

Time cannot conquer thee—age cannot alter thee,
Years have no power to limit thy sway;
Strength and sublimity—still they attend on thee,
Pilgrim of ages, but not of decay!

Sun of the fimament! planet of wonderment!
Now thy far journey of day it is done;
Still art thou parting bright—shedding immortal light,
Down on thy throne of night—hail! setting sun!

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CURIOUS EXPERIMENTS ON DIGESTION.

The internal operations of the human frame, however much the subject of inquiry and discussion to physiologists, have never received the attention they are entitled to from the bulk of mankind. The cause of this is very evident. The body in a state of life will not admit of its functions and secret ongoings being investigated by the eye, as one examines a flower or a stone; and accordingly the proofs on the subject are all indirect, and founded on reasoning and analogy. These never arrest general attention so forcibly as arguments and demonstrations drawn from the actual cognizance of the senses. By a most extraordinary accident, however—an accident remarkable in itself, and strikingly so in its consequences—an opportunity *has* occurred of making one of the most vital functions of the human body the object of actual inspection by the eye and the microscope, during the life of the being. The stomach of a living healthy man has been gazed into, and even turned inside out, at times, for a series of years, and the process of digestion minutely and thoroughly observed and recorded. Of the truth of this unprecedented occurrence, no doubt whatever can exist, and an account of it will, we are certain, prove both interesting and instructive to our readers.

In the year 1822, Dr. Beaumont, a medical officer in the service of the United States, was called upon, while stationed at Michilimackinac, in the Michigan territory, to take charge of Alexis St. Martin, a young Canadian of eighteen years of age, good constitution and robust health, who was accidentally wounded by the discharge of a musket, on the 6th of June, 1822. 'The charge,' says Dr. Beaumont, 'consisting of powder and duck-shot, was received in the left side, at the distance of one yard from the muzzle of the gun. The contents entered posteriorly, and in an oblique direction, forward and inward, blowing off integuments and muscles to the size of a man's hand, fracturing and carrying away the anterior half of the sixth rib, fracturing the fifth, lacerating the lower portion of the left lobe of the lungs, the diaphragm,* and *perforating the stomach.*' On the fifth day after the accident, sloughing—that is, the separation of those parts whose vitality was destroyed by the injury—took place; lacerated portions of the lung and stomach separated, and left a perforation into the latter, large enough to admit the whole length of the middle finger into its cavity, and also a considerable passage into the chest. Violent fever and further sloughing ensued; and for seventeen days, everything swallowed passed out through the wound, and the patient was kept alive chiefly by nourishing injections. By and by, the fever subsided, the wound improved in appearance, and after the fourth week, the appetite became good, digestion regular, the evacuations natural, and the health of the system complete. The *orifice, however, never closed;* and at every dressing, the contents of the stomach flowed out, and its coats, or inner linings, frequently became everted or protruded, so far as to equal in size a pigeon's egg, though they were always easily returned. The circumference of the wound extended to about twelve inches, and the opening into the stomach was nearly in the centre of the wound, about two inches below the left nipple.

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* The diaphragm is a strong horizontal membrane, dividing the chest from the bowels.

For some months, St. Martin suffered extremely from the death and exfoliation of portions of the injured ribs and their cartilages, and his life was often in jeopardy; but through the skill and unremitting care of Dr. Beaumont, he ultimately recovered, and, in April, 1823, was going about, doing light work, and rapidly regaining strength. On the 6th of June, 1823, a year from the date of the accident, the injured parts were all sound, except the perforation into the stomach, which was now two and a half inches in circumference. For some months thereafter, food could be retained only by constantly wearing a bandage; but early in winter, a small fold or doubling of the lining coats of the stomach began to appear, which gradually increased till it filled the aperture, and acted as *a valve*, so as completely to prevent any efflux from within, but to admit of being easily pushed back by the finger from without.

Here, then, was an admirable opportunity for experimenting on the subject of digestion, and for observing the healthy and undisturbed operations of nature, free from the agony of vivisections, and from the sources of fallacy inseparable from operating on animals. Dr. Beaumont was sensible of its value, and accordingly pursued his inquiries with a zeal highly creditable to his character as a philosopher. For four or five months in 1825, from August, 1829, till March, 1831, from November, 1832, till March, 1833—a period altogether of about two years and a quarter—St. Martin was kept under Dr. Beaumont's eye, at no small expense, which increases the obligations of science to that gentleman. The orifice, when St. Martin was last seen by Dr. Beaumont, remained in the same state as in 1824, and most probably still continues so. During the whole time that the experiments were carried on, St. Martin enjoyed generally excellent health.

Dr. Beaumont describes the aperture in the stomach as situated about three inches to the left of the natural opening called the cardia, which connects the cavity with the bowels. When the stomach was nearly empty, he was able to examine its cavity to the depth of five or six inches, by distending the organ artificially. When it was entirely empty, the stomach was always contracted on itself, and the valvular fold of the coats generally forced through the orifice, together with a portion of the mucous membrane, equal in bulk to a hen's egg. After sleeping for a few hours on the left side, the protruded portion became so much larger as to spread over the neighboring integuments five or six inches in circumference, fairly exhibiting the natural *rugæ*, or wrinkles, on the villous or mucous coat, lining the gastric cavity. This appearance was almost invariably exhibited in the morning before rising from bed. Such was the very favorable subject on whom Dr. Beaumont's observations and experiments were made, and such were the numerous opportunities which he enjoyed for repeating them, and verifying their accuracy.

It would be impossible to detail in a paper of this kind all the important results at which the American physician arrived. We shall therefore content ourselves with stating some of the experiments on the gastric juice, referring those readers who are anxious to pursue the inquiry further, to the same source from which this account is derived—namely, a work published by Dr. Andrew Combe, on the Physiology of Digestion, being a sequel to his Principles of Physiology applied to Education.

The gastric juice, according to most physiologists, is the chief agent in reducing the food to that liquid condition which is necessary for its absorption into the blood—the only course by which the nutriment of the food is made available to the support of the system. Some physiologists, however, of no mean report, had attributed the chief solvent power to the saliva secreted by the glands of the mouth and throat; but the general belief was in favor of the gastric juice. The American experiments set the matter in a great measure at rest; for it was found that food, in a finely divided state, introduced into the stomach of St. Martin by the orifice in the side, was acted upon and dissolved nearly as well as if it had been masticated, mixed with saliva, and swallowed in the usual way.

Dr. Combe, however, very justly, as it seems to us, dissents from the inference of Dr. Beaumont—'That if the aliment could be introduced into the stomach in a finely divided state, the operations of mastication, insalivation, and deglutition, would not be necessary.' This is equivalent to saying, that the saliva is possessed of no more power in promoting digestion than common water. We should be led to an opinion the very opposite of this, if we form our judgment on the well-known adaptation of means to ends in the animal economy; for if the saliva had not been designed to exercise a digestive power, it is improbable, considering the great abundance of refuse water or serum in the blood, that any additional and distinct ingredients—such as salts—should have been given to the saliva: and besides this objection, Dr. Beaumont ought, before coming to such a conclusion, to have ascertained, by actual experiment, that the salts contained in the saliva did not assist in and quicken the digestive process. Had this been determined in the negative, the matter would have been clear, and the inference fair. It ought to be noticed, moreover, that food passed by an unnatural orifice into the stomach, will still be mixed with saliva, which we are constantly swallowing, almost insensibly, particularly in speaking, or in any other movements of the tongue and fauces. It is perfectly clear, however, from the experiments to be noticed, that the saliva is not the *principal* agent in digestion.

What the gastric juice is, and whence it comes, is the next matter of consideration; and on this point Dr. Beaumont's observations are particularly clear. On the surface of the mucous lining of the stomach are small glandular spheroidal bodies, to which some physiologists have attributed the power of secreting the gastric juice. It has been mentioned, that a portion of the mucous coat protruded through the orifice when St. Martin lay for a time upon the left side. On examining the surface of this with a magnifying glass, when aliment was brought into contact with it, an immediate change of appearance was observable. The action of the blood vessels was increased, the color changed from a pale pink to a deeper red, the worm-like motions of the stomach became excited, and innumerable small vascular papillæ arose, from which distilled a pure colorless fluid, which trickled down into the centre of the organ like drops of perspiration. This was the gastric juice; the produce of the small glands being what is called mucus, a fluid of a much more viscid character, and devoid entirely of the acid qualities that distinguish the gastric juice. This juice has been hitherto understood to collect during the intervals between meals, and to be thus prepared always for the new influx of food; but Dr. Beaumont, by numerous observations, determined the fact, that it is only at the moment when food is brought into contact with the stomach, that the juice is secreted from the arterial blood vessels. Any substance, Dr. Beaumont also found, whether digestible or not, produced the same secretion when placed in the stomach.

The gastric fluid, when subjected to analysis, was found to contain a considerable admixture of free acetic and muriatic acids, with two or three salts; of the same kind, it may be observed, as those found in the saliva; which presents an additional argument, it is clear, for holding saliva as useful in digestion. Several properties of the gastric juice—such as its power of preserving animal substances from putrefaction, its power of coagulating milk, &c.—are all interesting; but the most remarkable experiments made upon it by Dr. Beaumont, were with regard to its natural purpose of dissolving the food; and with an account of one or two of these, we shall conclude this paper.

By introducing the end of a thermometer, to induce the secretion of gastric juice, Dr. Beaumont obtained from St. Martin's stomach, after a seventeen hours' fast, an ounce of the fluid. This was put into a phial with a piece of boiled recently salted beef, and the air excluded by a tight cork. The phial was then placed in water at a temperature of 100 degrees, which was the exact heat of the stomach at the time of secretion of the juice. In fifty minutes, the fluid in the phial became opaque and cloudy, but it required nine hours before the solution of the beef was completed. A piece of the same weight and size, attached to a string, had been placed in the stomach at the same moment that the other piece was placed in the phial.

and it was found that the digestion within the stomach was accomplished in one hour and a half. This difference of seven hours and a half between the artificial and natural digestion, is another argument for attributing some influence to the saliva in ordinary digestion. Another experiment of Dr. Beaumont, proved that a certain quantity of gastric juice could only digest a relative quantity of meat; so that, when more food is eaten than there is juice sufficient to dissolve, stomach disorder must necessarily ensue. Some idea of the abundance of the juice on a healthy stomach, may be formed from the fact, that twelve drachms of gastric juice could digest only six drachms and twelve grains of the beef. To discover what effect the high temperature of the stomach has in promoting digestion, Dr. Beaumont took out two ounces of gastric juice, and separated it into two portions, one of which was placed with a piece of masticated fresh beef in a bath at the temperature of 99 degrees, while the other was left in the open air at the temperature of 34 degrees. A third piece of beef was placed also in the open air, in an ounce of clear water. At the end of twenty-four hours, the results were examined, and it was found that, while the piece of beef in the high temperature was entirely dissolved, that in the cold juice was very little affected—scarcely more than the piece in the pure water.

The conclusions which Dr. Combe draws from a great number of experiments of the same nature, are calculated to save mankind from a great many of the evils consequent upon disorders of the digestive function.

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THE PICARD FAMILY.

The colony of Senegal, on the coast of Africa, was captured from the French by the English in the year 1809, but was ceded to its former masters at the peace of 1815, when the French government fitted out an expedition, consisting of the governor and other functionaries, to take possession of the restored settlement. The vessels despatched for this purpose—May, 1816—were the *Medusa* frigate, the *Loire* store-ship, the *Argus* brig, and the *Echo* corvette. On board of the *Medusa* there was a family of the name of Picard, whose story, from the sufferings which they endured, has excited no small degree of sympathy. Monsieur Picard, the father, was an aged man, and a lawyer by profession, who had sought for, and with difficulty obtained, the situation of resident attorney at Senegal, where he had formerly been for several years. He was accompanied by his eldest daughter, Mademoiselle, and her sister Catherine, both children by a first marriage, and his wife and younger daughters; the whole comprising a happy group, but ill calculated to endure the horrors which overtook the luckless expedition.

During several days the voyage was delightful. All the ships of the expedition kept together; but at length the breeze became changeable, and they all disappeared from each other. The Peak of Teneriffe was passed by the *Medusa* on the 28th of June, and soon the shores of Sahara came in sight. Off this low part of the coast of Africa lies the Arguin Bank, a sandy reef, dangerous to mariners, and which the ignorant and headstrong captain of the *Medusa*, notwithstanding all the hints on the subject, persisted in disregarding. In the meanwhile, the wind, blowing with great violence, impelled the vessel nearer and nearer to the danger which menaced it. A species of stupor overpowered the minds of those on board, and a mournful silence prevailed. The color of the water entirely changed; a circumstance remarked even by the ladies. About three in the afternoon of the 2d of July, being in 19° 30′ north latitude, a universal cry was heard upon deck. All declared they saw the sand rolling among the ripple of the sea. The captain in an instant ordered to sound. The line gave eighteen fathoms, but on a second sounding it gave only six. He at last saw his error, and hesitated no longer on changing the route, but it was too late. A strong concussion told that the frigate had struck. Terror and consternation were instantly depicted in every face; the crew stood motionless, and the passengers were in utter despair. The account of the miserable shipwreck

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which ensued is already well known. Not only the worst possible management was displayed, but an absolute want of humanity and bravery. The governor and other exalted functionaries attempted to leave the crew and humbler passengers to their fate, but were prevented by the soldiers; at length a raft was formed, and covered with passengers, nearly all of whom perished either by one another's knives, by hunger, or by drowning; several boats were also filled, but only two were properly provisioned; and in short, out of 400 persons who were on board, only a few reached Senegal in the provisioned boats, and two small parties were able to effect a landing, which was not till the fourth day after the abandonment of the wreck, and when hunger overcame the fear of the natives.

Among the persons who reached the shore were the Picards, in a state approaching to utter destitution. 'Doubtless, we experienced great joy at having escaped the fury of the flood,' says Mademoiselle, the eldest daughter, in her narrative, which we quote in an abridged form; 'but how much was it lessened by the feelings of our horrible situation! Without water, without provisions, and the majority of us nearly naked, was it to be wondered at that we should be seized with terror, on thinking of the obstacles which we had to surmount, the fatigues, the privations, the pains, and the sufferings, we had to endure, with the dangers we had to encounter in the immense and frightful desert we had to traverse before we could arrive at our destination? About seven in the morning, a caravan was formed to penetrate into the interior, for the purpose of finding some fresh water. We did accordingly find some at a little distance from the sea, by digging among the sand. Every one instantly flocked round the little wells, which furnished enough to quench our thirst. This brackish water was found to be delicious, although it had a sulphureous taste; its color was that of whey. As all our clothes were wet and in tatters, and as we had nothing to change them, some generous officers offered theirs. My stepmother, my cousin, and my sister, were dressed in them; for myself, I preferred keeping my own. We remained nearly an hour beside our beneficent fountain, then took the route for Senegal; that is, a southerly direction, for we did not know exactly where that country lay. It was agreed that the females and children should walk before the caravan, that they might not be left behind. The sailors voluntarily carried the youngest on their shoulders, and every one took the route along the coast. Notwithstanding it was nearly seven o'clock, the sand was quite burning, and we suffered severely, walking without shoes, having lost them whilst landing. As soon as we arrived on the shore, we went to walk on the wet sand, to cool us a little. Thus we travelled during all the night, without encountering anything but shells, which wounded our feet.

'On the morning of the 9th, we saw an antelope on the top of a little hill, which instantly disappeared before we had time to shoot it. The desert seemed to our view one immense plain of sand, on which was seen not one blade of verdure. However, we still found water by digging in the sand. In the forenoon, two officers of marine complained that our family incommoded the progress of the caravan. It is true, the females and the children could not walk so quickly as the men. We walked as fast as it was possible for us; nevertheless we often fell behind, which obliged them to halt till we came up. These officers, joined with other individuals, considered among themselves whether they would wait for us, or abandon us in the desert. I will be bold to say, however, that but few were of the latter opinion. My father being informed of what was plotting against us, stepped up to the chiefs of the conspiracy, and reproached them in the bitterest terms for their selfishness and brutality. The dispute waxed hot. Those who were desirous of leaving us drew their swords, and my father put his hand upon a poniard, with which he had provided himself on quitting the frigate. At this scene, we threw ourselves in between them, conjuring him rather to remain in the desert with his family, than seek the assistance of those who were, perhaps, less humane than the Moors themselves. Several people took our part, particularly M. Bégnère, captain of infantry, who quieted the dispute by saying to his soldiers: "My friends, you are Frenchmen, and I have the honor to be your commander: let us never abandon an unfortunate family in the desert, so long as we are able to be of use to them."

This brief but energetic speech caused those to blush who wished to leave us. All then joined with the old captain, saying they would not leave us on condition we would walk quicker. M. Bégnère and his soldiers replied, they did not wish to impose conditions on those to whom they were desirous of doing a favor; and the unfortunate family of Picard were again on the road with the whole caravan.

'About noon, hunger was felt so powerfully among us, that it was agreed upon to go to the small hills of sand which were near the coast, to see if any herbs could be found fit for eating; but we only got poisonous plants, among which were various kinds of euphorbium. Convolvuli of a bright green carpeted the downs; but on tasting their leaves, we found them as bitter as gall. The caravan rested in this place, whilst several officers went further into the interior. They came back in about an hour, loaded with wild purslain, which they distributed to each of us. Every one instantly devoured his bunch of herbage, without leaving the smallest branch; but as our hunger was far from being satisfied with this small allowance, the soldiers and sailors betook themselves to look for more. They soon brought back a sufficient quantity, which was equally distributed and devoured upon the spot, so delicious had hunger made that food to us. For myself, I declare I never ate anything with so much appetite in all my life. Water was also found in this place, but it was of an abominable taste. After this truly frugal repast, we continued our route. The heat was insupportable in the last degree. The sands on which we trod were burning; nevertheless, several of us walked on these scorching coals without shoes; and the females had nothing but their hair for a cap. When we reached the sea-shore, we all ran and lay down among the waves. After remaining there some time, we took our route along the wet beach. On our journey, we met with several large crabs, which were of considerable service to us. Every now and then we endeavored to slake our thirst by sucking their crooked claws. About nine at night, we halted between two pretty high sand-hills. After a short talk concerning our misfortunes, all seemed desirous of passing the night in this place, notwithstanding we heard on every side the roaring of leopards.

'Our situation had been thus perilous during the night: nevertheless, at break of day we had the satisfaction of finding none missing. About sunrise, we held a little to the east, to get further into the interior, to find fresh water, and lost much time in a vain search. The country which we now traversed was a little less arid than that which we had passed the preceding day. The hills, the valleys, and a vast plain of sand, were strewed with mimosa or sensitive plants, presenting to our sight a scene we had never before seen in the desert. The country is bounded, as it were, by a chain of mountains, or high downs of sand, in the direction of north and south, without the slightest trace of cultivation.

'Towards ten in the morning, some of our companions were desirous of making observations in the interior, and they did not go in vain. They instantly returned, and told us they had seen two Arab tents upon a slight rising ground. We quickly directed our steps thither. We had to pass great downs of sand, very slippery, and arrived in a large plain, streaked here and there with verdure; but the turf was so hard and piercing, that we could scarcely walk over it without wounding our feet. Our presence in these frightful solitudes put to flight three or four Moorish shepherds, who herded a small flock of sheep and goats in an oasis. At last we arrived at the tents after which we were searching, and found in them three Mooresses and two little children, who did not seem in the least frightened by our visit. A negro servant, belonging to an officer of marine, interpreted between us and the good women, who, when they had heard of our misfortunes, offered us millet and water for payment. We bought a little of that grain at the rate of thirty pence a handful; the water was got for three francs a glass; it was very good, and none grudged the money it cost. As a glass of water, with a handful of millet, was but a poor dinner for famished people, my father bought two kids, which they would not give him under twenty piastres. We immediately killed them, and our Mooresses boiled them in a large kettle.'

Resuming their march, the party fell in with several friendly Moors or Arabs, who conducted them to their encampment. 'We found a Moor in the camp who had previously known my father in Senegal, and who spoke a little French. We were all struck with astonishment at the unexpected meeting. My father recollected having employed long ago a young goldsmith at Senegal, and discovering the Moor Amet to be the same person, shook him by the hand. After that good fellow had been made acquainted with our shipwreck, and to what extremities our unfortunate family had been reduced, he could not refrain from tears. Amet was not satisfied with deploring our hard fate; he was desirous of proving that he was generous and humane, and instantly distributed among us a large quantity of milk and water free of any charge. He also raised for our family a large tent of the skins of camels, cattle, and sheep, because his religion would not allow him to lodge with Christians under the same roof. The place appeared very dark, and the obscurity made us uneasy. Amet and our conductors lighted a large fire to quiet us; and at last bidding us good-night, and retiring to his tent, said: "Sleep in peace; the God of the Christians is also the God of the Musselmen." '

Next day, the band of wayfarers, assisted by asses which they had hired from the Moors, regained the sea-shore, still pursuing the route for Senegal, and they had the satisfaction of perceiving a ship out at sea, to which they made signals. 'The vessel having approached sufficiently near the coast, the Moors who were with us threw themselves into the sea, and swam to it. In about half an hour we saw these friendly assistants returning, making float before them three small barrels. Arrived on shore, one of them gave a letter to the leader of our party from the commander of the ship, which was the *Argus*, a vessel sent to seek after the raft, and to give us provisions. This letter announced a small barrel of biscuit, a tierce of wine, a half tierce of brandy, and a Dutch cheese. O fortunate event! We were very desirous of testifying our gratitude to the generous commander of the brig, but he instantly set out, and left us. We staved the barrels which held our small stock of provisions, and made a distribution. Each of us had a biscuit, about a glass of wine, a half glass of brandy, and a small morsel of cheese. Each drank his allowance of wine at one gulp; the brandy was not even despised by the ladies. I, however, preferred quantity to quality, and exchanged my ration of brandy for one of wine. To describe our joy whilst taking this repast is impossible. Exposed to the fierce rays of a vertical son, exhausted by a long train of suffering, deprived for a long while of the use of any kind of spirituous liquors, when our portions of water, wine, and brandy mingled in our stomachs, we became like insane people. Life, which had lately been a great burden, now became precious to us. Foreheads lowering and sulky, began to unwrinkle; enemies became most brotherly; the avaricious endeavored to forget their selfishness and cupidity; the children smiled for the first time since our shipwreck; in a word, every one seemed to be born again from a condition melancholy and dejected.

'About six in the evening, my father finding himself extremely fatigued, wished to rest himself. We allowed the caravan to move on, whilst my stepmother and myself remained near him, and the rest of the family followed with their asses. We all three soon fell asleep. When we awoke, we were astonished at not seeing our companions. The sun was sinking in the west. We saw several Moors approaching us, mounted on camels; and my father reproached himself for having slept so long. Their appearance gave us great uneasiness, and we wished much to escape from them, but my stepmother and myself fell quite exhausted. The Moors, with long beards, having come quite close to us, one of them alighted, and addressed us in the following words: "Be comforted, ladies; under the costume of an Arab, you see an Englishman, who is desirous of serving you. Having heard at Senegal that Frenchmen were thrown ashore on these deserts, I thought my presence might be of some service to them, as I was acquainted with several of the princes of this arid country." These noble words from the mouth of a man we had first taken to be a Moor, instantly quieted our fears. Recovering from our fright, we rose and expressed to the philanthropic Englishman the gratitude we felt. Mr. Carnet, the name of the generous Briton, told us that our caravan, which he had met, waited for us at about the distance of two leagues. He then gave us some biscuit, which we ate; and we then set off together, to join our companions. Mr. Carnet wished us to mount his camels, but my stepmother and myself, being unable to persuade ourselves we could sit securely on their hairy haunches, continued to walk on the moist sand; whilst my father, Mr. Carnet and the Moors who accompanied him, proceeded on the camels. We soon reached a little river, of which we wished to drink, but found it as salt as the sea. Mr. Carnet desired us to have patience, and we should find some at the place where our caravan waited. We forded that river knee-deep. At last, having walked about an hour, we rejoined our companions, who had found several wells of fresh water. It was resolved to pass the night in this place, which seemed less arid than any we saw near us. The soldiers being requested to go and seek wood to light a fire, for the purpose of frightening the ferocious beasts which were heard roaring around us, refused; but Mr. Carnet assured us that the Moors who were with him knew well how to keep all such intruders from our camp.

'We passed a very good night, and at four in the morning continued our route along the shore. Mr. Carnet left us, to endeavor to procure some provisions. At noon, the heat became so violent, that even the Moors themselves bore it with difficulty. We then determined on finding some shade behind the high mounds of sand which appeared in the interior; but how were we to reach them? The sands could not be hotter. We had been obliged to leave our asses on the shore, for they would neither advance nor recede. The greater part of us had neither shoes nor hats; notwithstanding, we were obliged to go forward almost a long league to find a little shade. Whether from want of air, or the heat of the ground on which we seated ourselves, we were nearly suffocated. I thought my last hour was come. Already my eyes saw nothing but a dark cloud, when a person of the name of Borner, who was to have been a smith at Senegal, gave me a boot containing some muddy water, which he had had the precaution to keep. I seized the elastic vase, and hastened to swallow the liquid in large draughts. One of my companions equally tormented with thirst, envious of the pleasure I seemed to feel, and which I felt effectually, drew the foot from the boot, and seized it in his turn, but it availed him nothing. The water which remained was so disgusting, that he could not drink it, and spilled it on the ground. Captain Bégnère, who was present, judging, by the water that fell, how loathsome must that have been which I had drunk, offered me some crumbs of biscuit, which he had kept most carefully in his pocket. I chewed that mixture of bread, dust, and tobacco, but I could not swallow it, and gave it all masticated to one of my younger brothers, who had fallen from inanition.

'We were about to quit this furnace, when we saw our generous Englishman approaching, who brought us provisions. At this sight, I felt my strength revive, and ceased to desire death, which I had before called on to release me from my sufferings. Several Moors accompanied Mr. Carnet, and every one was loaded. On their arrival, we had water, with rice and dried fish in abundance. Every one drank his allowance of water, but had not ability to eat, although the rice was excellent. We were all anxious to return to the sea, that we might bathe ourselves, and the caravan put itself on the road to the breakers of Sahara. After an hour's march of great suffering, we regained the shore, as well as our asses, which were lying in the water. We rushed among the waves, and after a bath of half an hour, we reposed ourselves upon the beach.'

There was still another day's painful travelling before reaching the banks of the river Senegal, where boats were expected to be ready to convey the party to the town of St. Louis, the place of their destination. 'During the day, we hastened our march; and for the first time since our shipwreck, a smiling picture presented itself to our view. The trees always green, with which that noble river is shaded, the humming-birds, the red-birds, the perroquets, the promerops, and others, who flitted among their long yielding branches, caused in us emotions difficult to express. We could not satiate our eyes with gazing on the beauties of this place, verdure being so enchanting to the sight, especially after having travelled through the desert. Before reaching the river, we had to descend a little hill covered with thorny bushes. It was four o'clock in the afternoon before the boats of the government arrived, and we all embarked. Biscuit and wine were found in each of them, and all were refreshed. After sailing for an hour down the stream, we came in sight of St. Louis, a town miserable in appearance, but delightful to our vision after so much suffering. At six in the evening, we arrived at the fort, where the late English governor and others, including our generous friend Mr. Carnet, were met to receive us. My father presented us to the governor, who had alighted; he appeared to be sensibly affected with our misfortunes, the females and children chiefly exciting his commiseration; and the native inhabitants and Europeans tenderly shook the hands of the unfortunate people; the negro slaves even seemed to deplore our disastrous fate.

'The governor placed the most sickly of our companions in an hospital; various inhabitants of the colony received others into their houses; M. Artigue obligingly took charge of our family. Arriving at his house, we there found his wife, two ladies, and an English lady, who begged to be allowed to assist us. Taking my sister Caroline and myself, she conducted us to her house, and presented us to her husband, who received us in the most affable manner; after which she led us to her dressing-room, where we were combed, cleaned, and dressed by the domestic negresses, and were most obligingly furnished with linen from her own wardrobe, the whiteness of which strongly contrasted with our sable countenances. In the midst of my misfortunes, my soul preserved all its strength; but this sudden change of situation affected me so much, that I thought my intellectual faculties were forsaking me. When I had a little recovered from my faintness, our generous hostess conducted us to the saloon, where we found her husband and several English officers sitting at table. These gentlemen invited us to partake of their repast, but we took nothing but tea and some pastry. Among these English was a young Frenchman, who, speaking sufficiently well their language, served to interpret between us. Inviting us to recite to them the story of our shipwreck, and all our misfortunes, which we did in few words, they were astonished how females and children had been able to endure so much fatigue and misery. As they saw we had need of repose, they all retired, and our worthy Englishwoman put us to bed, where we were not long before we fell into a profound sleep.'

Monsieur Picard and his family were now settled; but nothing but a series of misfortunes attended him, the first of which was the death of his wife and several of the children, who fell victims to the malignant distempers of the country. The legal business which he expected to form, entirely failed, from the poverty of the people and bad state of affairs of the colony. Poor Picard, broken down with disasters and family afflictions, after a manful struggle as an attorney, a trader, and a cultivator of cotton, at length sank under the complicated calamities which pressed upon him. He died, in an almost destitute condition, of a broken heart. 'This last blow,' says the narrator, 'plunged me into a gloomy melancholy. I was indifferent to everything. I had seen, in three months, nearly all my relations die. A young orphan (Alphonso Fleury), our cousin, aged five years, to whom my father was tutor, and whom he had always considered as his own child, my sister Caroline, and myself, were all that remained of the Picard family, who, on setting out for Africa, consisted of nine. We, too, had nearly followed our dear parents to the grave. Our friends, however, by their great care and attention, got us by degrees to recover our composure, and chased from our thoughts the cruel recollections which afflicted us. We recovered our tranquillity, and dared at last to cherish the hope of seeing more fortunate days. That hope was not delusive. A worthy friend of my father, Monsieur Dard, who had promised to act as a guardian to his orphan children, proved himself a more than friendly benefactor. After gathering together the wrecks of our wretched family, he tenderly offered himself as my husband, and I need not say that he was worthy of my sincerest attachment. I gave him my hand where already was my esteem. My sister Caroline afterwards married a gentleman belonging to the colony.

'Leaving Senegal with my husband and the young Alphonso, in November, 1820, in a month thereafter we landed safely on the shores of our dear France, which we resolved should henceforth be our home. The place where we settled was that of my husband's nativity, at a short distance from Dijon, and here I have had the happiness of finding new relations, whose tender friendship consoles me in part for the loss of those of whom cruel death deprived me in Africa.' *

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* The reader is referred to the *Narrative of Madame Dard*, which has been translated into English, for a more minute account of the disasters which attended the shipwreck of the *Medusa*. It forms one of the most interesting of this class of publications. We have quoted from an American edition.

PART II.

CHAMBERS' HOME BOOK.

TELFORD.

How frequently have we had to record, that it is to the energies of genius in humble life that science is chiefly indebted for its most valuable discoveries and the extension of its empire! The names of Brindley, Watt, and Arkwright, will never be forgotten; and with them, and others equally distinguished, will henceforward rank that of Telford, a civil-engineer and constructor of public works, unequalled in this or probably any other country.

Thomas Telford was born in the year 1757, in the parish of Westerkirk, in the pastoral vale of Eskdale, a district in the county of Dumfries. His parents occupied a station in the humble walks of life, which, however, they filled with becoming respectability. The outset in life of their son Thomas corresponded to their situation in society, and was strikingly humble and obscure in comparison with its close. He began the world as a working stone-mason in his native parish, and for a long time was only remarkable for the neatness with which he cut the letters upon those frail sepulchral memorials which 'teach the rustic moralist to die.' His occupation, fortunately, afforded a greater number of leisure hours than what are usually allowed by such laborious employments, and these young Telford turned to the utmost advantage in his power. Having previously acquired the elements of learning, he spent all his spare time in pouring over such volumes as fell within his reach, with no better light in general than what was afforded by the cottage fire. Under these circumstances, the powers of his mind took a direction not uncommon among rustic youths: he became a noted rhymster in the homely style of Ramsay and Fergusson, and, while still a very young man, contributed verses to *Ruddiman's Weekly Magazine*, under the unpretending signature of 'Eskdale Tam.' In one of these compositions, which was addressed to Burns, he sketched his own character, and hinted his own ultimate fate—

> 'Nor pass the tentie curious lad,
> Who o'er the ingle hangs his head,
> And begs of neighbors books to read;
> For hence arise
> Thy country's sons, who far are spread,
> Baith bold and wise.'

Though Mr. Telford afterwards abandoned the thriftless trade of versifying, he is said to have retained through life a strong 'frater-feeling' for the corps, which he showed in a particular manner on the death of Burns, in exertions for the benefit of his family.

Having completed his apprenticeship as a stone-mason in his native place, he repaired to Edinburgh, where he found employment, and continued, with unremitting application, to study the principles of architecture, agreeably to the rules of science. Here he remained until the year 1782, when, having made a considerable proficiency, he left the Scottish capital and went to London under the patronage of Sir William Pulteney—originally Johnstone—and the family of Pasley, who were natives of the parish of Westerkirk.

Telford now found himself in a scene which presented scope for the efforts of his talents and industry. Fortunately, he did not long remain unnoticed or unemployed. His progress was not rapid, but it was steady, and always advancing; and every opportunity of displaying his taste, science, and genius, extended his fame, and paved the way to new enterprises and acquisitions. The first public employment in which he was engaged, was that of superintending some works belonging to government in Portsmouth dock-yard. The duties of this undertaking were discharged with so much fidelity and care, as to give complete satisfaction to the commissioners, and to insure the future exercise of his talents and services. Hence, in 1787, he was appointed surveyor of the public works in the rich and extensive county of Salop; and this situation he retained till his death.

A detail of the steps by which Mr. Telford subsequently placed himself at the head of the profession of engineering, would most likely only tire our readers. It is allowed on all hands, that his elevation was owing solely to his consummate ability and persevering industry, unless we are to allow a share in the process to the singular candor and integrity which marked every step in his career.. His works are so numerous all over the island, that there is hardly a county in England, Wales, or Scotland, in which they may not be pointed out. The Menai and Conway bridges, the Caledonian Canal, the St. Katharine's Docks, the Holyhead roads and bridges, the Highland roads and bridges, the Chirk and Pontcysulte aqueducts, the canals in Salop, and great works in that county, are some of the traits of his genius which occur to us, and which will immortalize the name of Thomas Telford.

Nor was the British Empire alone benefited by Mr. Telford's genius. In the year 1808, he was employed by the Swedish government to survey the ground, and lay out an inland navigation through the central parts of that kingdom. The design of this undertaking was to connect the great fresh-water lakes, and to form a direct communication by water between the North Sea and the Baltic. This gigantic undertaking he fully accomplished, with the assistance of experienced British workmen.

Mr. Telford's fame as a civil engineer has been principally spread in Great Britain by his great work, the Dublin road from London to Holyhead, including the Menai and Conway bridges. The Menai Bridge, one of the greatest wonders of art in England, is unquestionably the most imperishable monument of his capacity for extensive undertakings. This bridge is constructed over the small strait of the sea which intervenes betwixt the mainland of North Wales and the island of Anglesey, and carries the road which proceeds onward to Holyhead. Before its erection, the communication was carried on by means of ferry-boats, and was therefore subject to delays and even dangers. The bridge is at a point near the town of Bangor, from near which its appearance is strikingly grand. It is built partly of stone and partly of iron, on the suspension principle, and consists of seven stone arches, exceeding in magnitude every work of the kind in the world. They connect the land with the two main piers, which rise 58 feet above the level of the road, over the top of which the chains are suspended, each chain being 1,714 feet from the fastenings in the rock. The first three-masted vessel passed under the bridge in 1826. Her topmasts were nearly as high as a frigate; but they cleared 12½ feet below the centre of the roadway. The suspending power of the chains was calculated at 2,016 tons; the total weight of each chain, 121 tons. This stupendous undertaking occasioned Mr. Telford more intense thought than any other of his works; he told a friend—Dr. James Cleland—that his state of anxiety for a short time previous to the opening of the bridge was so extreme, that he had but little sound sleep, and that a much longer continuance of that condition of mind must have undermined his health. Not that he had any reason to doubt the strength and stability of every part of the structure, for he had employed all the precautions that he could imagine useful, as suggested by his own experience and consideration, or by the zeal and talents of his very able and faithful assistants; yet the bare possibility that some weak point might have escaped his and their vigilance in a work so new, kept the whole structure constantly passing in review before his mind's eye, to examine if he could discover a point that did not contribute its share to the perfection of the whole. In this, as in all his great works, he employed as sub-engineers men capable of appreciating and acting on his ideas; but he was no rigid stickler for his own plans, for he most readily acquiesced in the suggestions of his assistants when reasonable, and thus identified them with the success of the work. In ascertaining the strength of the materials for the Menai Bridge, he employed men of the highest rank for scientific character and attainments.

The Caledonian Canal is another of Mr. Telford's splendid works, in constructing every part of which, though prodigious difficulties were to be surmounted, he was successful. But even this great work does not redound so much to his credit as the roads throughout the same district. That from Inverness to the county of Sutherland, and through Caithness, made not only, so far as respects its construction, but its direction, under Mr. Telford's orders, is superior, in point of line and smoothness, to any part of the road, of equal continuous length, between London and Inverness. This is a remarkable fact, which, from the great difficulties he had to overcome in passing through a rugged, hilly, and mountainous district, incontrovertibly establishes his great skill in the engineering department, as well as in the construction of great public communications.

The genius of this distinguished engineer, as has been stated, was not confined to his profession. Dr. Currie says in his *Life of Burns:* 'A great number of manuscript poems were found among the papers of Burns, addressed to him by admirers of his genius, from different parts of Britain, as well as from Ireland and America. Among these was a poetical epistle from Shrewsbury, of superior merit. It is written in the dialect of Scotland —of which country Mr. Telford is a native—and in the versification generally employed by our poet himself. Its object is to recommend to him other subjects of a serious nature, similar to that of the *Cotter's Saturday Night*, and the reader will find that the advice is happily enforced by example. It would have given the editor pleasure to have inserted the whole of this poem, which he hopes will one day see the light; he is happy to have obtained, in the meantime, his friend Mr. Telford's permission to insert the following extracts.'—Then come the permitted extracts, from which the subjoined, written at Shrewsbury, is selected:—

'Pursue, O Burns, thy happy style,
"Those manner-painting strains," that while
They bear me nothward mony a mile,
Recall the days
When tender joys, with pleasing smile,
Blest my young ways.

I see my fond companions rise;
I join the happy village joys;
I see our green hills touch the skies,
And through the wood
I hear the river's rushing noise—
Its roaring flood.

No distant Swiss with warmer glow,
E'er heard his native music flow,
Nor could his wishes stronger grow
Than still have mine,
When up this rural mount I go
With songs of thine.

O happy bard! thy generous flame
Was given to raise thy country's fame;
For this thy charming numbers came—
Thy matchless lays:
Then sing, and save her virtuous name
To latest days.'

Mr. Telford was not more remarkable for his great professional abilities than for his sterling worth in private life. His easiness of access, and the playfulness of his disposition, even to the close of life, endeared him to a numerous circle of friends, including all the most distinguished men of his time. He was the patron of merit in others wherever it was to be found; and he was the means of raising many deserving individuals from obscurity to situations where their talents were seen and soon appreciated. Up to the last period of his life, he was fond of young men and of their company, provided they delighted in learning. His punctuality was universal, a very rare quality in men of genius. In the course of his busy life he taught himself Latin, French, and German. He understood algebra well, but thought that it led too much to abstraction, and too little to practice. Mathematical investigation he also held rather cheaply, and always, when practicable, resorted to experiment to determine the relative value of any plans on which it was his business to decide. He delighted in employing the vast in nature to contribute to the accommodation of man; yet he did not despise minutiæ—a point too seldom attended to by projectors.

For some years before his death, he gradually retired from professional employment, and he latterly amused his leisure hours by writing a detailed account of the principal undertakings which he had planned and lived to see executed. The immediate cause of Mr. Telford's death was a repetition of severe bilious attacks, to which he had for some years been subject, and which at length proved fatal. His life, prolonged by temperance and cheerfulness, at length drew to a close, and he expired at his house in Abingdon Street, Westminster, September 2, 1834. He died a bachelor. His remains were deposited in Westminster Abbey, next to those of the distinguished geographer, Major Rennel.

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A CRUISE IN THE BALTIC.

Of all the bodies of water which cover the face of the earth, that known by the name of the Baltic is about the most furious, when the wind gives it the smallest provocation. Not only does it toss its waves aloft into the air, like any other sea of greater magnitude, but currents setting in different directions from the shores which surround it, drive against each other with the rage of embattled hosts, and embroil the waters in a tremendous conflict, wherein the wave, no longer preserving its unbroken sweep, is split into a thousand antagonist columns, which rush together in unimaginable uproar.

One fatal October, I lent myself to a scheme for crossing the Baltic, from Germany to the Swedish coast, in a crazy brig. The day was beautiful and calm on which we first embarked, the water smooth, the air elastic, and under such flattering auspices were we seduced into that treacherous sea. For a few days the wind blew gently from the east, and wafted us steadily towards our haven. On such occasions, a sea-voyage is attended with infinite delight, and nothing can exceed the buoyancy of spirits which is felt by all. Smiles and good humor enlightened every countenance, and the rude tars were merry as they heaved the log, or drew yet more astern the stunsail sheet. But, alas for the insecurity of human hopes and marine adventures! One night, the sun sank amidst those lurid and fleecy clouds which the sage pilot knows full well betoken a furious wind. Two hours after midnight the storm burst upon us, sweeping a perfect hurricane from the west, directly in our teeth. A few hours more would have carried us into the Sound's still waters; and in a vain attempt to double a rocky promontory on the Swedish coast, our captain persisted for three days in exposing us to the fury of the storm. We tacked and tacked again, made short-legs and long-legs, all to no purpose. No headway was gained; and we at length yielded from the contest, and, turning our backs to the wind, scudded with a few stitches of canvas before it. Our object was to obtain shelter at the nearest point; and unless we returned to some port on the continent, none offered itself but anchoring under lee of the island of Bornholm, which lies in the middle of the Baltic. Under the high lands of this island was an open roadstead, and so long as the wind blew in the direction in which it had commenced, there waa a safe and quiet anchorage. As it was, we had scarcely an alternative; and the destruction which a sudden chopping round of the furious blast would inevitably produce by dashing us on the rocky coast, was less regarded than the immediate peril which threatened a further exposure to the storm. When we had turned the northern angle of the island, we came again into smooth water, the ineffable luxury of which can only be appreciated by those who emerge from the hurly-burly of a tempest. Sliding gently along the eastern side of the island, we at length dropped our anchor amidst several other vessels driven there by the same necessity.

The next morning the boat was lowered for an excursion on shore. Although the wind was still blowing with unabated violence, so completely were we sheltered from its influence, that the water around us was scarcely rippled, and on the sloping banks of the island all seemed repose and quiet. Two little villages with their white cottages were in view, and on the summit of the hill the ruins of some ancient castle still frowned upon the plains below. Upon reaching the land, we made for the village which stood nearest our berth. Some young girls, whom we disturbed drawing water from a well, fled upon our appearance with marks of terror on their countenances, and took refuge in the houses. When we entered the village, we found only a few old men and women, whom our aspect did not scare into flight, as the more youthful population ventured only an occasional peep from the doorways, doubtless considering us as some terrible monsters escaped from the deep. As the Danish language is spoken upon the island, we were unable at first to hold any intercourse with the people around us; but at last a person in a somewhat better garb than his neighbors advanced towards us, and, in the German dialect, invited us into his mansion. This we found to be the hotel of the village, and its occupier, as he himself positively assured us, the greatest man in the community. Though his house or cottage was upon a small scale, and as to furniture very bare, yet it was clean and orderly. It was, however, the most sumptuous abode in the parish, save that of the priest, who, our landlord informed us, lived about two miles up the country, in a very stately and magnificent residence. He likewise gave us to understand, that he was the only individual in the place who ate mutton to his dinner on certain days in the week, his fellow-citizens living upon fish and barley-bread the whole year round. 'Yes,' said he, 'all the people look up to me, except on Sundays, when the priest comes down to preach. Ah! he is a great man that priest. But I have seen much of the world also. I have been three times in Elsinore, and once in Rostock; and few can say as much. Yes, upon my word, I have seen a great deal! —so much, that the governor himself sometimes asks my opinion when he comes this way. And he is a greater man than the priest!' As he thought that some doubts might still remain on our minds as to the importance he assumed, he proceeded to direct our attention to the articles of furniture in the two rooms he occupied, which, although of the most ordinary description, were in his eyes evidences of a superior luxury. Of his bed he seemed singularly proud. 'See that bed,' said he; 'it is indeed a very fine bed. I assure you it is all stuffed with wool. But,' added he with a sigh, 'it is, after all, not so grand as the priest's bed.'

Amused with his remarks, we solicited some information from him as to anything curious or wonderful which was to be seen in the neighborhood. 'There is the church,' said he, 'which is very, very old; and there is the priest, who is the most learned man that ever was known. He is the only man who knows when the church was built. As for the clerk, who lives close by, he is a miserable person, who knows nothing, though he pretends to tell all about it. Therefore you must not believe one word he tells you, for the fellow can jabber a little German. But I will accompany you myself.' With these words, he led the way towards the church, which, although a small building, was evidently of great antiquity. Having readily found the clerk, who seemed the custodier of the edifice, he, with every symptom of alacrity, acceded to our request to enter and inspect it. With a species of flourish, he drew forth a large key, and opening the door, invited us to follow him. We found the interior in every respect similar to a church in some retired rural parish of England. What imparted to this ancient building an air of singularity, was about fifty mouldering banners, which hung down from the ceiling, and formed a sort of canopy along the whole extent of the church.

Seeing that we regarded these trophies with a great degree of curiosity, the clerk put himself in the attitude of a man about to impart some considerable information, and, stretching his hand a little upwards, he thus commenced:—'The old and venerable relics which you now behold, belong to an age long since past. They represent to you, gentlemen, the arms and escutcheons of the famous Hanse Towns, which many a long year ago possessed this great and flourishing island. Here also are some of the banners of the glorious order of St. Mary of Jerusalem, otherwise called the Teutonic Knights, who, they say, first brought Christianity amongst us. The sovereign of

Denmark, who extirpated all these people from the face of the land of Bornholm, nevertheless gave his gracious permission to preserve these records of times and powers passed away; and we, who are deeply versed in history can appreciate the magnanimity of such a resolution. But the people of the island are sunk in an ignorance not to be imagined.'

During the delivery of this oration, which was given in a sufficiently pompous manner, and apparently in the style of a man who repeats what he does not exactly comprehend, our garrulous friend gave sundry tokens of the impatience with which he listened to the effusion of the erudite clerk. 'Gentlemen,' said he, with infinite rage in his looks, 'this scoundrel has learned all these fine things from the priest. You dare not deny it, sir; you cannot read two words in a book. Ignorance! do you compare yourself to me—me who have been thrice in Elsinore, and once in Rostock? Did I not recommend you to the priest? Do you not owe everything to me—do you not owe me for a bottle of *schnaps?*'

This last question seemed to bring down the unfortunate clerk from his airy flight, for he replied in a very subdued tone of voice: 'Yes, yes, the priest taught me all this, but I saw no harm in repeating it.'

'Ah! there—I told you so,' said the other, turning to us: 'nobody knows anything but myself. It is necessary, I assure you, to keep all these people in good order.'

The irascibility of this man of knowledge being now in some degree appeased, his feelings seemed to take an entirely new turn, in which a wish to promote the interests of his compatriot was predominant. Taking us aside, he represented to us the necessity of giving the poor clerk something to recompense the trouble he had bestowed upon us, and he himself kindly offered to convey any douceur which we should destine for him. We, however, thought it best to give the reward into the man's own hands, and we left the couple in eager discussion within the porch as to its proper distribution.

As we sauntered from the church, the clerk overtook us out of breath. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'the priest is exceedingly fond of strangers, and I am sure he will be dis-pleased with me if I do not conduct you to his house. I trust, therefore, you will allow me to do so.' As we had heard so much of this clerical personage, we had every inclination to accede to the learned clerk's offer. We therefore set off, and in about half an hour reached the parsonage, which was a one-storied house standing in the midst of a garden, not in the very best of order. To the clerk's inquiry whether the priest was at home, a girl in a blue flannel gown and wooden shoes directed us into a back court, where his reverence was at that particular moment killing one of his pigs. 'Halt a moment,' said our conductor; 'let us wait till he has finished.' We therefore stopped and contemplated the personage before us. He was a man of middle stature, and robust make, quite a Parson Trulliber in appearance, though not in character. His countenance was fair and ruddy, betokening perfect health. He had on neither coat nor waistcoat, and his striped shirt was tucked up above the elbows, so that his arms were nearly bared. A woollen night-cap hung down on one side of his head, and from his ears were pendent two large brass rings. When disengaged from the operation in which he had been employed, he turned round and beheld us, whereupon he instantly stepped forward, and, seizing hold of the tassel of his night-cap, laid bare his cranium, and made us a profound bow. 'I suppose, gentlemen,' said he, 'you are from the ships I see at anchor near the island? I am glad to see you. Pray walk into the garden for a few minutes, until I can appear to welcome you in a proper form. You, Petersen,' added he, addressing the clerk, 'go and stir that blood, until I send some one to relieve you.' With these words, he retired into the house. The worthy priest was not long at his toilet, for he soon rejoined us in very spruce habiliments. 'I am sorry this is not a gala-day with us,' said he; 'but if you can eat oats and eels, I shall be delighted to entertain you at dinner. Yesterday, we finished the last piece of mutton that was in the house, and it will be next week before we get any more. As to that pig,' added he, smiling, 'it is not for my own table—it goes off to-day to the garrison at Eartholm.'

We immediately accepted his invitation, however oddly the viands sounded in our ears. He led us into the house, and presented us to his wife, who received us with great good-nature. She was dressed in a very homely manner, and was evidently not accustomed to a life of sloth and luxury. The room we were ushered into was of the very plainest order. No carpets, stuffed chairs, or sofas, were visible. The good lady of the house assisted in arranging all things for the forthcoming feast. The functionary of the church himself lent his voice in suggestion or command as occasion needed; and when at length a bowl smoking hot was brought in, he summoned us to the board. The dish we were called upon to discuss was composed of rancid eels, sunk in a sort of thick oat-porridge, mixed up with hog's lard or some other potent unguent, a portion of which we got through in tolerable style, all things considered. We, however, resisted with a modest firmness the kind endeavors of our host to heap our plates with any further quantity, and preferred a glass of his small wine. During the repast, the good-hearted priest entertained us with some home-sketches. 'You see,' said he, 'I am not a man given to luxurious feeding, but I preserve my health, and pass my days happily. Although, in the estimation of you men who mix in the world, I am poor and needy, yet by my parishioners I am considered as rolling in wealth. My stipend from the king is about fifteen pounds sterling, and I have a farm, for which I pay no rent, and which I cultivate myself. Upon this I keep my family, though the land is amazingly barren. But the people all regard me as the greatest man in the world, whilst I do my best to assist them in their sickness and poverty. They are principally fishermen; but unless they fall in with ships at sea, they seldom find a good market for their commodity. They respect me not only as the wealthiest person in the district, but, I trust, also as their pastor. I preach to them every Sunday, and they gather from all parts to hear me. I thus live honored by the people around me; and as I am contented with my lot, I write myself down a happy man. One wish alone annoys me. I confess I listen sometimes to the voice of ambition. I would, gentlemen, be an historian—the chronicler of the great events of which this island has been the scene. I would withdraw from oblivion the names of the mighty men who have figured in its annals, and while I gained for myself infinite renown, I would show that I was a patriot zealous for the glory of his native land. Yes, gentlemen, such things come across me sometimes.' And here he laid his hand upon his forehead, and preserved a deep silence for some minutes.

Whilst his reverence had thus lost himself in a glorious reverie, we took the opportunity of rising preparatory to our departure, which instantly brought him back to the material world. He insisted upon accompanying us back to our boat; and loading poor Petersen, the clerk, with bottles of fresh milk and a basket of eggs, he gave us good cause to recollect his kindness. When we reached the shore, he bade us a hearty farewell, and we parted with mutual good wishes for all that this earth can give of happiness and prosperity. The following day, the storm having somewhat abated, we weighed anchor, and soon left the island of Bornholm—a land reckoned by its own simple-minded inhabitants the greatest in the world, but which to our gaze soon became a speck on the horizon, and hardly obtains a notice in the map of Europe.

NANNY WILSON:

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

Nanny Wilson is one of those industrious, well-behaved women in humble life who manage to make all ends meet amid the most trying difficulties—difficulties which we are in the habit of saying an ordinary mind would shrink from encountering. There are many specimens of this truly honorable character to be met with, but perhaps few more interesting than that before us.

At a very early age, Nanny was left to her own resources. Her mother was taken from her by death while she was but a child; and her father, who was rather a dissipated character, shortly after this bereavement disappeared from his native town, where he followed the business of flax dressing, and went no one knew where. The poor girl had no near relations to look after her, and she was indebted to the sympathies of one or two families in the neighborhood for lodging, food, and clothing. The treatment she received in this way was not invariably kind; and this, perhaps, more than anything else, impressed her with the strong determination, which has clung to her through life, to be dependent only on her own exertions for her support. In her fourteenth year, she was taken into a respectable grocer's family as a servant. In this situation she remained two years, and was a favorite with her master and mistress. One day an old beggar woman, who had never been in the place before, was heard to express her surprise at the system of flax-dressing. 'This is what I hae heard auld John Wilson speak about,' she said; 'but I ne'er saw't before.' Some one had the curiosity to ask: 'Who is auld John Wilson?' 'He's a weaver in Airdrie,' she replied. This brief conversation came to our friend Nanny's ears, and she instantly made up her mind to go in search of her father.

For this purpose, very little preparation was needed, for it was not much that Nanny had to carry along with her. A little bundle contained all her superfluous clothing; and some shillings in silver, the earnings of her servitude, she hid in her bosom. The distance of Airdrie from her native town was about thirty-six miles. This distance she walked with an anxious heart, for she felt that hers was a sort of wild-goose chase. There might be many John Wilsons in Airdrie; and even should she be so fortunate as find out the John Wilson spoken of by the old beggar woman, he might not be her father after all. Or, perhaps, were this man actually her parent, was she sure that he would acknowledge her when found, seeing that he had been so negligent of her since her infancy? These and many other fears were hers during the journey; but she was a girl of great strength of mind, and not to be driven by idle fears or surmises from an honest purpose. On reaching Airdrie, the first person she accosted was an old man, who stood smoking a pipe at a 'laigh door.'

She said she was a stranger, and would feel obliged to him if he would direct her to where John Wilson, a weaver, lived. It was her own father she addressed, and the recognition was almost mutual. She never had cause to regret the journey; for her father was now a sober, industrious old man, and she resided with him till the day of his death. This event took place when Nanny was in her eighteenth year. Having converted the trifling articles of furniture that belonged to her father into money, she went back to the grocer, and was cordially received into her former situation.

With this kind family our heroine remained as a domestic for a few years, when she left her situation, in order to unite herself to a young man of about her own age, with whom she anticipated the enjoyment of comfort and happiness. Many of her neighbors, and particularly her master and mistress, thought that Nanny had a chance of remaining more comfortable in the capacity of a servant with a well-paid fee; and it might have been better had she listened to the hints thus offered to her. It must not, however, be supposed she had reason to lament having married Richard Paterson. He was an honest, and what is called a well-doing man; but he did not possess the bodily strength necessary for the occupation he followed. His employment was that of a working gardener, and few were known to be so tasteful and neat-handed in the use of his horticultural implements. Richard, or Ritchie, as he was called, was therefore generally well employed, and his trimly-kept cottage was cheered both during summer and winter with humble plenty, and blessed with grateful contentment. Sad to say, however, a time came when Ritchie could no longer pursue his ordinary duties. Having gone forth one severe spring morning to labor, when a frost was in the ground, and a thick moist atmosphere overhead, he caught a rheumatic affection in his legs, which ultimately produced a fixed crookedness of joints, and he was ere long pronounced a *lameter* for life. This was a dreadful blow to poor Nanny, on whom now devolved the principal duty of providing for the family, and which, without a murmur, or a moment's repining, she did in a small way, to the best of her ability. People talk of trials in families—here was a trial; and here also was heroism. For four years did this industrious creature toil for the subsistence of a decrepit husband and two infant children, yet never did any one hear her utter the voice of complaint.

A time at length arrived when she was in some degree relieved from this excessive burden. Ritchie died, and her two children were about the same period carried off by fever. Nanny was now once more alone in the world—a lone woman, but possessing a stout heart, and a firm reliance on the goodness of that Being who has promised to be the 'father of the fatherless and the husband of the widow.' Her little plan of subsistence was soon put into execution. Some friendly neighbor hinted to her the propriety of seeking relief from the parish. But she spurned the idea. What! take charity from the public while she had hands to work! Never. She scorned the thought of such meanness with a virtuous and bitter scorn. 'When I apply to the kirk,' said she, 'it will only be when laid on a bed from age or disease, and when all hope of other relief is gone.' With these noble resolutions, Nanny set about her arrangements. She prudently removed to her native town, where she rented a little garret, and spun flax or filled pirns for the weavers. It was but little that she could make by this sort of labor, but that little sufficed. The rent of her room was £3 a year, and she had meal and coal and butcher-meat to pay for besides. Her landlord kindly allotted her a bit of ground, on which she reared potatoes and other vegetables for the pot. She now felt herself, with an ordinary share of health, perfectly independent, and her conduct in every sense of the word was exemplary. She attended church regularly every Sabbath day, and every night in her life she barred her door at nine o'clock, and spent an hour in devotional exercises before retiring to rest. After thus secluding herself for the night, she did not open her door to a human being, unless in cases of great emergency, in which she could assist in assuaging bodily distress. When the whirring of her wheel—her bread-winner—ceased, the neighbors below knew the hour. In the fine summer mornings she was up with the lark, and working in her little garden. She might be seen going from cabbage-plant to cabbage-plant, tending, watering, and dibbling it up, and she knew almost every green blade in her ground. No weeds were to be seen in the well-tended garden, and the consequence of all this labor was, that her small bed of potatoes was the finest in the parish, and it was just a treat to cast your eyes over her little domain. Since her husband's death, up till the present day, she has gone on in this manner, and she is one of the finest examples perhaps ever met with of poverty commanding respect.

About fourteen years ago, Nanny had a most fortunate windfall. A distant relation—an aunt, I believe—of whose existence she was scarcely aware, died, leaving her £40. This sum of money, which was to her immense, she placed in the nearest provincial bank; and as the rent-day came round, she lifted a pound, or perhaps two, and settled scores with the landlord. By this prudent mode of disbursement, the little fund is not yet exhausted. It has been reduced, as I have learned, to about £10; a sum, however, so small, that the bank people will no longer be troubled with it, and they have handed it over to her, and struck her off their books. This has given her great concern, but a friend has lodged the money for her in a provident saving-bank. As she is now bordering upon eighty, it is likely it will last her time—indeed, she says as much herself; for she takes great care to *taip* it out. Fortunately, she is still able to make her wheel birr, though not so unintermittingly as heretofore; and the fine mornings in June will see her out to the garden-plot as usual.

One specimen of her foresight, which is in excellent keeping with her character, may be mentioned. As she has lived through life, ever since she was able to work, without in any way burdening others, so she is resolved that she shall descend into the grave in the same spirit. It is ten years now since she last aired her dead-clothes, which are of her own providing; and she remarked at the time, that 'naebody should be a penny out o' pocket wi' her funeral.'

Her peculiar notions of independence have made her rather jealous of the attentions of her neighbors. No *finesse*, however delicate, will make her accept a favor; and she is apt to get fretful if too many inquiries are made after her health. A gentleman in a neighboring town lately sent her a small package of fine biscuit, which he directed in the first place to his sister, who resided in Nanny's neighborhood, to be delivered personally. On calling to deliver her message, the young lady was repulsed with: 'Hoots awa! What does he mean? Dis he think I need them? Tak them wi' ye, and dinna fash me wi' sic nonsense.' Thus Nanny's love of independence is at times not without a spice of tartness, which is anything but harmful.

There is surely much to admire in this old woman's conduct and character, and we could wish that her honest spirit of independence were universal. Were it so, we should see misery and degradation less frequently than we do; and poverty, instead of being accounted an evil, would be deemed the reverse. There is no situation in life that may not be sweetened by a ruling passion leading to virtue; and the ruling passion in her case meets, in any state of society, our most cordial applause. Poverty has its evils, we will allow; but where allied to virtue and self-denial, it is more deserving of respect than any other state of life with which we are acquainted.

SIR PENNY.

[*Sir Penny* is supposed by Warton to be a composition of the age of Chaucer—that is of the latter part of the fourteenth century. Its title in the Cotton Manuscripts, where it has been preserved, is *Narratio de Domino Denario*—the story of Lord Denarius, or Penny. The fancy of thus impersonating money as a knight of much prowess, is a very droll one, and the whole piece is extremely shrewd and clever. As it is little known, we transfer it to our pages, but with a revised orthography, retaining only the old spelling where the metre or rhyme renders it necessary, or where the word is obsolete, in which case the Italic type is assumed.

In earth there is a little thing,
And reign*is* as a rich king,
Where he is lent in land:

SIR PENNY.

Sir Penny is his name called;
He mak*is* both young and auld
Bow until his hand.

Papes, kings, and emperórs,
Bishops, abbots, and priórs,
Parson, priest, and knight,
Dukes, earls, and ilk bar*owne*,
To serve him are they full *bowne*,[1]
Both by day and night.

Sir Penny changes men's mood,
And *gars*[2] them oft to don their hood,
And to rise him again';[3]
Men honor him with great rev'rence,
And make full meikle obedience
Unto that little swain.

In king's court it is no *boot*[4]
Against Sir Penny for to *moot*,[5]
So meikle is he of might:
He is so witty and so strang,
That, be it never so meikle wrang,
He will make it right.

With Penny may men women till,[6]
Be they never so strange of will,
Oft may it so be seen;
Lang with him will they not chide,
If he may gar them *trail-syde*,[7]
In gude scarlet and green.

He may buy both heaven and hell,
And ilka thing that is to sell,
In earth he has sic grace:
He may loose and he may bind;
The poor are aye put behind,
Where he comes in place.

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[1] Dispose. [2] Causes. [3] Against, opposite.
[4] Of no advantage. [5] Dispute. [6] Approach.
[7] If he give them long trailing gowns.

When he begin*is* him to *mell*,[1]
He mak*is* meek that erst was fell,
And weak that bold has been.
All the needs full soon are sped,
Both withouten *borgh* and *wed*,[2]
Where Penny gaes between.

The dooms-men[3] he makes so blind,
That they may not the right find,
Nor the sooth to see;
For to give doom they are full *laith*,[4]
Therewith to make Sir Penny wrath;
Full dear with them is he!

Where strife is, Penny mak*is* peace;
Of all angers he may release,
In land where he will lend;
Of faes he may make friends sad,
Of counsel they may never be *rad*[5]
That may have him to friend.

That Sire is set on high *dais*,[6]
And served with many rich mess,
At the high *buird*;[7]
The more he is to men plenty
The more yearned always is he,
And halden dear in *huird*.[8]

He makes many be forsworn,
And some life and saul *forlorne*,[9]
Him to get and win.
Other god will they none have,
But that little round knave,
Their *bales* for to blin'.[10]

On him hailly their hearts set,
For him to love will they not let,[11]
Nowther for gude nor ill:

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[1] Meddle. [2] Without surety or pledge. [3] Judges. [4] Loath.
[5] In want. [6] A certain kind of seat, elevated above the rest.
[7] A part of the table correspondingly elevated. [8] Hoard.
[9] Lose. [10] To stupefy them to their miseries. [11] Cease.

All that he will in earth have done,[1]
Ilka man grants it full soon,
Right at his awin will:
He may both lend and give,
He may make both slay and live,
Both by firth and fell.[2]

Penny is a gude *fellaw*,
Men welcome him in deed and saw,[3]
Come he never so oft:
He is not welcomed as a guest,
But evermore served with the best,
And made to sit full soft.

Whoso is *sted*[4] in any need,
With Sir Penny may they speed,
Howsoever they betide:
He that Sir Penny is withal,
Shall have his will in steed and stall,
When others are set aside.

Sir Penny gars, in rich weed,
Full many go and ride on steed,
In this world wide:
In ilka game and ilka play,
The mastery is given aye
To Penny, for his pride.

Sir Penny o'er all gets the gree,[5]
Both in burgh and citie,
In castle and in tower.
Withouten owther spear or shield,
Is he the best in firth and field,
And stalwortest in stowr.[6]

In ilka place the sooth is seen,
Sir Penny is o'er all bideen,
Master most in mood;

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[1] Wishes to have done on earth.
[2] Sea and land.
[3] Word and deed
[4] Troubled.
[5] Pre-eminence.
[6] Stoutest in fight.

And all is as he will command;
Agains' his *stevyn*[1] dare no man stand,
Nowther by land nor flood.

Sir Penny may full meikle avail
To them that has need of counsail,
As seen is in assize:
He lengthens life and saves fra *dede*:[2]
But love it not o'er weel, I rede,
For sin of covetise.

If thou have hap treasure to win,
Delight thee not too meikle therein,
Nor *nything*[3] thereof be;
But spend it as well as thou can,
So that thou love both God and man
n perfect charitie.

God grant us grace, with heart and will
The gudes that he has given us till
Well and wisely to spend:
And so our lives here for to lead,
That we may have his bliss to meed,[4]
Ever withouten end.

A FAMILY OF OUTCASTS.

One cold wet day, a few years ago, a poor woman was observed toiling up the ascent of the main street of one of our largest provincial towns, under the weight of a coffin which contained the corpse of a child, and which she was carrying to that part of the common burying-ground of the church-yard allotted to strangers. No one was with her to assist in the melancholy task; no one offered to relieve her of her wretched load. The woman was evidently sinking under misfortune, sickness, and poverty; her dress was thin and tattered; she was shoeless and stockingless; and her appearance altogether was forbidding and uninviting, while her task was uncommon, and calculated to raise feelings of compassion in the bosom of the onlooker. When still a short distance from the place of her destination, she was completely exhausted, and was forced to sit down with her burden upon the pavement. Here tears came to her relief. Several individuals gathered around her asking questions, to which she gave no answer. A young man, affected by humane feelings, procured for her, from a neighboring house, a cup of cold water, which she drank with avidity; he then raised her from the ground, and taking the little coffin under his arm, he led her slowly along till they reached the place of sepulture.

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[1] Voice. [2] Death. [3] Niggardly. [4] Reward.

A case of this kind is but rare, we believe, in any country, but particularly so in Scotland. During plagues, such melancholy exhibitions may have been witnessed; but even during those calamitous visitations, instances of strong natural affection triumphing over fear and that sickness which bows down the mind and the body, leaving both alike prostrate and helpless, and engendering the utmost callousness to the ordinary duties of existence, must be of unfrequent occurrence. In times when death takes no peculiar strides, we seldom meet with anything so affecting as the little incident recorded. In this country, custom does not permit women to pay the farewell duties of the living to the dead; and even if a solitary female should be seen following, at respectful distance, a sable crowd to the grave, that can only be set down as an extraordinary specimen of excessive grief for the departed, which does not meet with patronage or sympathy even from womankind.

In a large, bustling commercial town, where every one is intent upon his own concerns, a funeral, whether sumptous or humble in its character, excites little attention, except among the lowly and the poor. The beggar on the streets is perhaps the first to mark it, to pause and ponder over it. 'This is the lot that speedily awaits me,' is the immediate reflection that occurs as a coffin is carried past he who is ever struggling with existence; while an eye of compassion rests for a moment upon the principal mourners in the procession. There was that in the situation of the poor woman, who, unassisted, was performing the rites of burial to her child, which called forth a well-spring of sympathy from the by-passers; and the blessings and benedictions that were showered down on the young lad who so feelingly stepped forward to assist the lonely mourner, were abundant as they were for the time sincere. The case must have been an extreme one. Had she no husband, no relatives, no neighbors, to ease her of this last misery? She must have been poor in fortune, perhaps bankrupt in character, else the feelings of a people ever alive to the proprieties in ceremonial observances could not have been thus outraged.

The history of the wretched female, as we learned on inquiry, was one which frequently occurs in the humblest ranks of life, although the public ear is seldom arrested by its details. About two years before the time of which we are treating, she, with her husband and three children, had left Ireland, of which country they were natives. Reaching Scotland, the mother hired herself, during the harvest season, to farmers as a shearer; while the husband, who knew something of the tinsmith trade, stopped in an adjacent town, and picked up a trifling job here and there when he could get it. It was but little money the family could make, with all their exertions, and that little was too often spent in anything but a creditable manner. Utter poverty and a species of hopelessness of mind, which too frequently attends the illiterate when in a condition approaching destitution, produced the very common result—indulgence in intoxicating fluids. Whiskey—which ere long extinguishes every moral perception, and produces that wide-spread misery everywhere observable among the humbler orders of society, along with a perfect indifference to all the decencies of life—was the daily solacement of this miserable family. All or nearly all their little earnings were spent in the purchase of this debasing liquor; consequently, their share of the ordinary comforts of life was small. Their lodging was a wretched sort of outhouse, or stable, in an obscure alley, which could boast of neither door nor window. As money was necessary to procure ardent spirits, the husband occasionally took fits of industry, and the two elder boys were sent out to gather old tin, broken pans, and similar articles, which they found in the lowest purlieus of the town. Out of these the father contrived to shape up little jugs, tinnies, small watering-cans, and trays, to which he gave a touch of paint, and sold in the streets of a Saturday evening. This, in addition to begging, kept the family in existence. Lately, however, the husband had been struck by palsy, and even begging, the last shift of misery, was denied him. The mother was at the same time so sick, so feeble, that she could do no more than creep about the doorway. The children were now, as a last resource, sent forth to steal, by their ignorant parents, in order to keep them in bare life. According to information received from the police, most scrupulously did these poor boys carry every little thing they could conveniently lay their hands on to their home; bottles, tankards, tumblers, from taverns—keys, and such matters as were easily disposed of. At length the elder of the two was seized in the act of stealing a candle-stick from a window-sill, carried before the sitting magistrate, and sent to Bridewell. The supplies of the family were now stopped, for the younger could do nothing without his brother, and even he at length was stretched beside his father with fever. The youngest child died about this time, and we have seen in what manner it was carried to the grave by the mother, the parish having furnised a coffin on the occasion; but such having been the outcast character of the family, no one—no neighbors—could be procured to assist at the melancholy ceremony.

On entering the habitation of this family of outcasts, a scene presented itself of which no description can give a proper idea. It was a perfect den of darkness, and a light had to be procured before anything could be distinctly seen. The woman sat upon the earthen floor, before the embers of a decaying fire, with her head sunk upon her knees. The rain had soaked through the broken roof, and the ground was wet as a puddle. There was no recess in the apartment, and not a single article in the shape of furniture could be discovered—not a household utensil, if we except what had originally been a blacking-bottle, now devoted as a vessel for fetching whiskey from the shop of the spirit merchant, and alongside of it a dram-glass without the foot—both articles forming a very usual exhibition in such scenes of domestic misery. A rough block of wood lay in a corner, which had probably served as a stithy. In another corner was heaped up a quantity of old tin, which had been gathered during the husband's illness. At the furthest distance from the doorway lay the bed of the household; and such a bed! It was literally a heap of wood-shavings, bits of straw and ashes, covered with a piece of sacking or mat. It was altogether such a place as might have brought Lear to his senses.

It was some time before the woman either could or would speak. On inquiry for her husband, she pointed to the heap in the corner. A part of the mat was slightly raised; the dying man opened his wild eyes, looked about him for an instant, and then sunk back. A little thin arm—that of the sick child by his side—at this moment drew the mat over its father. There was a touch of nature in the action, that one might go far to look for.

There was no need for explanation here. The little that was to be seen told its own tale. Health, life itself, was the sacrifice to mental darkness and bodily debasement.

Had it been our wish to excite false sympathy in the present case, as is, unfortunately, too often attempted in depicting cases of extreme suffering, it might easily have been done by altering the early circumstances and character of this poor family. It might have been shown, perhaps, that they were honest, frugal and industrious, and that all their exertions had been blighted by the harshness of others, or by some sudden calamity. But however much we may regret the circumstances of those who fall upon evil times, it is not less our duty to trace evils to their right source; and to compose a tale which will only excite sympathy by disguising facts, is not the way to read the great moral lesson which is to be deduced from every departure from well-doing. In the present case, the misery of a whole family was produced from what is a remarkably common cause of destitution—a giving way to indulgence in liquor, from a want of moral conviction of not only in its impropriety, but its incapability of giving that solace which it is supposed to possess. Knowing nothing, fearing nothing, and hoping nothing, it is not the least wonderful that persons so circumstanced should abandon themselves to courses of intemperance and crime. If we desire to see them behave otherwise, we must begin by instructing their moral and intellectual faculties, a matter hitherto entirely neglected, and hardly considered either necessary or available.

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PHILLIS WHEATLEY.

In the year 1761, Mrs. John Wheatley, of Boston, in North America, went to the slave-market, to select, from the crowd of unfortunates there offered for sale, a negro girl whom she might train, by gentle usage, to serve as an affectionate attendant during her old age. Amongst a group of more robust and healthy children, the lady observed one, slenderly formed, and suffering apparently from change of climate and the miseries of the voyage. The interesting countenance and humble modesty of the poor little stranger, induced Mrs. Wheatley to overlook the disadvantage of a weak state of health, and Phillis, as the young slave was subsequently named, was purchased in preference to her healthier companions, and taken home to the abode of her mistress. The child was in a state almost of perfect nakedness, her only covering being a stripe of dirty carpet. These things were soon remedied by the attention of the kind lady into whose hands fortune had thrown the young African, and in a short time the effects of comfortable clothing and food were visible in her returning health. Phillis was, at the time of her purchase, between seven and eight years old, and the intention of Mrs. Wheatley was to train her up to the common occupations of a menial servant. But the marks of extraordinary intelligence which Phillis soon evinced, induced her mistress's daughter to teach her to read; and such was the rapidity with which this was effected, that, in sixteen months from the time of her arrival in the family, the African child mastered the English language, to which she was an utter stranger before, to such a degree as to read with ease the most difficult parts of the Sacred Writ. This uncommon docility altered the intentions of the family regarding Phillis, and in future she was kept constantly about the person of her mistress, whose affections she entirely won by her amiable disposition and propriety of demeanor.

At this period, neither in the mother-country nor in the colonies was much attention bestowed on the education of the laboring classes of the whites themselves, and much less, it may be supposed, was expended on the mental cultivation of the slave population. Hence, when little Phillis, to her acquirements in reading, added, by her own exertions and industry, the power of writing, she became an object of very general attention. It is scarcely possible to suppose, that any care should have been expended on her young mind before her abduction from her native land, and indeed her tender years almost precluded the possibility even of such culture as Africa could afford. Of her infancy, spent in that unhappy land, Phillis had but one solitary recollection, but that is an interesting one. She remembered that, every morning, *her mother poured out water before the rising sun*—a religious rite, doubtless, of the district from which the child was carried away. Thus every morn, when the day broke over the land and the home which fate had bestowed on her, was Phillis reminded of the tender mother who had watched over her infancy, but had been unable to protect her from the hand of the merciless breakers-up of all domestic and social ties. The young negro girl, however, regarded her abduction with no feelings of regret, but with thankfulness, as having been the means of bringing her to a land where a light, unknown in her far-off home, shone as a guide to the feet and a lamp to the path.

As Phillis grew up to womanhood, her progress and attainments did not belie the promise of her earlier years. She attracted the notice of the literary characters of the day and the place, who supplied her with books, and encouraged by their approbation the ripening of her intellectual powers. This was greatly assisted by the kind conduct of her mistress, who treated her in every respect like a child of the family—admitted her to her own table—and introduced her as an equal into the best society of Boston. Notwithstanding these honors, Phillis never for a moment departed from the humble and unassuming deportment which distinguished her when she stood, a little trembling alien, to be sold, like a beast of the field, in the slave-market. Never did she presume upon the indulgence of those benevolent friends who regarded only her worth and her genius, and overlooked in her favor all the disadvantages of caste and of color. So far was Phillis from repining at or resenting the prejudices which the long usages of society had implanted, too deeply to be easily eradicated, in the minds even of the most humane of a more favored race, that she uniformly respected them, and, on being invited to the tables of the great and the wealthy, chose always a place apart for herself, that none might be offended at a thing so unusual as sitting at the same board with a woman of color, a child of a long degraded race.

Such was the modest and amiable disposition of Phillis Wheatley; her literary talents and acquirements accorded well with the intrinsic worth of her character. At the early age of fourteen, she appears first to have attempted literary composition; and between this period and the age of nineteen, the whole of her poems which were given to the world seem to have been written. Her favorite author was Pope, and her favorite work the translation of the Iliad. It is not, of course, surprising that her pieces should present many features of resemblance to those of her cherished author and model. She began, also, the study of the Latin tongue, and, if we may judge from a translation of one of Ovid's tales, appears to have made no inconsiderable progress in it.

A great number of Phillis Wheatley's pieces were written to commemorate the deaths of her friends who had been kind to her. The little piece following is on the death of a young gentleman of great promise:—

Who taught thee conflict with the powers of night,
To vanquish Satan in the fields of fight?
How strong thy feeble arms with might unknown?
How great thy conquest, and how bright thy crown!
War with each princedom, throne, and power is o'er,
The scene is ended, to return no more.
Oh, could my muse thy seat on high behold,
How decked with laurel and enriched with gold!
Oh, could she hear what praise thy harp employs,
How sweet thine anthems, how divine thy joys,
What heavenly grandeur should exalt her strain!
What holy raptures in her numbers reign!
To soothe the troubles of the mind to peace,
To still the tumult of life's tossing seas,
To ease the anguish of the parent's heart,
What shall my sympathizing verse impart?
Where is the balm to heal so deep a wound?
Where shall a sovereign remedy be found?
Look, gracious spirit! from thy heavenly bower,
And thy full joys into their bosoms pour;
The raging tempest of their griefs control,
And spread the dawn of glory through the soul,
To eye the path the saint departed trod,
And trace him to the bosom of his God.'

The following passage on Sleep, from a poem of some length, *On the Providence of God*, shows a very considerable reach of thought, and no mean powers of expression:—

'As reason's powers by day our God disclose,
So may we trace him in the night's repose.
Say, what is sleep? and dreams, how passing strange!
When action ceases and ideas range
Licentious and unbounded o'er the plains,
Where fancy's queen in giddy triumph reigns.
Here in soft strains the dreaming lover sigh
To a kind fair, and rave in jealousy;
On pleasure now, and now on vengeance bent,
The lab'ring passions struggle for a vent.
What power, O man! thy reason then restores,
So long suspended in nocturnal hours?
What secret hand returns* the mental train,
And gives improved thine active powers again?
From thee, O man! what gratitude should rise!
And when from balmy sleep thou op'st thine eyes,
Let thy first thoughts be praises to the skies.
How merciful our God, who thus imparts
O'erflowing tides of joy to human hearts,
When wants and woes might be our righteous lot,
Our God forgetting, by our God forgot!'

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* *Returns*, a common colloquial error for restores.

We have no hesitation in stating our opinion, and we believe that many will concur in it, that these lines, written by an African slave girl, at the age of fifteen or sixteen, are quite equal to a great number of the verses that appear in all standard collections of English poetry, under the names of Halifax, Dorset, and others of 'the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease.' Phillis Wheatley's lines are, if anything, superior in harmony, and are not inferior in depth of thought: the faults are those which characterize the models she copied from; for it must be recollected, that eighty years ago, the older authors of England were almost unknown, and till the return to nature and truth in the works of Cowper, the only popular writers were those who followed the artificial, though polished style introduced with the second Charles, from the continent of Europe. This accounts fully for the elaborate versification of the negro girl's poetry; since it required minds such as those of Cowper and Wordsworth to throw off the trammels of this artificial style, and to revive the native vigor and simplicity of their country's earlier verse.

Phillis Wheatley felt a deep interest in everything affecting the liberty of her fellow-creatures, of whatever condition, race, or color. She expresses herself with much feeling in an address to the Earl of Dartmouth, secretary of state for North America, on the occasion of some relaxation of the system of haughty severity which the home government then pursued towards the colonies, and which ultimately caused their separation and independence.

'Should you, my lord, while you peruse my song,
Wonder from whence my love of freedom sprung;
Whence flow those wishes for the common good,
By feeling hearts alone best understood—
I, young in life, by seeming cruel fate,
Was snatched from Afric's fancied happy seat.
What pangs excruciating must molest,
What sorrows labor in my parents' breast!
Steeled was that soul, and by no misery moved,
That from a father seized his babe beloved;
Such, such my case. And can I then but pray
Others may never feel tyrannic sway!'

A slight and rather curious defect in Phillis's intellectual powers might, under ordinary circumstances, have prevented her compositions from being ever placed on paper. This was the weakness of her memory, which, though it did not prevent her from acquiring the Latin tongue, or benefiting by her reading, yet disabled her from retaining on her mind, for any length of time, her own cogitations. Her kind lady provided a remedy for this, by ordering a fire to be kept constantly in Phillis's room, so that she might have an opportunity of recording any thought that occurred to her mind, by night as well as by day, without endangering her health from exposure to cold.

The constitution of Phillis was naturally delicate, and her health always wavering and uncertain. At the age of nineteen, her condition became such as to alarm her friends. A sea voyage was recommended by the physicians, and it was arranged that Phillis should take a voyage to England in company with a son of Mrs. Wheatley, who was proceeding thither on commercial business. The amiable negro girl had hitherto never been parted from the side of her benefactress since the hour of her adoption into the family; and though the necessity of the separation was acknowledged, it was equally painful to both.

Susannah mourns, nor can I bear
  To see the crystal shower,
Or mark the tender falling tear
  At sad departure's hour;
Not unregarding can I see
  Her soul with grief opprest,
But let no sighs, no groans for me
  Steal from her pensive breast.

* * *

Lo! Health appears, celestial dame,
  Complacent and serene,
With Hebe's mantle o'er her frame,
  With soul-delighting mien.'

Phillis was received and admired in the first circles of English society, and it was here that her poems were given to the world, with a likeness of the authoress attached to them.* On this engraving being transmitted to Mrs. Wheatley in America, that lady placed it in a conspicuous part of her room, and called the attention of her visitors to it, exclaiming: 'See! look at my Phillis; does she not seem as if she would speak to me?' But the health of this good and humane lady declined rapidly, and she soon found that the beloved original of the portrait was necessary to her comfort and happiness. On the first notice of her benefactress's desire to see her once more, Phillis, whose modest humility was unshaken by the severe trial of flattery and attention from the great, re-embarked immediately for the land of her true home. Within a short time after her arrival, she had the melancholy pleasure of closing the eyes of her mistress, mother, and friend, whose husband and daughter soon sank also into the grave. The son had married and settled in England, and Phillis Wheatley found herself alone in the world.

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* The likeness is a profile. The countenance of Phillis appears to have been pleasing, and the form of her head highly intellectual.

The happiness of the African poetess was now clouded for ever. Little is known of the latter years of her life, but all that has been ascertained is of a melancholy character. Shortly after the death of her friends, she received an offer of marriage from a respectable colored man, of the name of Peters. In her desolate condition, it would have been hard to have blamed Phillis for accepting any offer of protection, of an honorable kind; yet it is pleasing to think that, though the man whose wife she now became rendered her after-life miserable by his misconduct, our opinion of her is not lowered by the circumstances of her marriage. At the time it took place, Peters not only bore a good character, but was every way a remarkable specimen of his race; being a fluent writer, a ready speaker, and altogether an intelligent and well-educated man. But he was indolent, and too proud for his business, which was that of a grocer, and in which he failed soon after his marriage.

The war of independence began soon after this, and scarcity and distress visited the cities and villages of North America. In the course of three years of suffering, Phillis became the mother of three infants, for whom and for herself, through the neglect of her husband, she had often not a morsel of bread. No reproach, however, was ever heard to issue from the lips of the meek and uncomplaining woman, who had been nursed in the lap of affluence and comfort, and to whom all had been once as kind as she herself was deserving. It would be needless to dwell on her career of misery, further than the closing scene. For a long time nothing had been known of her. A relative of her lamented mistress at length discovered her in a state of absolute want, bereft of two of her infants, and with the third dying by a dying mother's side. Her husband was still with her, but his heart must have been one of flint, otherwise indolence, which was his chief vice, must have fled at such a spectacle. Phillis Wheatley and her infant were soon after laid in one humble grave.

Thus perished a woman who, by a fortunate accident, was rescued from the degraded condition to which those of her race who are brought to the slave-market are too often condemned, as if for the purpose of showing to the world what care and education could effect in elevating the character of the benighted African. The example is sufficient to impress us with the conviction, that, out of the countless millions to whom no similar opportunities have ever been presented, many, many might be found fitted by the endowments of nature, and wanting only the blessings of education, to make them ornaments, like Phillis Wheatley, not only to their race, but to humanity. This would probably be the case, we repeat, with many to whom nature had been liberal in her gifts, though we are convinced that it is only by time, and the improvement of generation after generation—every succeeding one advancing a step further than the one before it—it is only by such a process as this, which experience shows to be the law of social progress, that the great bulk of the colored races can, and will, be brought to an equality with their white brethren.

THE DISCOVERERS OF MADEIRA:

A TALE.

Among all the beauties that graced the court of England in the warlike reign of Edward III., the fairest and most admired was Anna d'Arfet, the only child of an illustrious house, and heiress of its extensive possessions. Up till the period of this young lady's presentation at the court, she had mingled only with her own sex, with the exception of the venerable chaplain of the family, a good and intelligent monk, from whom Anna had received an education of so elevated a kind as almost to unfit her for mingling in the society of that rude and untaught time. Her beauty, too, was of that tender and refined cast which suited well with the culture and elegance of her mind, and made her seem, when transplanted amongst the sister beauties of the court, like the lily, with its slender and graceful stem, beside the ruddy and hardy rose.

The sensitive disposition of Anna d'Arfet had been fostered by the unhappy condition of her mother, who repined in secret over the conduct of a husband whom she deeply loved. The Baron d'Arfet was a soldier, one of the bravest of the many nobles who fought at Crecy and Poitiers; but whatever was his bravery in the field, his conduct in private life, in the midst of his family, was churlish, and to the last degree discourteous. Deeply but uncomplainingly did the mother of Anna feel the inattention of her lord; and in the mind of the sympathizing daughter, a strong impression of dislike to the wars which caused this unhappiness, found naturally a place. She would have been content to have spent her life apart from the world, in soothing in retirement the griefs of her gentle parent, but the commands of the baron forced the baroness and herself to make their appearance at the court. This took place on the occasion of the triumphal return of the Black Prince from his foreign wars with King John of France, a captive in his train.

After a residence at court for some months, the stern nature of the baron began to make its appearance, and to cause his wife and daughter to long for the solitude of Castle d'Arfet. Anna's beauty had attracted many suitors, who, almost unavoidably, were of the same character with her father. The rough manners of these warlike spirits were not, it may be imagined, likely to engage the heart of the timid and sensitive Anna; and an event also occurred which left her without a heart to bestow on any of the noble companions of her sire. The Baron of Berkley was the suitor whose pretensions the father of Anna encouraged; but of all others he was the most disagreeable to her. He had the reputation of being a successful but cruel soldier abroad, and the dungeons of his castle at home, on the shores of the Severn, had, it was reported, been the scene of many a barbarous deed. In those times of feudal despotism, the world in general treated lightly such insinuations; but Anna d'Arfet never looked on the stern and even savage lineaments of her suitor's countenance, without reading there the impress of blood and cruelty. Thus, though she dared not disobey her father's injunction to receive the addresses of Berkley with respect, her heart revolted from the thought of a union with one whose character she abhorred. Her father easily observed this dislike, which in truth she could not conceal, and commanded her to alter her deportment to him who was destined to be her husband. The tears of his daughter made no impression on the stern D'Arfet, and miserable was the prospect that lay before Anna. The Baron of Berkley himself was not slow to perceive her dislike to him; and being of a nature equally impatient and rugged, he resolved to prosecute his addresses no longer in the tedious manner which he had hitherto followed, and in which he had made so little progress towards the accomplishment of his object. Depending on her father's friendship for him, he laid a plan for carrying off Anna to Berkley Castle, where he doubted not he would speedily find means to force the surrender of her hand.

The plot was to a certain extent successful. In the garden of her father's mansion, Anna d'Arfet was seized by a small band of Berkley's retainers, who placed her, in despite of her entreaties and cries, on horseback behind one of the party, and hurried her off to the spot where the contriver of the scheme awaited the result. But before his victim could be placed in his hands, her cries for help, which her captors could not wholly suppress, reached the ears of those who were able and willing to rescue her. A party of men-at-arms, belonging to the household of the king, was accidentally passing in the neighborhood, under the command of a young knight, who, on hearing the voice of a female, rode hastily up, and commanded those who were forcing her away to halt. An attempt to cut him down was the only reply from the followers of Berkley; but, avoiding their blows, the knight struck his chief assailant to the earth. Being speedily joined by his companions, he easily rescued the fainting lady from the hands of her captors, who, after a hurried resistance, fled, leaving one of their companions severely wounded behind them. Soothing, by assurances of safety and protection, the agitated Anna, the knight placed her on his own palfrey, and with the gentlest care conducted her in the direction she pointed out as that of her home, from which, indeed, she had not yet been carried many miles away.

The youth who had thus delivered Lady Anna d'Arfet, was a son of the ancient family of Markham. He had entered the service of the Black Prince, and was distinguished as much for gallantry and courage as he was for the elegance of his person and sweetness of his manners. His gentle deportment made a strong impression on the mind of Anna, and not less was Robert Markham struck with the extreme loveliness of her whom he had had the good-fortune to rescue. In short, before reaching the mansion of D'Arfet, emotions were excited in the hearts of both with respect to each other which time could never afterwards eradicate.

The duration of Anna's absence had not been so great as to alarm the family of D'Arfet; but when she arrived at her home, and narrated the danger she had escaped through the gallantry of Markham, even the baron was sincere in his expressions of gratitude to the brave deliverer. For a space of several months succeeding to this affair, the visits of Markham to the family of D'Arfet were permitted by the baron, who never conceived for an instant the possibility of a private gentleman daring to love the daughter of a house that had matched with princes. But love is no herald, and Markham and Anna loved each other deeply. The baron's first suspicion of this was suggested by the disappointed Berkley, who astonished the angry father still more by confessing himself to have been the author of the abduction of Anna. Berkley excused himself, by representing the hopelessness of succeeding by any other method, and wrought upon D'Arfet not only to forgive what had been done, but procured also his consent to repeat the attempt. Thus it chanced that on the day in which Markham first dared to disclose his passion to the object of it, and heard from her lips a confession of its being returned, on that day was Anna d'Arfet a second time carried off from her father's house.

It is impossible to describe the agony of Markham on learning from the baroness what had taken place. All search was in vain, as it may well be supposed, since the baron, who set on foot the inquiry, purposely directed it to every quarter but that in which it might have been successful. For several days Markham rushed from place to place with the restless impetuosity of a madman, and after finding every endeavor fruitless, seemed about to sink into a condition of despair, from which he was only aroused by the recollection that the man still lived who had been wounded in the former abduction. By Markham's own directions, this man had been conveyed at the time to a place where care could be shown to him, and the lover, out of a belief that he was an ordinary robber, had at first pitied his condition, and then forgotten him. But now the idea occurred, that both abductions might be the work of one person—too probably a rival—and Markham flew to discover, if possible, where the wounded man had been lodged. He learned this without difficulty, and, on speeding to the place, found the person whom he sought almost recovered from his wounds. The man had had time to reflect on the errors of his past life, and being at the same time grateful to Markham for the care which had been taken of him, he was not unwilling to communicate to the young lover every circumstance of the former attempt. On hearing the account, Markham was deeply moved, and became convinced that the Baron of Berkley was the author also of the second plot. Roger Penderell—for such was the name of the wounded man—confirmed this suspicion, by assuring him that Berkley would never cease his endeavors till successful. Determined to allow nothing to remain untried for the relief of Anna, Markham brought away Roger in his company, in hopes that he might be useful in any future enterprise. Whether this expectation was to be realized or not, will be seen in the sequel.

Not many weeks had elapsed, when a small sloop might have been seen, in the moonlight, riding at anchor, in the mouth of the Severn. From the shore it appeared like an indistinct speck of dark cloud, and a small party of men gazed on it from a promontory on the coast, under shelter of which a little boat lay calmly on the glistening waters. These men were conversing with each other anxiously, and ever and anon, when they turned their eyes from the speck on the waves, they directed them to a castle not far inland behind them, the turreted outline of which was seen distinctly against the clear horizon.

In a few minutes, a voice from the landward was heard loudly calling for the boat. The party were instantly on the alert; some leaped into the boat and took to their oars, while the others drew their weapons, and darted forwards in the direction of the voice which hailed them. They had not advanced a step or two, till two persons made their appearance a short way off, one of them bearing in his arms what appeared, from the lifeless position in which the head hung upon his shoulder, to be the dead body of a lady. 'To the boat, friends, as you value your lives! They have discovered the escape, and are close behind us!' The men came up to the boat, but all stood aside till the speaker entered with his burden, after which they followed his example. 'Row, men, row!' cried Markham, for it was he. The men bent to their oars, and in a few minutes were scudding lightly in the direction of the sloop, which become more and more visible every moment in the bright moonshine.

Meanwhile the deep baying of blood-hounds that boomed over the waves from the shore, showed the narrow escape which the fugitives had made. But the small party, and particularly its commander, paid little attention to the proceedings on land. 'Anna,' cried he, 'speak to me; all is well! You are free! Oh,' exclaimed he, in a tone of deep and agonized distress, 'the terror and agitation have killed her! Some water, friends; she recovers!' and indeed, in a few minutes Anna d'Arfet raised her head, and became sensible of her situation; but on finding herself alone amongst strangers, and all these men, is it to be wondered that the timid and gentle-natured maiden hid her head, and clung again to the bosom of him whom she loved, who had saved her from a fate worse than death? It is impossible to describe the mingled feelings that agitated the bosom of Robert Markham, as he pressed to his breast her whom he twice saved, and who was now his own for ever. At one moment, his thoughts were all joy; at another, fears for the fair and fragile flower who, for his sake, had trusted herself to the mercy of the waves, were predominant in his mind.

The instant that the party reached the sloop, the anchor was weighed, and with a gentle and favorable breeze, the vessel stood out to sea. It is scarcely necessary, we believe, to say a word in explanation of the escape just described. Roger Penderell had, by Markham's directions, returned to the service of the Baron of Berkley, and not only found the Lady Anna d'Arfet in the baron's castle, but had the good-fortune to be appointed one of her keepers. The lady had hitherto had fortitude to resist the menaces and severity of her keeper, but her mind and body would have speedily sunk in the struggle. She clung rapturously to the hope which Roger's presence held out to her, and we have seen how these hopes were fulfilled. Markham had, on his part, employed all his means in providing a vessel for their escape, and had engaged a trusty band of comrades to assist them in flying to a happier land. To soothe the mind of her whom he knew to be the most delicate-minded of her sex, he had prevailed on a poor and humble friar to go on board the little vessel, that he might be united to Anna, and gain a right to watch over and protect her for ever.

The intention of Markham was to sail directly for the coast of France with his small bark, which was not well calculated for a longer voyage. On the day succeeding to their escape, they had made clear of the English shores, and looked forward to a speedy termination of their course. But the second night was unlike the first. The clear light of the full moon was changed to a gloom like the periodic darkness of the polar regions. In place of a soft and sighing breeze, a wild and roaring wind shook the fragile timbers of the bark, and the sea no longer rocked the vessel gently on its bosom, but heaved it fearfully to and fro, till all knowledge of their position was lost by every man on board. For several hours, the vessel drove here and there at the mercy of wind and wave. Markham struggled for a long time to retain the guiding reins of the little bark, but at last gave up the task in despair. And what did the timid maiden, who was now his wife? Worn out by past distresses, she was now perfectly helpless, and could only cling to her sole protector, following him wherever he went, that they might meet, together at least, the fate which seemed every moment impending over their heads.

Day, though it calmed a little the fury of the tempest, brought no true consolation to the occupants of the vessel. They found themselves in the midst of an unknown sea, and none of them possessed skill enough to determine their situation. Many days and nights passed, and still their condition was the same—sea, boundless sea on all sides. At length, on the twelfth morn, when the gray clouds steered slowly from the east before the dawning sun, the bark was found to be close upon land. Many times had their anxious eyes deceived them, but now their hopes were doomed to be fulfilled. As they approached nearer, the shore of what appeared to be an island was most distinctly seen, and unknown birds, of beautiful and variegated plumage, came from the land and careered around the masts of the bark. Immense forests of trees appeared to clothe

the island, as the tempest-tossed mariners neared its beautiful shores.

After a boat had been sent out to explore, and brought back a favorable account, Markham conveyed his pale and trembling wife on shore, and cheered her with the prospect of remaining on solid land till they could ascertain correctly their position. A party was left with the vessel, and those who had landed proceeded to explore the interior of the country. An opening in the luxuriant woods, which was festooned with shrubs of the loveliest kind, presented to the wave-worn voyagers a most delightful retreat; and under the shade of a venerable tree, red in color as the rose, Markham constructed a beautiful residence with the abundant materials around them. Here they abode for many days, making incursions into the woods; and such was the influence of the delightful climate, and of the total absence of every cause that could disturb her peace and rest, that the cheek of Anna once more resumed the glow of health, and her step recovered its wonted elasticity. Many of the voyagers, however, soon became weary of their situation, and longed so much to see again inhabited land, that they were willing to trust themselves once more to the stormy and fickle element from which they had been so mercifully saved. To Markham, such a plan was frightful, for he saw in it the destruction a second time of his wife's returning peace and health. Besides, Anna herself was most averse to the attempt; and Markham resolved to remain with his wife in their beautiful though lonely island, and to offer the vessel to those who wished to depart. The offer was accepted, and Markham found only Roger Penderell, out of all the party, desirous to remain with the pair to whom he had been so serviceable.

For many, many years after the departure of their companions, did Markham and Anna enjoy that quiet and happiness in their lone island home which was denied to them among their fellow-creatures. Their lives passed in unbroken repose; nor did any of them ever repent of the step they had taken in choosing a place of abode. The earth, almost of itself, afforded them food, and the beautiful birds which they had observed on landing, became accustomed to their presence, and supplied the place of the friends from whom the hand of fate had parted them. And when the angel of death came to call them from their place of temporary rest to an abode of eternal peace, Markham and Anna were laid, by the hands of their faithful follower, in one grave under a spreading and venerable tree. And this pair of lovers, gentle reader, were the discoverers of Madeira.*

THE BEGGAR OF ALGIERS.

WE feel ourselves in this country at liberty to give or refuse our benevolence to any object that implores our assistance, and should be apt to treat with contempt the intimation of a person who should caution us against this generous action, lest we should by that means incur a debt we may hereafter be unable to discharge. And yet this caution, however unnecessary it may appear in this country, is very different in others. In all the states of Barbary, a present of liberality becomes a debt, which the laws of that country oblige the giver to pay—a truth which many merchants have experienced to their cost and vexation.

About the beginning of the present century, a Greek merchant resided at Algiers, who used every year to make a voyage to Tunis or Egypt, to dispose of the commodities he had purchased from the Moors and the trading ships from Europe. While he continued to carry on this branch of commerce, a countryman of his paid the debt of nature, left him his executor, and, among his legacies, ordered a certain sum of money to be distributed among the indigent and distressed. One morning, as the merchant was passing through the street, he saw a Moor sitting on a piece of mat, lame, and almost blind. Struck with an object that seemed an epitome of human miseries, the Greek listened to his moving tale, and beheld, with a pleasing satisfaction, that this deplorable object employed himself in making thread-laces, by which, and the charity of the benevolent, he procured a scanty subsistence. So unusual a sight, where wretchedness and industry were so remarkably blended in the same object, excited the compassion of the merchant, who, with a generous tear of humanity, dropped him a handful of aspers. Astonished at so unexpected an instance of kindness, the beggar followed the merchant on his crutches, calling upon heaven to shower down its choicest blessings on his head. He told all he met how exceedingly bountiful that Christian had been to him. Struck with this instance of liberality, the populace joined the cripple in his applauses. This, said they, is indeed an instance of universal benevolence, because extended to a person whose religion is different from his own.

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* However romantic and improbable the above tale may appear, it is nearly conformable to historical truth.

The beggar followed his patron till he discovered the house in which he resided, and took his post for the future in a place where the merchant passed daily by him. Next day the beggar repeated his request, and the merchant his charity. He was persuaded he could not discharge the will of his late friend better than by giving to this distressed object, as it seemed to have a tendency to make the infidels in love with the benevolent influence of the Gospel; he therefore continued his daily benevolence till the time of his departure for Egypt.

The beggar still kept his post, but, missing his benefactor, he made inquiry after him, and had the mortification to be informed that he was not in the kingdom. Whenever his clerk passed by the beggar, he always lifted up his hands to heaven, and prayed for his master's safe return, which did not happen till near six months after. The beggar expressed his joy at seeing him; but, when the merchant, in return for his kind expressions, was going to repeat his usual benevolence, the cripple declined accepting it, saying it was better to pay him all his arrears at once. Confounded at so strange a refusal, the merchant asked what he meant by arrears; to which the Moor replied, that, as he had been absent near six months, his daily benevolence, which had been omitted during his voyage, amounted to 180 rials, which was the sum he now owed him. The Greek smiled at the impertinent answer of the beggar, and was for some time in doubt whether it merited contempt or chastisement. But thinking the latter would be considered as cruel by the people, he left him without deigning to return him an answer.

The beggar, however, laid his complaint before the dey, and the merchant was sent for to make his defence. The Moor alleged that the merchant, during a whole month, had daily given him a rial, but that his charity had not been thrown away; it had greatly augmented the number of his customers, and proved to him an increasing fund of riches; that so considerable an increase had induced him to lay aside his business of making the thread-laces, which was to him a very painful operation, as he had almost lost his sight; that the merchant went away without giving him the least warning that his pension was to cease, and he had therefore constantly kept his post, where he had daily offered up his prayers for his safe return; that, relying on the payment of his pension, he had contracted some debts which he was unable to discharge; and that, when he had demanded his arrears, he had laughed at him, and even threatened to chastise his insolence. The merchant admitted that the account given by the Moor was literally true, but insisted, that alms being a voluntary action, its continuance depended wholly on the donor. After a discussion of the affair in council, the merchant was condemned to pay the beggar a rial for every day since his departure till the time of this decision, with a piaster extraordinary as a recompense for his reproaches. But he was told he was at liberty to declare that his intention was not to give him any alms or gratuity for the time to come. Against this the merchant many times protested, adding, that such a sentence would not soon be forgotten.*

CARRIER-PIGEONS.

Pope's beautifully imagined origin of letters, in the eager anxiety of absent lovers or captive maids to communicate intelligence of their condition and of their deathless faith to those whom they loved, could only be improved by supposing that, when the mystic scroll was traced, the instinct of a beautiful bird was called into exercise, in order that the cartel of affection might, with speed such as almost to satisfy even a lover, be conveyed to the place of its destination. Whatever might be the origin of epistolary correspondence, it is certain that it has been, from times of very remote antiquity, carried on by means of birds, especially in that proper land of wonders and of poetry, the East, where, from the vast extent of territory between one seat of population and another, and the defective nature of all other means of communication, no expedient could have been more appropriate or more serviceable. Nor is it alone for the speed with which they can cross desert tracts that the bird letter-carriers have been appreciated. Towering up from the hand of him who despatched it, and proceeding at an unapproachable height above the earth to the individual to whom it was directed, the winged messenger would set at defiance all interruption and tampering, whether from jealousy or rivalry, or even the hostility of a beleaguering army. The practice, indeed, was a romance reduced to human conveniency.

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* The above appeared a number of years ago in *The Kaleidoscope*, a periodical publication of Liverpool.

The bird chiefly used in all times and countries for the communication of intelligence is one of the pigeon tribe (*Columbia tabellaria*), usually, from this service which it pays to man, denominated the carrier-pigeon. It is larger than the ordinary pigeon, being fifteen inches in length from the bill to the tail, and weighing about twenty ounces. It is generally black or dun, and occasionally blue or blue piebald, and has a very large cere hanging down by the sides of its bill, like the male turkey. The species is supposed to have been indigenous to Persia, though it is now to be found in many other countries. The instinct which has rendered the carrier-pigeon so serviceable, is one manifested, under various modifications, by many other animals—an instinct by which the creature, if it becomes attached to any place at home, as a scene of habitual gratification, or as the place where it has recently brought forth young, is able to find its way thither from any distance to which it may have been removed, if no physical obstructions of an absolutely insurmountable character should intervene. Though the carrier-pigeon is naturally prompted to revert to the place of its ordinary residence, man has adopted various precautionary measures in order to make its return on particular occasions more certain. A male and female are usually kept together, and treated well; and one of these, when taken elsewhere, is supposed to have the greater inducement to come back. It is even considered necessary by some, that the bird should have left eggs in the process of incubation, or unfledged young ones at home, in order to make the return certain; but probably these are superfluous precautions. It is obvious that the carrier-pigeon can only be put to use in conformity with some contemplated plan, for which the proper preparations have been made. It must have been taken from a place to which it is wished that it should return, and it must, at the moment when its services are wanted, be temporarily at the place from which the intelligence is to be conveyed. It is usually taken to that place hoodwinked, or in a covered basket: the instinct by which it finds its way back upon its own wings, must of course be independent of all knowledge of the intermediate localities. When the moment for employing it has arrived, the individual requiring its services writes a small billet upon thin silk paper [in the East, there is a kind of peculiar fineness, called on this account *bird-paper*], which is placed lengthwise under the wing, and fastened by a pin to one of the feathers, with some precautions to prevent the pin from pricking, and the paper from filling with air, so as to retard and weary the bird. On being released, the carrier ascends to a great height, takes one or two turns in the air, and then commences its forward career. According to one account, it can fly 1,000 parasangs, or about 2,700 English miles in a day; but several experiments of recent date seem to concur in establishing 40 miles in the hour, or about 1,000 a day, as the average flight. The last computation, we may remark, gives inferior results to some which have been ascertained in reference to other birds. The common swift has been known to fly 60, and the wild-duck 90 miles in an hour. A swallow was once found to traverse 20 miles in 18 minutes.

CARRIER-PIGEONS.

Allusions to carrier-pigeons are very frequent in the ancient classic writers, and in the Arabic poets. Anacreon informs us, that he held a correspondence with his lovely Bathillus by means of a dove. It is related by Ælian, that Taurosthenes, a victor in the Olympic games, despatched a pigeon stained with purple to announce his triumph to his father, then residing in the island of Ægina. Pliny also narrates, that a correspondence by means of pigeons was carried on, during the siege of Modena, between Decimus Brutus and Hirtius. 'Of what avail,' says he, 'were sentinels, circumvallations, or nets obstructing the rivers, when intelligence could be conveyed by aërial messengers?' In the Crusades, the practice was tried by the besieged inhabitants of Tyre, but with less success. The besiegers had observed pigeons frequently hovering over the city, and began to suspect that these birds were messengers. Having contrived to seize one, they loaded it with false intelligence, in consequence of which they obtained possession of the place. A regular system of posting by means of carrier-pigeons was established in the twelfth century by the Sultan Noureddin Mahmoud. It was afterwards improved and extended, and continued till Bagdad fell into the hands of the Mongols in 1258. Sir John Mandeville, who travelled in the fourteenth century, alludes to such a system as practised by the Turkish government. It was described at a somewhat latter period as being carried on by means of lofty towers, erected at the distance of about thirty miles asunder, and provided with a proper number of pigeons. Sentinels kept watch in these towers, to receive the birds, and transmit the intelligence which they had brought by others. The notice was inscribed on a thin slip of paper, enclosed in a gold box of small dimensions, and as thin as the paper itself, suspended to the neck of the bird; the hour of arrival and departure was marked at each successive tower, and, for greater security, a duplicate was always despatched two hours after the first. No such regular system now exists in the Turkish dominions, but carrier-pigeons are still much used there. 'The Turks,' says a writer of the last century,* 'make a common practice of breeding this sort of pigeons in their seraglios, where there is one whose business it is to feed and train these birds for the use afterwards designed, which is done in this manner:—When a young one flies very hard at home, and is come to its full strength, they carry it in a basket, or otherwise, about half a mile from home, and there turn it out; after this, they carry it a mile, then two, four, eight, ten, twenty, &c., till at length they will return from the furthest parts of the kingdom. This practice is of admirable use, for every bashaw has generally a basket full of these pigeons sent him from the grand seraglio; and in case of any insurrection, or other emergent occasion, he braces a letter under the wings of a pigeon, whereby its flight is not in the least incommoded, and immediately turns it loose; but for fear of its being shot, or struck by a hawk, they generally despatch five or six; so that by this means, dispatches are sent in a more safe and speedy method than could possibly be otherwise contrived.'

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* *Treatise on Domestic Pigeons.* London: 1765.

After having served in earlier and more romantic ages to waft the sighs of parted lovers, to carry into besieged cities the hopes of succor, and to give the alarm of rebellion and tumult, the wonderful instinct of this bird—like a beautiful stream forced, as it often is in Britain, to drive a mill or refresh a bleachfield—has become subservient to the anxious schemings of mercantile men in various parts of the globe. In Aleppo, during the last century, carrier-pigeons were in constant employment for the purpose of acquainting the merchants with the arrival of their vessels at Scanderoon. The impatience of the animal to see its young was here taken advantage of, as an additional stimulus to procure its quick return. They would travel from Alexandretta in ten hours, and from Bagdad—thirty days' journey—in two days. From Scanderoon, which was distant forty leagues, they required only from two hours and a half to four hours. An anecdote is related of an Aleppo merchant, who, having accidentally killed one of these feathered messengers, was the first to learn that a scarcity of galls prevailed in England, and, profiting by the intelligence, made a speedy transaction, by which he gained 10,000 crowns. Towards the end of the last century, the employment of pigeons from Alexandretta and Bagdad was laid aside, on account of the frequent destruction of them by the Kurd robbers. The practice was more recently in vogue among the Dutch merchants, for the purpose of anticipating the ordinary means of conveyance in the receipt of stock intelligence, by which they often realized considerable sums. For this reason, there is no European country, besides Turkey, in which carrier-pigeons are so numerous as in Holland and Belgium. Two inferior varieties, called the dragoon and the horseman, have also been cultivated to a considerable extent in England, but chiefly for the gratification of the national propensity to betting, or as a department of sport. The author already quoted says: 'A gentleman of my acquaintance having a small wager depending, sent a dragoon by the stage-coach, to his friend at St. Edmund's-Bury, together with a note, desiring that the pigeon, two days after its arrival there, might be thrown up precisely when the town-clock struck nine in the morning; which was accordingly executed, and the pigeon arrived in London, and flew to the sign of the Bull Inn in Bishops-gate street, into the loft, and was there shown at half an hour past eleven o'clock the same morning on which he had been thrown up at St. Edmund's-Bury, having flown 72 miles in 2½ hours; the wager was confirmed by a letter sent by the next post from the person at St. Edmund's-Bury. I could,' adds the author, 'relate several more exploits of this nature performed by dragoons—particularly of their being thrown up and returning home by moonlight—but the above may be thought sufficient.' Among other purposes to which carrier-pigeons have been applied in England, was that of announcing executions at Tyburn to those at a distance who were interested in the suffering parties, and thought they had reason to hope for a reprieve.

On the 11th of July, 1819, a great experiment was performed with these animals between London and Antwerp. Thirty-two pigeons, with the word Antwerp marked on their wings, and which had been reared in that city, were let loose in London at seven o'clock in the morning, after having their wings countermarked with the name of the

British metropolis. The same day, towards noon, one arrived at home, and obtained the first prize; a quarter of an hour after, another arrived, and gained the second prize. The following day, twelve others arrived, making fourteen in all. Of the fate of the rest, no record has come under our notice. In July, 1829, another experiment was made, in consequence of wagers laid at Maestricht between some merchants there, that pigeons taken to London would, when let loose, return in six hours. Forty-two pigeons were brought to London, and after being properly marked, were thrown up at 26 minutes past eight in the morning. If any one of the number had arrived at Meastricht within 6 hours, the principal wager, which was for 10,000 guilders, would have been gained; but in consequence, it was supposed, of a heavy rain, the first did not arrive until 6¼ hours from the time when it left London, having, nevertheless, travelled at the rate of 45 miles an hour, assuming that the journey was performed in a straight line. The second arrived in 7 hours, the third in 7 hours and 10 minutes, the fourth in 7½ hours, and, in four days, more than twenty had reached Meastricht. It need hardly be added, that the discovery of the electric telegraph, in connection with railway travelling, has almost entirely superseded the use of the carrier-pigeon. Thus from time to time has man reason to admire the wonderful resources of nature, and feel renewed gratitude for her bounties.

Those who are curious on the subject of carrier-pigeons, may see one of these birds stuffed and preserved in the private museum of Alderman Copeland, at Walthamstow.

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THE COUNTESS OF AIRTH.

At the back of the Palace of Holyrood House, within a lane called Croftangry, is an old house, which, 200 years ago, was the residence of the Earl of Airth, a clever but unfortunate nobleman, who was deprived by Charles I. of his previous title of Earl of Mentieth, along with the presidency of the privy-council and other high offices, for having used the expression, 'that he had the reddest blood in Scotland;' in which he alluded to his descent from a son of Robert II., then suspected (erroneously) to have been older than the son from whom his majesty was descended.

This nobleman, like many both better and worse men, was afflicted with a bad wife;* respecting whom he has left a most amusing paper, from which we shall make the following apposite extract, being the third grand grievance in the list:—

'This *woefull wyse wife of myne* made propositioune to me that she conceived it not honourabill for me to pay rent for ane house, as I did then for a little house I duelled in, besyde the church-yaird, pertaining to one Ridderfoord, who hade it in heretage; bot that I should rather buy ane house heretablie; which foolish desyre of *that wicked woman's* I refuised, and toulde her that I knew not how long I should stay at Edinburch, and would not give my money to buy ane hous thair. Bot she replyed, that it would serve for ane house for my lands of Kinpount; which foolish answer of *that wicked woman's* showd her vanitie, and the great desyre she had to stay still in Edinburch; for the like was never heard, that the house standeth sevin myles from the lands, Kinpount being sevin myles from Edinburch. Alway, ther being some things between the Earle of Linlithgow and me, he did offer to sell to me his hous, which he hade at the back of the Abbay of Halliroodhous, which sumtyme [formerly] belonged to the Lord Elphinstoune. The E. of Linlithgow and I, for the pryce of the hous, yairds, and grass yairds, at the pryce of eight thousand fyve hundreth merks, did agrie, and he disposed of them to me. And it was no ill pennieworth; for it was worth the money, hade my goode wyfe conteined herself so; bot she thocht the house too little for my familie, though it was large aneugh. It is to be remarked also, that so soone as I removed from the little hous I dwelt in besyde the church-yaird, and came to remaine in the hous I bocht from the E. of Linlithgow, at the back of the Abbay, that fals knave Traquair did instant come to reside in the little hous wherein I duelt befor, pretending that it wes to be neire the counsell of staite, which did sitt in the Abbay; bot it wes for ane uther end, that the villaine micht wirk his ends against me. And, presentlie efter this, I wente up to London; and I wes no sooner gone, bot my wyfe sett to werke all sorte of tradesmen, such as quarriers, maissons, sklaitters, vrights, smiths, glasiers, painters, and plaisterers; and I may say treulie, that the money which she bestowed upon hir re-edifieing of that hous and gardens, was twyse so much as I gave for the buying of them from the Earle of Linlithgow. So that in truth, that hous, and the gardens and orchards, and uther things which *my wyse wyfe* bestowed upon it, stoode me in above 25,000 merks Scott money, bot I will only set dune heir 20,000. But after all this, when I wes to remove from Edinburch, I disponed to my son James, heretablie, that hous, gardens, and orchards, and grass yairds; and, within two years efter, or thereby, that house took fyre accedintallie (as I conceave), and was totallie burned, as it standeth now; *and so became of everie thing that the unhappie woman, my wyfe, laid hir hand to.* Bot this is nothing to that which will follow heirefter'—and so forth.

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* Agnes, daughter of Patrick Lord Gray.

The reader will probably think that there is only one particular wanting in this narrative to render it the most amusing of the kind ever presented; and that we shall supply from an old nursery jest:—

'*A*. Good morning, good fellow.—*B*. I'm not a good fellow; I'm a new married man.—*A*. O man, that's gude! —*B*. Not sae gude as ye trow.—*A*. What then, lad?—*B*. I've gotten an ill-willy wife.—*A*. O man, that's bad!—*B*. Not sae bad as ye trow.—*A*. What then, lad?—*B*. She brought me a gude tocher and a well-plenished house.—*A*. O man, that's gude!—*B*. Not sae good as ye trow.—*A*. What then, lad?—*B*. The house took a-fire, and brunt baith house and plenishing and gear.—*A*. O man, that's bad!—*B*. Not sae bad as ye trow.—*A*. What then, lad? —*B*. *The ill-willy wife was burnt in the middle o't!*'

To quote another of '*My Wyf and hir Wyse Actes*'—

namely, the second in the roll:—'I being ane other tyme at London, the Earle of Galloway made ane propositione to *my prudent wyfe*, of ane marriage to his eldest son the Lord Garlies to my second daughter, Margaret; which shee presentlie did give ear unto, without farther advysment, and contracted and maried them before I returned from London. . . . . Now, I pray, consider how unfitting ane match this wes for me. First, my father and the Earl of Galloway were cousin-germans; and then our estate lying at so great ane distance the one frome the uther; and I am sure *I might have maried thrie of my daughters to thrie barouns lying besyd me, with that portion I gave to Galloway*, any one of which would have been more usfull to me than the Earl of Galloway. They had children, bot they all dyed; *so that money was as much lost to me as if I had castin it in the sea.*'

It appears that the unfortunate earl afterwards disposed of his house at the Abbey to his majesty, but never received the payment. He died in great embarrassment, and was succeeded by his grandson, who also died in impoverished circumstances (1694), and was the last inheritor of the titles Airth and Menteith. The last earl, being at one time obliged to retire to the sanctuary of Holyrood for protection against his creditors, applied to his kinsman and vassal, Malise Graham at Glaschoil, on the southern shore of Loch Katrine, for such a supply of money, or such security, as might relieve him. 'Faithful to the call of his liege lord, Malise instantly quitted his home, dressed like a plain Highlander of those days, travelling alone and on foot. Arriving at the earl's lodgings, he knocked for admittance, when a well-dressed person opening the door, and commiserating his apparent poverty, tendered him a small piece of money. Malise was in the act of thankfully receiving it, when his master advancing, perceived him, and chid him for doing a thing which, done by his pecuniary friend, might tend to shake his credit more than ever. The Highlander, making his appropriate obeisance, but with the utmost nonchalance, took from his bosom a purse, and handing it to his lordship, addressed him in the following words in Gaelic:—"Here, my lord, see and clear your way with that. As for the gentleman who had the generosity to hand me the half-penny, I would have had no objection to accept of every half-penny he had." The story declares that his lordship's necessity was completely relieved, and that he instantly returned with his faithful vassal to his castle in the Loch of Menteith.'

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SCOTT'S WANDERINGS IN THE GREAT DESERT·

At the age of sixteen, Alexander Scott, a native of Liverpool, sailed as an apprentice in the ship *Montezuma*, commanded by Captain Knubley, and bound from that port to Brazil. On the 26th of October, in the year 1810, the vessel left the Mersey, and on the 23d of November was wrecked on the African coast, somewhere between the Capes Noon and Bajador. In the course of the first day, the crew, who had reached the shore, were visited by two persons, one of them an Arab of the tribe of Toborlet, and the other a negro. The cook of the *Montezuma*, a Portuguese boy named Antonio, and Scott, were desired by Captain Knubley to accompany those men to their habitations. The natives, finding that Antonio had a knife and some copper coin, took these from him; and the consequence was, that the Portuguese boy refused to go further. Scott and the cook, however, proceeded with their guides, and in the evening reached a valley, in which about a hundred tents were scattered, which were all inhabited by Arabs, of brown complexions and slender, bony forms. To the same place next day the captain and the rest of the crew were brought, and the whole resided there in a straggling manner for the space of three weeks. At the end of this period, the Arabs began to break up their tents, and a sort of division or sale of the shipwrecked crew seems to have taken place. Scott was purchased by an old man named Sidi el Hartoni, who had with him three camels. In travelling with this old man, Scott fell in with the boy Antonio, who was in possession of another Arab tribe, and the two attempted to escape together, but they were pursued, caught and beaten. They were next day finally separated; Antonio and his master going off in a south-east direction, while Scott was carried, as far as he could judge, due south, the route being all the way not far from the sea. After seventeen days' marching, during which the travellers rested, and were hosbitably entertained every night at different Arab encampments, the party reached a place called El Ghiblah, at which there was an encampment of thirty-three tents. The district in which they now were, as well as those which they had traversed, was considerably varied in character. The soil generally was a soft sand, with here and there a valley containing water and thickets of wood. El Ghiblah was situated near the sea, and was of a rocky character, being higher for the most part than the surrounding country. Scott saw here plenty of wild fowl, occasionally foxes, wolves, deer, and buffaloes, or an animal resembling them. His occupation was to attend to his master's sheep and goats during the day, and at night he was employed in grinding barley between two flat stones.

Scott remained at El Ghiblah for some months, at the end of which time he was informed that 'the tribe would go a long journey to Hez el Hezsh and that he must go with them, and there change his religion, or die.' The motives of this journey appear to be exactly similar to those which actuate the pilgrims to Mecca, being entirely founded on feelings of devotional reverence for a certain spot or place. The pilgrimages to Mecca are performed by parties or caravans through the Arabian sands, and the Mohammedan Arabs of Western Africa travel in the same way in bodies through their deserts to Hez el Hezsh.

The old man, Scott's master, with his three sons and three daughters, and many others of the tribe, composed a caravan of twenty families. The party mustered between 500 and 600 camels, animals indispensable for such a journey, of which fifty-seven were the property of Sidi el Hartoni. Each family was provided with a tent, which, together with provisions, water, and all their effects, was carried by the male camels; while the young camels, and those that gave milk, had no load whatever. The number of sheep belonging to the caravan was above 1,000, and their goats were nearly as many. They had only five horses, which during the journey were chiefly employed in chasing ostriches, the feathers of which were carefully preserved, and the flesh eaten. They carried with them two jack-asses, and many dogs, chiefly of the greyhound and blood-hound breeds, with which the people killed hares, foxes, and wolves; and on the flesh of all these this tribe occasionally fed. When travelling, the sheep and goats of each family were kept in separate droves. The animals go close together, except when they meet with some vegetation, when they spread, but are easily brought together by the whistling of their driver, or the sound of the horn which he carries. The latter is the most usual method, and soon collects the flocks around the driver; an effect supposed to arise from their apprehension of wild beasts, which drives them to the protection of their keeper. It is said that they can distinguish by the smell the approach of a wolf at the distance of half a mile.

It may well be supposed that such an assemblage as this cannot travel very fast, particularly in a country where, in addition to the fatiguing nature of the climate and soil, apprehensions of attack from wild beasts, or from roving tribes of men, constantly exist, and not without frequent verification. The tents were pitched every night, and the camels and flocks belonging to the family were disposed in front of the family tent, near which fires were kindled for cooking. Should there be any reason to fear an attack during the night, all the tents are pitched in a circular form of encampment, called Douar, within which the cattle are driven, and the men lie among the camels, which immediately rise up on the first alarm.

The camels can go long without food or drink; they browze on the scanty herbage of the desert, and drink as much at once as will serve them a long time. At the very commencement of the route of the caravan to which Scott was attached, the animals were tried sufficiently on this score, as for the first five days not a blade of grass was seen. The party then reached a valley, containing a deep well, which, as the Arabs told Scott, was formed by Christians who formerly possessed the country. For eleven days succeeding, the route lay through a sandy district, the only vegetation visible in which was small bushes, and a low tree called El Myrreh, of the roots of which the cattle were extremely fond. The face of the country by and by showed more vegetation, and considerable quantities of water, or wells, were found, but these were generally so brackish as to be unfit for use. The soil around these wells to a great extent was clayey, and the footmarks of the camels in former journeys served as a guide to the party of Sidi el Hartoni. The caravan often fell in with other Arab tribes travelling like themselves, but they never pitched their tents near each other. This arose partly from fear, and partly from the scarcity of water and food for their cattle. Beasts of prey seldom attacked a party unless they were first molested; but about this part of the route the flocks were attacked in a wood of some extent by a tiger. The camels smelt this animal at a great distance, which was known by their refusing to advance. This tiger killed three men, notwithstanding their firearms, wounded five others, and ended his exploit by carrying off a sheep as lightly and easily as it had been a feather in its mouth. In the same wood, which contained date and cocoa trees and wild oranges, Scott saw a tame elephant in the possession of a party whom they met.

Beyond this wood, he observed no more of the clayey soil which was noticed; and for the next month the district was entirely sandy, though still containing small hills, or rather hillocks, and here and there running streams of brackish water. The caravan then came abruptly on the shores of the vast *lake* or *sea*. The day was extremely clear, and two mountain tops on the opposite shore of this large inland gulf were just visible almost like clouds on the sky. The point at which they had arrived was not that which they intended to reach, for it was an uninhabited country. They proceeded, therefore, along the banks of the lake, and in the same evening arrived at a number of fixed huts, built of canes and bamboos, and called El Sharraz. The surrounding country was of a soft sandy soil, and only partially wooded; but the trees were in general very high. The route from El Ghiblah to El Sharraz had been, upon the whole, as far as Scott could guess from the position of the sun, a little to the southward of east, inclining further to the south towards the end of the journey.

Hitherto no mention has been made of the unfortunate captive's sufferings during this travel. The Arabs themselves endured much and fared ill, but Scott fared much worse, was severely tasked, and frequently most cruelly beaten in addition. His feet and legs were blistered by the burning sand; and if he lagged from fatigue, or slept too long in the morning, his tyrants belabored him with a cudgel. The whole party were often short of water; and at one time, when travelling over the hard ground near the salt and brimstone mines, they were in great distress, having been six days without any water. The resource then was the milk of their goats and camels; and they frequently collected the urine of the latter as a drink in this extremity, and preserved what water was found in the stomachs of several that died. Only one meal was taken by the Arabs, which, when they had grain, consisted of barley flour and goats' milk. When they had none, however, they were obliged to eat the flesh of the dead camels, and their hides also; and locusts were occasionally used by them in extremity as food. All their meat was roasted in such a way that particles of sand and dirt were abundantly mingled up with it, but this was totally disregarded.

Leaving at El Sharraz their cattle and property with two persons of each family, the remainder of the party, to the number of eighty, among whom was Scott, crossed the great lake, called Bahar Tieb,* in a large red wood boat. Here the negroes were first seen by Scott in the character of slaves to the Arabs. The boat had an anchor attached to it, but everything was in the rudest fashion, and three days were spent in the passage. Many other vessels of small size were on the lake, which was composed of a brackish kind of fresh water, and abounded in fish. On landing in the sacred country to which their pilgrimages were directed, the Arabs all kissed the ground three times, and washed their faces and hands with sand, as they did at all times when they prayed. Scott's conscientious refusal to imitate this, procured him a severe beating with sticks; and the men told him further, that when they reached Hez el Hezsh, and Sidna Mohammed —the grave of some near relation of the Prophet—he must become a Mohammedan or die; for if he did not change his faith, Mohammed would rise and kill him.

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* As *Bahar* signifies a navigable sheet of water generally, Tieb we must suppose to be the proper name of this lake. The resemblance of Tieb, in sound to Dib or Dibbie is evident, and the lake is in all probability the same as that on the Niger's course, mentioned by Park, though the Bahar T'eb had no perceptible current.

The party then traversed a mountainous country till they arrived at a valley containing large trees, from the fruit of which an abundant vegetable oil was extracted. Here also was a building, partly built of red stones, and partly of rushes and canes, with one end to the north, and one to the south, and having a large forked pole arising from the roof, on the points of which were two ostrich eggs. This was Sidna Mohammed, the grave alluded to of the chief who was related to the Prophet. By the sides of it were the graves of many pilgrims, which were all marked by small hollows and a stone. In Scott's party were five pilgrims, who seem to have borne a character somewhat resembling the palmers of the old Catholic Church, for they were dressed in white shirts, with red belts round their waists, and in their hands brass boxes containing books and papers. The pilgrims went through similar ceremonies of bowing and kissing the stone, as those performed at Mecca, and all the party, excepting Scott, followed their example. They threatened to kill the poor lad, but his sufferings had made this threat not so terrible as it might have been, and he had the constancy to resist all their endeavors. In consequence of his obstinacy, he was confined to a hut during the remainder of the stay at El Hezsh, and saw therefore little more of their ceremonial observances.

After about a month's stay altogether in this place, the caravan-party re-embarked on the lake Bahar Tieb, and returned to their companions and property at El Sharraz. The hire paid to the proprietors of the boat was three camels for each family conveyed across. Of these valuable animals, several had died during the month, owing, it was supposed, to their having swallowed stones while feeding on the low bushes. The loss of so many camels was a grievance, but the party, notwithstanding, set out on their return. On reaching the wood alluded to as the scene of the adventure with the tiger, they met with a band of negroes, called by the Arabs, Bambarras. These were armed only with bows and arrows, and the Arab party, without the slightest provocation, attacked and defeated them, taking eight of them prisoners. These were bound hand and foot, and the next morning carried away by their captors, who pursued their journey. After a month and a half of travelling, in a different route apparently from that by which they had come, the caravan came to a large valley, where they took up their abode for nearly a quarter of a year. This will not be wondered at, when one recollects that, though they are often more attached to one place than another, scarcely any one spot is the place of birth of two members even of one family, and no one quarter, consequently, has any pretensions to be called their general home. The valley where they now were, supplied them with water and vegetables, particularly one herb resembling the green sauce of Britain, which served as food both to man and beast. When the leaves fell from the trees, and the vegetation began to decay, away went the wandering sons of Ishmael in search of another abode.

They arrived at this time near El Ghiblah, the spot, it will be remembered, from which they started. They never travelled further to the northward than this, for fear of being taken by the Moors of Morocco, between whom and the Arabs—or Moors, for they are of the same race—of the desert a deadly hatred exists. The caravan-party or tribe were now held in much higher estimation than formerly, on account of their having effected the holy pilgrimage, and they got the new title of Sidi el Hezsh Hezsh. This religious exaltation was a source of great trouble to Scott, for since his refusal to change his faith, they treated him much more cruelly, beating him almost daily with sticks.

The dress of the Arab tribes at El Ghiblah is nothing more than a simple blanket or shawl, which is worn both by men and women, the latter having generally silver clasps to secure their covering, and belts. Their marriage ceremonies are very simple. A man who wishes to take a young woman to wife, makes a present of a number of camels to her father, and, in general, without delays, coquettings, or refusals, the girl removes from her father's to her wooer's tent, and the matter is finished. Some attention is paid to the education of children: they are taught to write, and Scott learned their process, which appeared, from his specimens, to be a very rude one.

After the return from the pilgrimage, the Arabs did not sit down in peace to rest themselves; for in twelve days after they came to El Ghiblah, they set out on a plundering expedition, taking Scott with them. Their intention was to attack the tents of their enemies, or rather, the objects of their cupidity, by night; but the alarm had been given by some dogs, and the scheme was frustrated. An open battle was the consequence, in which Scott's companions were the victors. Five days afterwards, however, they were vanquished in turn, and were forced to fly for refuge to some nearly inaccessible rocks by the seaside. Here Scott was of great use to them, though in a most perilous way to the poor captive. He was lowered down from high rocks to the beach, where he collected mussels and fishes for them, without which they would have perished from famine.

This is a sample of the life of suffering and danger which was the lot of poor Scott during all his remaining captivity among the African Arabs; for these restless beings never were at peace, or out of dangerous broils, for one day or hour. He attempted more than once, before his final flight, to make his escape, and on one of these occasions was lashed so severely on the soles of his feet, and burned with a hot iron rod, that it was two or three months before he recovered from the punishment. At last, in the beginning of August 1816, a circumstance occurred which incited him to another trial, in which he was fortunate enough to succeed. He fell asleep while tending his master's herds, and in the meantime a wolf came, killed three sheep, and dispersed the rest of the flock, so that when the slumberer awoke, the dead sheep were all that were visible. Such was his dread of a punishment similar to the last which had been inflicted on him, that he fled instantly towards the sea-shore, along which he travelled for four days and nights in a northerly direction. During this time, his only sustenance was a little fresh water. On the fifth day he met with a Moor, who, though at first wearing a hostile appearance, ultimately received and entertained him in the most hospitable manner. By the Moor's advice, Scott wrote an account of his sufferings and situation to the British consul at Mogador. This letter the Moor himself carried, a distance of 150 miles; and the result was, that Mr. Willshire, the consul, gave a considerable sum in name of ransom to the friendly Moor, and Scott was brought to Mogador, where he was treated with the kindest attentions, and ultimately sent home to England in the brig *Isabella* of Aberdeen. He reached his native land on the 9th of December, 1816, after an absence of six years, spent in sufferings and dangers such as few men are doomed to undergo.

It ought to be mentioned to the praise of Mr. Willshire, the Mogador consul, that to him several others of the crew of the *Montezuma* were indebted for the means of ransom, and the same humane attention which was paid to the unfortunate wanderer.

The above account of the sufferings and wanderings of Alexander Scott for six years among the Arabs, is condensed from a narrative drawn up and published some years ago by Professor Traill, who received the particulars from Scott's own lips, and who states a perfect conviction of their truth in every respect.

MUIR OF AUCHINDRANE.

John Muir, or Mure, of Auchindrane, was a gentleman of an ancient family and good estate in the west of Scotland, bold, ambitious, treacherous to the last degree, and utterly unconscientious—a Richard III. in private life, inaccessible alike to pity and remorse. His view was to raise the power and extend the grandeur of his own family. This gentleman had married the daughter of Sir Thomas Kennedy of Barganie, who was, excepting the Earl of Cassilis, the most important person in all Carrick, the district of Ayrshire which he inhabited, and where the name of Kennedy held so great a sway as to give rise to the popular rhyme—

'Twixt Wigton and the town of Ayr,
Port-Patrick and the Cruives of Cree,
No man need think for to bide there,
Unless he court the Kennedie.'

Now, Muir of Auchindrane, who had promised himself high advancement by means of his father-in-law, saw with envy and resentment, that his influence remained second and inferior to the house of Cassilis, chief of all the Kennedies. The earl was indeed a minor, but his authority was maintained, and his affairs well managed, by his uncle Sir Thomas Kennedy of Culleyne, the brother to the deceased earl, and tutor and guardian to the present. This worthy gentleman supported his nephew's dignity and the credit of the house so effectually, that Barganie's consequence was much thrown into the shade; and the ambitious Auchindrane, his son-in-law, saw no better remedy than to remove so formidable a rival as Culleyne by violent means.

For this purpose, in the year 1597, he came with a party of followers to the town of Maybole—where Sir Thomas Kennedy of Culleyne resided—and lay in ambush in an orchard, through which he knew that his destined victim was to pass, in returning homewards from a house where he was engaged to sup. Sir Thomas Kennedy came alone and unattended, when he was suddenly seized and fired upon by Auchindrane and his accomplices, who, having missed their aim, drew their swords, and rushed upon him to slay him. But the party thus assailed at disadvantage had the good-fortune to hide himself for that time in a ruinous house, where he lay concealed till the inhabitants of the place came to his assistance.

Sir Thomas Kennedy prosecuted Muir for this assault, who, finding himself in danger from the law, made a sort of apology and agreement with the Lord of Culleyne, to whose daughter he united his eldest son, in testimony of the closest friendship in future. This agreement was sincere on the part of Kennedy, who, after it had been entered into, showed himself Auchindrane's friend and assistant on all occasions. But it was most false and treacherous on that of Muir, who continued to nourish the purpose of murdering his new friend and ally on the first opportunity.

Auchindrane's first attempt to effect this was by means of the young Gilbert Kennedy of Barganie—for old Barganie, Auchindrane's father-in-law, was dead—whom he persuaded to brave Cassilis, as one who usurped an undue influence over the rest of the name. Accordingly, this hot-headed youth, at the instigation of Auchindrane, rode past the gate of the Earl of Cassilis without waiting on his chief, or sending him any message of civility. This led to mutual defiance, being regarded by the earl, according to the ideas of the time, as a personal insult. Both parties took the field, with their followers, at the head of about 250 men on each side. The action which ensued was shorter and less bloody than might have been expected. Young Barganie, with the rashness of head-long courage, and Auchindrane, fired by deadly enmity to the house of Cassilis, made a precipitate attack on the earl, whose men were strongly posted and under cover. They were received by a heavy fire. Barganie was slain; Muir of Auchindrane, severely wounded in the thigh, became unable to sit his horse; and the leaders thus slain or disabled, their party drew off without continuing the action. It must be particularly observed, that Sir Thomas Kennedy remained neuter in this quarrel, considering his connection with Auchindrane as too intimate to be broken even by his desire to assist his nephew.

For this temperate and honorable conduct, he met a vile reward; for Auchindrane, in resentment of the loss of his relative Barganie, and the downfall of his ambitious hopes, continued his practices against the life of Sir Thomas of Culleyne, and chance favored his wicked purpose.

The knight of Culleyne, finding himself obliged to go to Edinburgh on a particular day, sent a message by a servant to Muir, in which he told him, in the most unsuspecting confidence, the purpose of his journey, and named the road which he proposed to take, inviting Muir to meet him at Duppill, to the west of the town of Ayr, a place appointed for the purpose of giving him any commissions which he might have for Edinburgh, and assuring his treacherous ally he would attend to any business which he might have in the Scottish metropolis, as anxiously as to his own. Sir Thomas Kennedy's message was carried to the town of Maybole, where his messenger, for some trivial reason, had the import committed to writing, by a schoolmaster in that town, and despatched it to its destination by means of a poor student named Dalrymple, instead of carrying it to the house of Auchindrane in person.

This suggested to Muir a diabolical plot. Having thus received tidings of Sir Thomas Kennedy's motions, he conceived the infernal purpose of having the confiding friend who sent the information waylaid and murdered at the place appointed to meet with him, not only in friendship, but for the purpose of rendering him service. He dismissed the messenger Dalrymple, cautioning the lad to carry back the letter to Maybole, and to say that he had not found him, Auchindrane, in his house. Having taken this precaution, he proceeded to instigate the brother of the slain Gilbert of Barganie, Thomas Kennedy of Drumurghie by name, and Walter Muir of Cloncaird, a kinsman of his own, to take this opportunity of revenging Barganie's death. The fiery young men were easily induced to undertake the crime. They waylaid the unsuspecting Sir Thomas of Culleyne at the place appointed to meet the traitor Auchindrane, and the murderers having in company five or six servants well mounted and armed, assaulted and cruelly murdered him with many wounds.

The revenge due for his uncle's murder was keenly pursued by the Earl of Cassilis. As the murderers fled from trial, they were declared outlaws; which doom being pronounced by three blasts of a horn, was called 'being put to the horn, and declared the king's rebel.' Muir of Auchindrane was strongly suspected of having been the instigator of the crime. But he conceived there could be no evidence to prove his guilt, if he could keep the boy Dalrymple out of the way who delivered the letter which made him acquainted with Culleyne's journey, and the place at which he meant to halt. Muir brought Dalrymple to his house, but the youth tiring of this confinement, Muir sent him to reside with a friend, Montgomery of Skelmorley, who maintained him, under a borrowed name, amid the desert regions of the then almost savage island of Arran. Being confident in the absence of this material witness, Auchindrane, instead of flying like his agents Drumurghie and Cloncaird, presented himself boldly at the bar, demanded a fair trial, and offered his person in combat to the death against any of Lord Cassilis' friends who might impugn his innocence. This audacity was successful, and he was dismissed without trial.

Still, however, Muir did not consider himself safe so long as Dalrymple was within the realm of Scotland; and the danger grew more pressing, when he learned that the lad had become impatient of the restraint which he sustained in the island of Arran, and returned to some of his friends in Ayrshire. Muir no sooner heard of this, than he again obtained possession of the boy's person, and a second time concealed him in Auchindrane, until he found an opportunity to transport him to the Low Countries, where he contrived to have him enlisted in Buccleuch's regiment; trusting, doubtless, that some one of the numerous chances of war might destroy the poor young man whose life was so dangerous to him.

But after five or six years' uncertain safety, bought at the expense of so much violence and cunning, Auchindrane's fears were exasperated into frenzy when he found this dangerous witness, having escaped from all the perils of climate and battle, had left, or been discharged from, the Legion of Borderers, and had again accomplished his return to Ayrshire. There is ground to suspect, that Dalrymple knew the nature of the hold which he possessed over Auchindrane, and was desirous of extorting from his fears some better provision than he had found either in Arran or the Netherlands. But if so, it was a fatal experiment to tamper with the fears of such a man as Auchindrane, who determined to rid himself effectually of this unhappy young man.

Muir now lodged him in a house of his own, called Chapeldonan, tenanted by a vassal and connection of his, named James Bannatyne. This man he commissioned to meet him at ten o'clock at night, on the sea-sands, near Girvan, and bring with him the unfortunate Dalrymple, the object of his fear and dread. The victim seems to have come with Bannatyne without the least suspicion. When Bannatyne and Dalrymple came to the appointed spot, Auchindrane met them, accompanied by his eldest son James. Old Auchindrane having taken Bannatyne aside, imparted his bloody purpose of ridding himself of Dalrymple forever, by murdering him on the spot. His own life and honor were, he said, endangered by the manner in which this inconvenient witness repeatedly thrust himself back into Ayrshire, and nothing could secure his safety but taking the lad's life, in which action he requested James Bannatyne's assistance. Bannatyne felt some compunction, and remonstrated against the cruel expedient, saying it would be better to transport Dalrymple to Ireland, and take precautions against his return. While old Auchindrane seemed disposed to listen to this proposal, his son concluded that the time was come for accomplishing the purpose of their meeting, and without waiting the termination of his father's conference with Bannatyne, he rushed suddenly on Dalrymple, beat him to the ground, and kneeling down upon him, with his father's assistance accomplished the crime, by strangling the unhappy object of their fear and jealousy. Bannatyne, the witness, and partly the accomplice, of the murder, assisted them in their attempt to make a hole in the sand with a spade which they had brought on purpose, in order to conceal the dead body. But as the tide was coming in, the hole which they made filled with water before they could get the body buried; and the ground seemed, to their terrified consciences, to refuse to be accessory to concealing their crime. Despairing of hiding the corpse in the manner they proposed, the murderers carried it out into the sea as deep as they dared wade, and there abandoned it to the billows, trusting that the wind, which was blowing off the shore, would drive these remains of their crime out to sea, where they would never more be heard of. But the sea, as well as the land, seemed unwilling to conceal their cruelty. After floating for some hours, or days, the dead body was, by the wind and tide, again driven on shore, near the very spot where the murder had been committed.

This attracted general attention; and when the corpse was known to be that of the same William Dalrymple whom Auchindrane had so often spirited out of the country, or concealed when he was in it, a strong and general suspicion arose that this young person had met with foul play from the bold bad man who had shown himself so much interested in his absence. Auchindrane, indeed, found himself so much the object of suspicion from this new crime, that he resolved to fly from justice, and suffer himself to be declared a rebel and an outlaw rather than face a trial. He accordingly sought to provide himself with some ostensible cause for avoiding law, with which the feelings of his kindred and friends might sympathize; and none occurred to him so natural as an assault upon some friend and adherent of the Earl of Cassilis. Should he kill such a one, it would be indeed an unlawful action, but so far from being infamous, would be accounted the natural consequence of the avowed quarrel between the families. With this purpose, Muir, with the assistance of a relative, of whom he seems always to have had some ready to execute his worst purposes, beset Hugh Kennedy of Garriehorne, a follower of the earl, against whom they had especial ill-will, fired their pistols at him, and used other means to put him to death. But Garriehorne, a stout-hearted man, and well armed, defended himself in a very different manner from the unfortunate knight of Culleyne, and beat off the assailants, wounding young Auchindrane in the right hand, so that he well nigh lost the use of it.

But though Auchindrane's purpose did not entirely succeed, he availed himself of it to circulate a report, that if he could obtain a pardon for firing upon his feudal enemy with pistols, weapons declared unlawful by act of parliament, he would willingly stand his trial for the death of Dalrymple, respecting which he protested his total innocence. The king, however, was decidedly of opinion that the Muirs, both father and son, were alike guilty of both crimes, and used intercession with the Earl of Abercorn, as a person of power in these western counties, as well as in Ireland, to arrest and transmit them prisoners to Edinburgh. In consequence of the earl's exertions, old Auchindrane was made prisoner, and lodged in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh.

Young Auchindrane no sooner heard that his father was in custody, than he became as apprehensive of Bannatyne, the accomplice in Dalrymple's murder, telling tales, as ever his father had been of Dalrymple. He therefore hastened to him, and prevailed on him to pass over for awhile to the neighboring coast of Ireland, finding him money and means to accomplish the voyage, and engaging in the meantime to take care of his affairs in Scotland. Secure, as they thought, in this precaution, old Auchindrane persisted in his innocence, and his son found security to stand his trial. Both appeared with the same confidence at the day appointed. The trial was, however, postponed, and Muir the elder was dismissed under high security to return when called for.

But King James being convinced of the guilt of the accused, ordered young Auchindrane, instead of being sent to trial, to be examined under the force of torture, in order to compel him to tell whatever he knew of the things charged against him. He was accordingly severely tortured; but the result only served to show, that such examinations are as useless as they are cruel.

Young Auchindrane, a strong and determined ruffian, endured the torture with the utmost firmness; and by the constant audacity with which, in spite of the intolerable pain, he continued to assert his innocence, he spread so favorable an opinion of his case, that the detaining him in prison, instead of bringing him to open trial, was censured as severe and oppressive. James, however, remained firmly persuaded of his guilt, and by an exertion of authority quite inconsistent with our present laws, commanded young Auchindrane to be still detained in close custody till further light could be thrown on these dark proceedings.

In the meanwhile, old Auchindrane being, as we have seen, at liberty on pledges, skulked about in the west, feeling how little security he had gained by Dalrymple's murder, and that he had placed himself by that crime in the power of Bannatyne, whose evidence concerning the death of Dalrymple could not be less fatal than what Dalrymple might have told concerning Auchindrane's accession to the conspiracy against Sir Thomas Kennedy of Culleyne. But though the event had shown the error of his wicked policy, Auchindrane could think of no better mode in this case than that which had failed in relation to Dalrymple. When any man's life became inconsistent with his own safety, no idea seems to have occurred to this inveterate ruffian save to murder the person by whom he might himself be in any way endangered. Bannatyne, knowing with what sort of men he had to deal, kept on his guard, and, by this caution, disconcerted more than one attempt to take his life. At length, Bannatyne, tiring of this state of insecurity, and in despair of escaping such repeated plots, and also feeling remorse for the crime to which he had been accessory, resolved rather to submit himself to the severity of the law, than remain the object of the principal criminal's practices. He surrendered himself to the Earl of Abercorn, and was transported to Edinburgh, where he confessed before the king and council all the particulars of the murder of Dalrymple, and the attempt to hide his body by committing it to the sea.

When Bannatyne was confronted with the two Muirs before the privy council, they denied with vehemence every part of the evidence he had given, and affirmed that the witness had been bribed to destroy them by a false tale. Bannatyne's behavior seemed sincere and simple,—that of Auchindrane more resolute and crafty. The wretched accomplice fell upon his knees, invoking God to witness that all the land in Scotland could not have bribed him to bring a false accusation against a master whom he had served, loved, and followed in so many dangers, and calling upon Auchindrane to honor God by confessing the crime he had committed. Muir the elder, on the other hand, boldly replied, that he hoped God would not so far forsake him as to permit him to confess a crime of which he was innocent; and exhorted Bannatyne in his turn to confess the practices by which he had been induced to devise such falsehoods against him.

The two Muirs, father and son, were therefore put upon their solemn trial, along with Bannatyne, in 1611, and, after a great deal of evidence had been brought in support of Bannatyne's confession, all three were found guilty. The elder Auchindrane was convicted of counselling and directing the murder of Sir Thomas Kennedy of Culleyne, and also of the actual murder of the lad Dalrymple. Bannatyne and the younger Muir were found guilty of the latter crime, and all three were sentenced to be beheaded. Bannatyne, however, the accomplice, received the king's pardon, in consequence of his voluntary surrender and confession. The two Muirs were both executed. The younger was affected by the remonstrances of the clergy who attended him, and he confessed the guilt of which he was accused. The father also was at length brought to avow the fact, but in other respects died as impenitent as he had lived; and so ended this dark and extraordinary tragedy.*

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GOOD AND BAD MEMORIES:

A SPECIMEN OF ANGLO-INDIAN LITERATURE.

The following anecdotic passages occur in an essay on Memory, which appears in a volume, styled *Literary Leaves, or Prose and Verse*, by D. L. Richardson, published at Calcutta in 1836, and which affords a favorable specimen of Anglo-Indian literature:

People remember only those things in which they take an interest. The trader remembers the state of the market; the poet, the state of literature. Let them exchange the subject of their attention, and they will both complain of a want of memory. Sir Walter Scott is said to have possessed extraordinary powers of retention; but what were the things that he most easily retained?—specimens of his own favorite art. Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, gives a curious proof of Scott's retentiveness. I take the following from the Shepherd's *Familiar Anecdotes*:—'He, and Skene of Rubislaw, and I, were out one night about midnight, leistering kippers in Tweed, about the end of January, not long after the opening of the river for fishing, which was then on the tenth, and Scott having a great range of the river himself, we went up to the side of the Rough-haugh of Elibank; but when we came to kindle our light, behold our peat was gone out. This was a terrible disappointment, but to think of giving up our sport was out of the question, so we had no other shift save to send Rob Fletcher all the way through the darkness, the distance of two miles, for another fiery peat.

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* The substance of the above is from *Auchindrane*, or the *Ayrshire Tragedy*, by Sir Walter Scott.

'The night was mild, calm, and as dark as pitch; and while Fletcher was absent, we three sat down on the brink of the river, on a little greensward which I never shall forget, and Scott desired me to sing them my ballad of *Gilman's-cleuch*. Now, be it remembered that this ballad had never been printed; I had merely composed it by rote, and, on finishing it three years before, had sung it once over to Sir Walter. I began it, at his request, but at the eighth or ninth stanza I stuck in it, and could not get on with another verse; on which he began it again, and recited it every word from beginning to end. It being a very long ballad, consisting of eighty-eight stanzas, I testified my astonishment, knowing that he had never heard it but once, and even then did not appear to be paying particular attention. He said he had been out with a pleasure party as far as the opening of the Frith of Forth, and, to amuse the company, he had recited both that ballad and one of Southey's—*The Abbot of Aberbrothock*—both of which ballads he had only heard once from their respective authors, and he believed he recited them both without misplacing a word.'

Scaliger tells us, that in his youth he could repeat 100 verses after having once read them. It is said that Dr. Leyden had so strong a memory, that he could repeat correctly a long act of parliament, or any similar document, after a single perusal. There is an anecdote of an English gentleman, whom the king of Prussia placed behind a screen, when Voltaire came to read him a new poem of considerable length. The gentleman afterwards perplexed the poet by asserting that the poem was his, and repeated it word for word as a proof of the truth of his assertion. Locke, in his description of memory—which description, as Campbell justly observes, is 'absolutely poetical'—mentions that it is recorded of 'that prodigy of parts, Monseur Pascal, that till the decay of his health had impaired his memory, he forgot nothing of what he had done, read, or thought, in any part of his rational age.' Spence records the observation of Pope, that Bolingbroke had so great a memory, that if he was alone and without books, he could refer to a particular subject in them, and write as fully on it, as another man would with all his books about him. Woodfall's extraordinary power of reporting the debates in the House of Commons, without the aid of written memoranda, is well known. During a debate, he used to close his eyes and lean with both hands upon his stick, resolutely excluding all extraneous associations. The accuracy and precision of his reports brought his newspaper into great repute. He would retain a full recollection of a particular debate a fortnight after it had occurred, and during the intervention of other debates. He used to say, that it was put by in a corner of his mind for future reference.

It seems sometimes more easy to exert the memory than to suppress it. 'We may remember,' says Fulton, 'what we are intent upon; but with all the art we can use, we cannot knowingly forget what we would. Nor is there any Etna in the soul of man but what the memory makes.'

'Of all afflictions taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget.'

Mere abstraction, or what is called absence of mind, is often attributed, very unphilosophically, to a want of memory. There is a story told of a man of learning, that being deeply occupied in his study, his servant rushed in, and informed him that the house was on fire. 'Go and tell my wife,' said the scholar; 'such matters do not concern me.' I believe it was La Fontaine who, in a dreaming mood, forgot his own child, and after warmly commending him, observed how proud he should be to have such a son. In this kind of abstraction, external things are either only dimly seen or are utterly overlooked; but the memory is not necessarily asleep. Its too intense activity is frequently the cause of the abstraction. This faculty is usually the strongest when the other faculties are in their prime, and fades in old age, when there is a general decay of mind and body. Old men, indeed, are proverbially narrative, and from this circumstance it sometimes appears as if the memory preserves a certain portion of its early acquisitions to the last, though in the general failure of the intellect it loses its active energy. It receives no new impressions, but old ones are confirmed. The brain seems to grow *harder*. Old images become *fixtures*.

Mnemonica, or the art of memory, was studied by some of the ancients, and an attempt has lately been made to revive it. Mr. Feinaigle, a German, gave instruction in this art in Paris in 1807, and as a reply to hostile critics, he exhibited the progress of fifteen of his pupils. After they had been tried in various ways, one of the pupils desired the company to give him 'one thousand words without any connection whatsoever, and without numerical order; for instance, the word *astronomer*, for No. 62; *wood*, for No. 188; *lovely*, for No. 370; *dynasty*, for No. 23: *David*, for No. 90, &c., till all the numbers were filled; and he repeated the whole—though he heard these words without order and but once—in the numerical order; or he told what word was given against any one number, or what number any one word bore.' But a system of arbitrary association or artificial memory, though it may serve to prove how much a particular faculty is capable of improvement, is more plausible than useful, for to cultivate any one power of the mind to such an extreme degree, is to destroy the balance of the intellectual powers. To be the brilliant pupil of a Feinaigle, a man must give up every other object, and improve one of his faculties at the expense of all the rest. It is more a trick than an art. Fuller advises us not to overburden the memory, and not to make so faithful a servant a slave. 'Remember,' says he, 'that Atlas was weary. Have as much reason as a camel, to rise when thou hast thy full load. Memory is like a purse; if it be overful that it cannot shut, all will drop out.' The same writer makes a ludicrous observation, that 'philosophers place memory in the rear of the head; and it seems the mine of memory lies there, because there men naturally dig for it, scratching it when they are at a loss.' People as often strike the forehead under the same circumstances.

If men were to cultivate their memory with the same assiduity with which they sometimes cultivate their reason, they would soon find that it would keep pace with the advance of the other qualities of the mind. Few people have given it a fair trial, and still fewer know the extent to which it may be invigorated and improved. William Hutton divided a blank book into 365 columns, and resolved, as an experiment, to recollect, if possible, an anecdote of his past life, to fill up each division. He was astonished at the success of his plan, and contrived to fill up 355 columns with his different reminiscences. What a delightful treasure are such recovered relics of the past!

A supposed want of memory is often nothing more than a want of method. Desultory readers and thinkers generally complain of imperfect memories: the reason is, that their thoughts are in a state of chaos. Thus Montaigne, who was irregular and capricious in his studies, though his memory was probably naturally a good one, was perplexed with vague and confused remembrances. Those who run from one subject to another of the most opposite and uncongenial kinds, receive of course but very imperfect and transitory impressions. Southey, though an imaginative writer, does not complain of want of memory, because he is singularly regular and methodical in his studies. Coleridge may have done so, because his thoughts were dream-like and indistinct; but he no doubt recollected the wildest visions and most romantic tales with greater strength and facility than the generality of mankind, though he could not perhaps have carried a domestic pecuniary account in his head from one street to another. When a man finds that he forgets those things in which he takes a deep interest, and which other persons who take less interest in them remember, he may then, but not till then, complain of want of memory. But as no man can remember all things, he must be satisfied to confine the exertions of his memory within a chosen range, and to retain only those things which are the dearest to his heart and the most congenial to his mind.

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THE VALE OF MANOR:

A TALE.

In consequence of some of those civil and domestic broils which disturbed the reign of the beauteous Mary of Scotland, her ill-fated husband found it convenient to retire, for a time, to the castle of Smithfield in Tweeddale, where, with a small retinue, he occupied himself in the pleasures of the chase, and other sports of the country. His residence here was rendered very uncomfortable by the predatory spirit which infested the Borders, and which, according to a historian of the period, was partaken of in no small degree by the inhabitants of Tweeddale themselves. The castle which served as a habitation to Darnley, stood on the side of a hill immediately adjōining the ancient burgh of Peebles, and was then a place of considerable strength, though not a stone now remains to tell its site. Here, then, dwelt the young king when the circumstances occurred which we are about to relate, as the voice of tradition brought them to our knowledge.

The Vale of Manor, situated a few miles to the west of the town of Peebles, is one of the most pleasant of the many glens which send in their tributary waters to the Tweed. For those who love the richly-cultivated field, and the smooth-shaven lawn, the Vale of Manor has few charms; but to those who are admirers of nature in her wilder aspects, who delight in the bold and heath-clad hill, and in the clear, rock-born streamlet, it is a scene full of beauty and interest. Though at the present day only a solitary tree raises its lonely head here and there on the steep declivities, the vale at one time unquestionably formed a part of the tract called the Forest, in the matted woods of which the Scottish monarchs hunted the wild boar and the wolf, as well as game of a less terrible character. But, like Yarrow, Manor now presents only 'the grace of forest charms decayed, and pastoral melancholy.'

Whatever other changes the vale may have undergone, its little mill still remains, in nearly the same situation which it occupied three hundred years ago. We do not mean to aver, that the same tenement in which honest Andrew Tod drew from his neighbors the dues of multure, is still existent; the hand of Time has long since crumbled the old walls into dust; but nearly in the same spot does the stream of the Manor still whirl round a noisy clapper, as it did in the days of Queen Mary. Many an occupant, too, has been resolved into dust, indistinguishable from that of the stone-walls which he inhabited, since the time of the personage we have named. Andrew Tod, the miller of Kirkton, as the place was denominated, was, at the time of this eventful story, a man considerably above sixty years of age, but still rosy in complexion, and unbroken in bodily health. Time had slightly thinned and whitened his temples, but he merited still the epithet often bestowed on those of his trade, of 'a jolly miller.' Andrew bore a high character for honesty—a character which, without antithesis, was *not*, in his times, often bestowed on those of his trade; and the Kirkton miller had obtained, through his honesty and industry, sufficient of the goods of this world to make him comfortable in it. His family for three generations had been occupants of the mill of Kirkton, and Andrew's greatest ambition was to be succeeded in it by his posterity. He had married early in life, but for many years had been unblessed with a family, until his wife brought him a daughter, and died in giving birth to her. The miller's whole affections were thus thrown upon one object, and the little Mary Tod was in a fair way, it might seem, of being from infancy a spoiled child; for her father's love was liker to doting than ordinary parental affection. But circumstances fortunately intervened, which rendered Mary Tod, at the age of eighteen, not only far from being a spoiled child, but a girl of manners and intelligence far above the ordinary maidens of her rank. What these circumstances were, it is necessary that we should explain.

In the preceding reign—namely, that of James V.—the ancient church first began to lose its hold on the respect of the Scottish people. In this reign, at least, the first open defections were made to the reformed doctrines. The Catholics, however, were still in possession of power, and the king himself could not stand out against them, or defend the reformers from their enmity. Hence those who openly professed the new doctrines were in many instances obliged to fly, and to hide themselves, for the preservation of their lives. One of these fugitives, a worthy priest who had attached himself to the new light, had found a shelter in the little retired Vale of Manor. Here he applied himself to the teaching of the rural population around; and such was his utility, and the respect which his learning and manners acquired, that he spent his days in safety while the hour of danger lasted, and when the reformed religion came to be openly professed by the country, continued still instructing the youth of the little vale. His place of refuge had been the cot of a poor widow, whose husband had died about the period of the good priest's arrival, and had left her with an infant boy to provide for as best she might. The small pittance which the priest could afford to her, together with the produce of a little plot of land, constituted the whole of her revenue. Her son, Edward Burnet, was the favorite pupil of the refugee; and well did his progress and attainments repay the care bestowed on him. The miller's fair daughter, also, had been, from her childhood almost, the object of the good priest's instructions; nor was this care thrown away on an unfruitful soil. Edward and Mary were thus often together when children; and as they grew in years, they still continued to receive jointly the lessons of the priest. But whether this arose altogether from a desire of learning, is matter of doubt; and in this dubitation our readers will most probably be inclined to join, after perusing what follows.

It was a clear and pleasant evening in summer, when Mary Tod left the door of her father's comfortable straw-thatched dwelling, and directed her steps to the side of the little stream of the Manor. She was neatly dressed, in apparel of her own spinning; and though it was evidently not her holiday suit, yet everything was arranged with such care as betokened some purpose in her mind of appearing to the best advantage where she was going. As she tripped lightly along the bank of the stream, her comely face and handsome form made her appear like the rural genius of the place. Mary's thoughts, however, were filled entirely with objects of a sublunary and mortal character; and though she was pretty enough for the deity of the stream to fall in love with her, as used to be the case with streams in the days of Homer, she would not, we believe, have broken the *tryste* which she had made with an earthly lover for the flowing tresses of Neptune himself. After a walk of some length, Mary turned into a little glen which sent in its tribute of waters to the Manor, and casting an anxious gaze around for some moments, seated herself at the foot of a solitary mountain-ash, or, as she herself would have called it, a rowan-tree. Here she did not sit long alone, though quite long enough for the slightest pout imaginable to gather on her pretty lip, before she was joined by the person for whom she waited. This was a slender but well-knit young man, dressed in the usual attire of a peasant, but seeming, from his fine intellectual face, as if that were not his proper habiting.

'Do you keep a' your sweethearts waiting for you this gait?' said Mary, starting to her feet when her lover came forward. 'They would need to like you weel, else they wadna tryste to meet you a second time.'

'And so you do like me weel, Mary,' said the youth, slipping with a very inefficient repulse, his arm around the maiden's waist; 'at least you should do it, Mary, for you know how truly, how deeply, I like you.'

'It does not seem sae, Edward,' replied the miller's daughter, not yet altogether pleased, or probably indulging a little in that strange peculiarity of lovers which leads them, in the absence of any great cause of offence, to make the most of any little one that occurs, for the mere pleasure of asking or being asked forgiveness.

In the present instance, however, when her lover informed Mary that his delay was caused principally by a slight illness of his mother, all the coquettish pouting disappeared at once, and the pair, restored to the confiding tone which marked their feelings with respect to each other, began to speak of their situation and prospects. In explanation of these, we may inform the reader, that the miller had set his heart on having for a son-in-law a person familiarly named Will Elliot of Castlehill, whose free manners and show of substance had taken Andrew Tod's fancy. Castlehill was a small but strong tower or keep, with a considerable piece of land attached to it, and situated at a distance of a mile or little more from the mill of Kirkton. Elliot, who was tenant of this place, was a man of about thirty-five years of age, of a roving, swaggering manner, and lavish on all occasions of his money. He had not been many years a resident in the Vale of Manor, and, it was supposed, had brought a great deal of wealth with him, as it was plain that the small farm which he had now occupied could not maintain his expenditure. He kept a set of fine horses, and plenty of servants about him; and by being a good customer to the miller, and spending whole days about the mill, lounging and jesting with him, he had found the way, as we said, to Andrew's good graces; and when he opened a proposal for a marriage, the miller was not averse to it. 'He's a roving kind o' chield,' thought Andrew Tod; 'but Mary wad mak onybody into a gude husband.'

The news of Elliot having opened his addrssses to her with her father's coriald consent, were told by Mary to Edward Burnet at the trysting rowan-tree. 'O Mary,' said the lover, 'I aye thought something like this wad happen. Your father is a rich man, and has a little o' the pride that ever gangs alang wi' riches. But you must promise me,' continued he, speaking with great earnestness—'you must promise me, Mary, whatever becomes o' mysel,' that you never will tak Will Elliot as your husband. He is a bad man, and wad soon break a heart like yours.' Observing that the young maiden only smiled at this, he repeated with greater earnestness: 'Do not think that this is merely jealousy on my part, Mary. Elliot *is* a bad man, and it will be seen and known, maybe, some day before his death yet. You must promise, Mary, not to think o' him.'

Mary, notwithstanding his vehemence, could not help smiling still, but she laid her hand on his arm at the same time, and said with seriousness: 'Have I no gi'en my troth, Edward, to you? Are you gaun to desert me, that you tell me what I am to do regarding other men? They'll be a' alike to me then,' said she with simple feeling.

Burnet's reply to this was such as might be expected from a lover so addressed. But what more passed at this interview it does not seem to us necessary to repeat; suffice it to say, that after a short time they separated, Mary having first assured her lover of her confidence that her father would not hurry her into a match against her will.

Leaving Mary to wend her way to her abode, let us beg the reader to accompany us to Castlehill, the dwelling of the husband whom the miller had chosen for his daughter. The keep of Castlehill was situated on an eminence, formed by the rounded angle of a hill, projecting into the Vale of the Manor, and the tower thus commanded a view both up and down the whole strath. The interior of the house had exceedingly little accommodation; but in those days the whole household, master and servants, mingled so freely together, that less room was necessary. This appeared to be particularly the case with the household of Castlehill; for in a large room, on the evening in question, the master, Will Elliot, not only sat at one board, but appeared to be on terms, in every respect, of perfect equality with his dependents. Half-a-dozen men, dressed as farm-servants, occupied places at the table, and were at this time plying lustily at some ale which stood in flagons before them. 'Ha, my lads,' said Elliot, 'is it not better roving by night here, where we are never suspected, than risking our necks every night, as we did in Teviotdale?'

'I am no sae sure, Will Elliot, but some o' the neighbors will soon suspect us. The last raid we took o'er the hill to Dawick was by gude moonlight, and I am muckle mista'en if what Tam took for a ghost wasna the livin' body o' Ned Burnet, coming up frae seeing the miller's daughter.'

'Curse the brat!' said Elliot; 'I'll spoil his wooing for him. But, lads, d'ye think it was light enough for him to ken us, if it was he?'

Some of the men said No, others said Yes, so that their master, or rather their leader, could not come to any decision on the subject. 'Never mind,' said he at last; 'I can tell you of something new, something better than lifting a sheep or two; for there's aye risk at the selling o' them, when ane wants a pickle hard cash. Has any o' you noticed the gentleman that hunts alone sometimes about the hills?'

'I saw a gentleman wi' a green hunting-dress,' replied the man who spoke before, 'but there was a servant wi' him.'

'He is oftener alone though,' said Elliot, 'and that man, lads, is a prize. He must be one o' the rich young nobles that are staying wi' the young king at Smithfield Castle, for I saw him pay a boy for pointing out his road, out o' a large purse filled wi' the queen's best coin. That purse must be ours—ay, though we should gie his neck a twist for it. Drink to our success, lads.'

More conversation of the same nature passed between the outlaw—for such was his true character—and his midnight followers; but it is not essential to our purpose to repeat all that took place. The result of the consultation was, that two or three of the men, and the outlaw among them, should severally post themselves, as much disguised as possible, at those parts of the hunting-track where they were likeliest to meet with the object of their cupidity.

A few days after this, during which nothing of interest occurred to Mary, her lover, or any other of the personages of this true tale, a gentleman, answering the description given by the outlaw's follower, in so far as regarded the dress, which was a green hunting-coat, was passing slowly along the heights that overlooked the Vale of Manor. The stranger was tall and finely formed, and every point of his attire was in a rich and expensive style.

He was armed only with a *couteau de chasse*, or short hunting-sword, and appeared from his slow, lingering pace, to be awaiting the upcoming of a companion or attendant. He had just reached the side of a copse of underwood, when a man sprang from its cover, and, placing on the stranger's arm a powerful and muscular grasp, demanded roughly the surrender of his purse. But the hunter was in the prime of his youth, and exerting his strength, he shook off at once the hold of our friend Will Elliot, and drawing his sword, stood in his defence. This required a moment's time, during which the outlaw, before proceeding further, gave a shrill call on a whistle suspended from his neck. He then turned with his drawn sword upon the hunter, for, to do Elliot justice, he was afraid of no single man. The sword of the stranger was a short one, but in the two minutes' contest which ensued, the outlaw found that he had to do with a master of fence. One of Elliot's followers, however, who had heard the call, came up at the moment, and the stranger, who saw him approaching, almost gave up his life as lost.

In order to defend himself to the last, he changed his position so far as to get his back to one of the strong copse-bushes. But help was at hand when least expected. Scarcely had the outlaw's follower interposed a single blow, when a strong arm levelled him to the earth from behind with a cudgel. The outlaw turned half round at the unforeseen stroke which deprived him of his assistant, and on seeing whence the aid came, bounded into the copse from which he had issued, and was out of sight in an instant. The hunter, whose blood was heated with the encounter, would have pursued him, but his preserver detained him almost by force. 'It wad be an act o' madness, sir, to pursue him. I ken him, as well as this man lying senseless at our feet, in spite o' their disguises. They are pairt o' a gang, and their companions will not be far off. Let us quit the place, sir, as fast as we can.'

The stranger saw the propriety of following this advice, and the two rapidly left the spot, where the outlaw's follower still lay without signs of life.

The nearest and safest refuge to which Edward Burnet, who was the stranger's deliverer, could conduct the gentleman, was the mill of Kirkton. On their way thither, the stranger inquired into the name and circumstances of his companion, and assured him that the service he had done would not be forgotten. He also learned on whom Burnet's suspicions fell as the authors of the outrage—suspicions which he concurred with Edward in thinking it would be improper to mention without further confirmation. On reaching the miller's house, and detailing what had occurred, old Andrew congratulated the stranger on his escape, and praised Edward for his manliness. 'It maun hae been some o' the same forest-gang that cleared the Dawick barn the other night,' said the miller, speaking of the perpetrators of the attack. 'Within this year or twae, they seem never to be out o' Tweeddale a single night: deil be in their skins!'

Mary Tod also praised her lover; but her praises were confined to kind and admiring looks, which spoke her meaning, however, so openly, that the stranger read them evidently with as much ease as the object of them did. The miller pressed the stranger to remain at the mill all night; but his visitor declined the kind offer, and only requested the protection of some of Andrew's sturdy assistants in the mill as far as the town of Peebles. This was readily granted, though the miller would have been better pleased had the visitor stayed. The truth is, that Andrew was not a little curious to know who the stranger might be; but a certain dignity in the latter's demeanor, and the richness of his apparel, struck the miller with an indefinable feeling of respect, and placed a guard on his lips. The stranger requested Edward Burnet also to accompany him to the burgh town—a request which was at once assented to by the young man, but which the hunter read in Mary's countenance to be not at all agreeable to her. The miller's fair daughter probably thought that her lover had faced enough of danger and shown enough of manliness for one day. But the stranger had a certain purpose to serve, and, in disregard of the damsel's uneasiness, not only took Edward with him, but detained him all night, as the miller's men reported, who had been dismissed by the stranger, with a handsome remuneration, a short way from the town of Peebles, and who carried a message from

Edward to his mother, to prevent any anxiety on his account.

But neither was Mary Tod nor any other person left long in wonder or uneasiness on this subject. At an early hour on the following day, a party of horsemen, above twenty in number, halted for a short time at the mill of Kirkton, on their way up the Vale of Manor. At their head rode the stranger of the preceding day, and by his side Mary Tod observed her lover on foot, acting apparently as a guide to the party. While the stranger conversed with the miller, Edward took the opportunity of stealing for a moment into the house, and of explaining to the anxious Mary what was going on, and why he had been detained all night from his home. The miller's daughter was surprised at the hope and joy which sparkled in her lover's countenance, but his explanation of the cause speedily raised sympathetic emotions in her own breast. 'It is the young king, Mary—Darnley himsel', that was attacked yestreen; and if I am right in thinking, as I took an oath to the best of my belief last night at Smithfield Castle, that it was Will Elliot that played the villain trick, I am a made man, Mary. The farm o' Castlehill, which you ken is the king's land, will be mine. Nae fears o' Andrew refusing his consent then, my ain Mary, and I will be the happiest man alive, wi' the best wife in Tweeddale. But they are moving on to rummage the reiving villain's keep, sae I maun away to lead them.' And in a minute or two, before the miller's daughter could recover from her surprise so far as to get a woman's look at the gallant and princely form of Darnley, the party had moved on to their destination.

It is unnecessary to detail all that passed at the examination of the keep of Castlehill. The outlaw himself, conscious in all likelihood of having been known to Burnet at the time of his assault on Darnley, had absconded; nor was he ever taken, or heard of again in the Vale of Manor. Full evidence, however, of his guilt was found, for the poor wretch who had joined him in the previous day's attack, had crawled home on recovering his senses, and was discovered on his pallet in a state of great suffering. He made a confession of the whole affair, and revealed as much of other deeds as sufficed to banish the rest of Elliot's followers from the kingdom, and gave an explanation of many mysterious robberies that had in the course of several years annoyed and alarmed the country side. Thus was Burnet not only the succorer of the king in the time of need, but his detection of Elliot's misdemeanors turned out also a most important service to the whole district.

We have little more to add, than that Darnley performed his promise to Edward, and bestowed on him the farm of Castlehill, in which the young man led no lonely life; for such was Andrew Tod's thankfulness at the narrow escape he had made from matching his only child with a robber, that it was generally believed he would have given her to Edward though the latter had remained poor as before. As it was, however, to have saved a king, and to be possessor of a farm, were no disadvantages. The young king danced at the wedding of Edward and Mary, which took place on the day on which the bridegroom entered into the lands and house of Castlehill; and henceforward, the tower which had been a den of midnight reivers became the home of a happy and thriving family, one of the junior members of which, to the great satisfaction of Andrew Tod, who lived long enough to see it, became the miller of Kirkton on the Manor.

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NEW THEORY OF THE HEART.

BY D. VEDDER.

The heart has been elevated to a place in general esteem to which it is by no means entitled. . . . . The heart is nothing more nor less than a kind of force-pump to propel the blood through the system, somewhat like a set of city water-works.'—*Chambers' Journal*, No. 338.

When old Galileo first published his system,
A set of old gentlemen strove to resist him;
Like soap-bells their arguments melted in air;
But the dungeon was deep, and the sage immured there;
The doctrine was startling, heretical, new,
But Time with his touchstone has proved it all true.

NEW THEORY OF THE HEART.

My motto is startling, and somewhat like mystery,
But its truth I shall prove by referring to history.

That royal virago, 'enthroned by the west,'
By Raleigh bepraised, and by Essex caressed,
Who gave British civilization a shock,
Sending one to the Tower, and one to the block;
And, determined her whims and caprices to vary,
Imbrued her white hands in the blood of poor Mary;
Whose matin refection was steaks from the rump—
She had not a heart, but a royal force-pump!

King Jamie the Scot, her successor and brother,
He fawned on the shrew, though she murdered his mother;
Gave countless but quiet enormities birth,
Though he held himself Heaven's vicegerent on earth,
And squandered the nation's finances on minions,
Who flattered his humor and backed his opinions;
So at once to this truthful conclusion I jump—
He had not a heart, but a patent force-pump!

His son, whom Old Noll on the battle-field baffled,
Atoned for his Star-chamber crimes on the scaffold:
But, sympathy, feeling, and sorrow apart,
If truth must be spoken, he had not a heart;
Though I hold in abhorrence the doom of the Rump—
The 'martyr' had only a royal force-pump!

When Charles his son was brought back from the Hague,
He solemnly swore to the 'National League;'
But his oaths were engraven on water, not stone,
So he sabred the lieges who buttressed his throne;
Ungrateful, capricious, licentious, and mean,
Despised in his harem, and loathed by his queen;
A vassal of Louis, he truckled and sold
His influence, such as it was, for French gold;
So his memory resembles an old rotten stump—
He had not a heart, but a carious force-pump!

That essence of selfishness, rancor, and pride,
Of worldliness, meanness, with genius allied;

A dignified churchman at war with the world,
Who from his foul armory poisoned shafts hurled
At gentleness, beauty, the loves, and the graces,
Nay, thunder-bolts launched at his foes in high places:
Say, where is the right-minded man in the nation
Can read his memoirs, and suppress indignation?
Vanessa the tender, and Stella[*] the bright,
Both sickened and died for this clerical fright,
This Dean of St. Patrick's—who shed not a tear
O'er their beautiful ruins, when laid on the bier:
He was of the 'earth, earthy,' a base-minded lump,
He had not a heart, but a rotten force-pump!

The Twickenham bard immortality won,
He blazed o'er his age like a tropical sun;
And beauty, and fashion, and royalty vied
With the masses of mankind to flatter his pride;
And fortune and elegance furnished his table;
But his little force-pump was as hard as a pebble;
When incense was offered spontaneous and free,
He kicked down the censer, and eke devotee;
He cruelly, basely, lampooned Lady Mary,[†]
Because in opinion they happened to vary;
Though erst he adored her as nymph and as goddess,
And retained as a relic the string of her bodice;[‡]

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[*] In consequence of the cruel and unaccountable conduct of Swift, Vanessa, alias Miss Vanhomrigh, was seized with a delirious fever, and died in resentment and despair. In like manner, Stella, or Mrs. Johnson, died of a lingering decline, four years after the death of Miss Vanhomrigh. 'Thus perished these two innocent, warm-hearted, and accomplished women, so rich in all the graces of their sex; so formed to love and to be beloved, to bless and to be blessed; sacrifices to the demoniac pride of the man they had loved and trusted. But it will be said:" "Si elles n'avaient point aimé, elles seraient moins connues:" they have become immortal by their connection with genius; they are celebrated merely through their attachment to a celebrated man. But oh, what an immortality! won by what martyrdom of the heart! And what celebrity! not that with which the poet's love, and his diviner verse, crown the deified object of his homage, but a celebrity purchased with their life-blood and their tears!'—*Mrs. Jameson's Romance of Biography*, vol. ii. p. 240.

[†] 'You shall see,' said Lady Mary Wortley Montague, referring to Pope's Letters, 'what a goddess he made of me in some of them, though he makes such a devil of me in his writings afterwards, without any reason that I know of.'—*Spence.*

[‡] 'In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes,
Of hanging mountains, and of sloping greens;

By virulence prompted, at length he despised her,
And—shameful to letters!—the bard satirized her.
His gallantry, sure, must have lodged in his hump;
For he had not a heart, but a crooked force-pump!

But patience, alas—ingenuity—time
Would fail the poor poet to hitch in his rhyme
One tithe of the deeds of the historical heartless—
Besides that the Muse thinks it is not her part less
To sing how poor Chatterton, Otway, Kirke White,
Burns, Lovelace, Keats, Butler—all children of light—
Whom, e'en for its own sake, the world should have cherished,
In the midst of their days and celebrity, perished
From want, or from noble or critical malice,
While dunces have often been lodged in a palace.
So she sings, like Northumbria's bard, 'in the dumps,'[‡]
For men have not hearts, but a set of force-pumps.

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LETTERS OF THE UNLETTERED.

Bad spelling is often a very amusing thing, not only from the strange twists it gives to meaning, but from the absolute ingenuity which appears to be exercised in making such egregious departures from all recognized orthography. No man who knows how to spell, and is accus-

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Joy lives not here—to happier seats it flies,
And only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes.'

'These sweet and musical lines, which fall on the ear with such a lulling harmony, are dashed with discord when we remember that the same woman who inspired them was afterwards malignantly and coarsely designated as the Sappho of his satires. The generous heart never coolly degraded and insulted what it has once loved; but Pope *could* not be magnanimous—it was not in his spiteful nature to forgive.'—*Romance of Biography*, vol. ii. p. 300.

[*] The unknown author of *Earl Percy* thus singeth:

'For Widdrington I must bewail,
Like one in doleful dumps.'

tomed to do so, could possibly—unless a Smollett or a Thomas Hood—produce such felicitous departures from all rule of letters as 'A gustus pease' for a justice of peace, or 'Her lifs Won Ho curs a Goos,' for here lives one who cures agues. This is a kind of comicality which the mind only can produce at a certain stage of its progress. We grow beyond it, as we grow beyond the mirth-exciting whimsicality of the child, and then are only fit for plain and sober correctness. It differs, however, from the drollery of the child, in as far as it is always very serious and unconscious. The bad speller is a grave wag. He goes on as solemnly with his mirth-exciting blunders as if there were to be no laughing in the matter; and you almost burst, while not a muscle in his face has sustained the least change.

We wish here to present a small collection of mis-spellings to the reader, for the amusement of a few idle minutes; but in doing so, it is difficult to observe any sort of order or arrangement. The first that comes to hand chances to be a letter addressed to a horse-doctor in a certain town of the west of England:—

TRAWSFYNYOLD, *near Barmouth*, *Feb.* 22, 1821.—Dear Doitor, I have take this Pleasure of Inform you that my Legis rather better evry Day and almost quite well—and so I am very much obleige to you, and very Glad that I meet with you, and I shall not forget you in my life—and I will geive youar Carictor to evry body that is in my power—and I do say that I never see such good Doctor never—and If any thing in my power to do to you I will with willing and easly make it—I do Geive my best respect to my Dear Doctor and to Miss —— and all youar good family—this from the Walce woman that you have Cuareed—your Wellissher

GWEN ELLIS.

Carictor with medical men is everything—of which a lively illustration will be found in the following epistle from a knight of the post to a certain long deceased aspirant for the honors of that profession:—

LETTERS OF THE UNLETTERED.

TO DOCTOR ——

HOND. SIR, as I see you ave afferdavitts at the end off your bil, I shall be ridy to sarve you as chep as anybodey in London will do. I ave bin imploide by a grat maney Doctors to sware for him, and I will sware wat you plese, butt you must kep itt a siccritt. I ham verry thin in my bodey, and lok siccely, so as how the justis will belleve I ave ben ceurd. I will sware before my Lord Mare, or any of the sittin Aldurmens excep Justis Feildin, for he fond me out once, for swarin falsley for the Grek Water Doctor. I wil alsoe draw up the Afferdavids if you plese, for I was bred to phizzic myself, and no most of the turms and ard words. Mye price for a Kanser is five shillings and the same for the fool dizzies, and the Kin zevil. Plese to dirrec for me at Mrs Jonson's in London Cheapside.—Your humble sarvant to command,

JOHN WITTAKER.

P. S.—I shant sware by mye one name, but aney others, and my wif will sware alsoe iff you want her.

If the effect of bad spelling depends much, as we think it does, on the appearance of seriousness which it always bears, we may well expect especial subjects for mirth in ill-spelt love-letters, seeing that love is always a very serious passion, and somehow unusually so in that department of society which is most apt to set orthographical rules at defiance. The immediately following specimen will be generally regarded as supporting this hypothesis. It is, however, a love-letter of a very peculiar kind, being addressed by a poor lad, not to a genuine sweetheart, but to a married lady who had lodged some time in his mother's house, and whose sweetly pleasing manners had raised in his breast a feeling of enthusiastic, but perfectly innocent affection. We print from a scrawled copy, taken at the time, and which has survived, in our desk, the loss of many more precious documents :—

NEWHAVEN 22 *September* 1821.

My Nearst and Dearst frind, I take the first oportunity of ritting you thes fue Lines to let you no that we are all well in health But very Low in Spirets for you have left a fue frinds to Lament your absens very much for the day that I partad with you it was one of the sorrayfullst days that ever I had in my Life and God knowes if ever we met in our Liftim agan But if at should ples god to let us met agin, I hope we will met in good spirets for I am in very bad spirets at this time. I hope you have had a prospers pasage to London and O doo not forget to write to me by the first stem vesel coming to scotland for I Long very much to hear of your wellfer and I hop God well be with you and o my dear mack—— take to great care of yourself in London for my mind well never be essa till I her from you witch hop you will not forget to doo and if you doo not find your self hapy in London come Back to Scotland as long as I ame abel al work for you so no more at present from your kind Lr. ————

[*P.S.*] all frinds her have got thir Love to you and Mr. ——— and me is drinking your health your por Tome is with his Grandmother.

In the following, the lady is commendably cool and prudent, and the bad spelling and no-punctuation seem to give additional energy to her resolution, as personal clumsiness contributes to the appearance of strength. The best of the joke is, that the 'Double U' to whom the document is addressed, printed it long afterwards, as a warning to young misses to be more attentive to their spelling-books:

Dear Double U, I Was very sorry for What hapnead betwext My father and you But We could not healp it For it Whas nothing But I expectead for my Sister—is a going to be Mairrid and it will Maike one less in hour famnily but I hope you will not Think nothink of like favours that as past Betwext you and me as my fathar and you as fell out it whold Be of little youse to Carry on Correspondance—For thears alwase one or annother Calling at my sisters—and then the Whold be finding us out and then it Whod be Whorse—Then When love had got at a head it Mite Be Of Very serous Consaqunce and (as spesley) if My father & Mother Whod not give their

Consents But I shall allways have a Respect for you As I hove had no other (accation)

I Remaine your Effectinate.

But neither of the above epistles can be at all compared with that which follows. Here the uncertainty of the lady as to the intentions of her lover, her economy in the matter of the picture, her threats of the wrath of her relations, combine to make up such a missive of love as perhaps was never before or since penned. The spelling at the same time so completely out-Winifreds Winifred, that we might suppose it fiction, if its genuineness were not well attested :—

Höwshippers Aphartment, 27 *fibyochairy* 1800.

Sur, i am rathur supperisd that sins my Litter you ave knot pust mattars farthur housumdevver I am stil villian to belheave you vil not nigglehect me i thairfwhore vishes to ave ure pikther vich i am tould is costumhari on such okeaishuns i have a friend a Cunnysewer hoo as a Pikther of vun of our famhille that vith a littil Halterashun he sais vil bee as lik yu as possibil and vos paynted by a wery unheniint mastur in the days of Holeifear Kramwel this yu nose vil saive Expance and i vil giv u a rin sit rownde vith mi one Hare but if u are knot serouse I must tel u i vil knot be humbuggd for i ave tu rispectabil rilashuns in lundun hoo are unkils vun is Kochemun to a humpassadore the uther a turki marchant in hunnilain market belhsides anuthur unkil in the cuntury hoo is juist ass of pese and vil awl se me ritehead if u mens to slit and dishert me tho i thinks with vat i tould u i had bifwhore and vat u ave put tughether we mit bee weary kumfurtable. But i incesst upon hit that i may hav sum riggleher kontlushun how to rigglehate myself ackordinly.

Ures as you dimhean ure self, E——B——

As an offset against this rousing appeal, may be given the following lament from a swain respecting the faithlessness of one of the gentler sex. The grave speculation about the 'constatution' of those beings called ladies is admirable :—

LIVERPOOL 18 *Decr* 1826.

Sir the Saying that the happiness of a man's Life Depends upon the State of his mind is a trouth to which I have given much Stuedy the Steadier a man's mind is so the more continued must be his happiness or Misery—But to explain the Constatution of a woman is more than I shall pretend—Anxious to apear in your list of marriages I have had the misfortune to pay my addresses to one who called herself a 'Lady' and whome I understoode when married would wish to Live Genteel and Respectable (all right) and after the Greatest expressions of 'Love' on her part I took to myself the liberty of asking her In marriage to which after twenty four hours Concideration She Consented—Having Settled Between us the rest of the Business therewith Conected I thought that nothing more remained untill the expiration of the Given time But Barely the keeping up of a Corrospondance—But alas when my mind had just running upon the pleasure I was just about to Injoy arriseing from wedlock I found Like many others that she was too 'old' for me—She told me she had changed her mind and after reminding her that she had given her hand and sworn to be true She said that in saying the Devil tempted her Little Did She think that I had got nothing at all ado with what Business was transacted Between her and the Devil—However I am informed She is at present hapy while my ennimy and only nine nights ago She was hapy and my friend—How queer is the Constatution of them Beings who call themselves 'Ladies'—I am yours &c E S

A few of a miscellaneous description will conclude the present paper. When the census of the population was to be taken in 1821, the superintending officer in Limerick received two applications for employment, of which the following are copies:—

Sir—I propos to tak the *Censures* of the Enhabytans of this City myself.

Sir—I offer myselve to take the *senses* of the people under the Act of Parliament.

Mr. Shetky, the eminent marine-painter, when at Portsea a few years ago, received the following from a man who was exhibiting a whale:—

TO MR. SHATKEY ESQ.

ANKER AN HOAPS, PORTSA.

Dear Sur, as i bin henfornd you pantes beests i wants you to pante my wale if you can i wants on dun Cumplate to hang up in frunt off my new wan which is 27 foot long by next Satterday i got sum Canvus from mr. Rands which i thinks will jest Do for the gob i gos away to morrow pretty Sharpish as i wants you to meet me att the anker and hope prevus before i gos to take his dimenshuns and Settle about the price i am Dear Sur your umbul Sarvant, T. SAVAY.
if you looks upon top o Sundays paper you will see i am the proprietor of the wale an your mony is Shure as the bankers nows me.

A gentleman received the following with reference to a servant's situation:—

Apriel 4th 1823.—Mr. —— If you place to inform Mrs. —— to shute here shelph with a sarvent As I have ingaicht in a Nother place where the wighis will answer bitter.

The following, from a gardener to his master, is so ingeniously out of all rule, that an explanation is added:—

Honred Sir,—My wif an I have taken the Ian from Winsor. Jenny Cedar has lost her head, the rest of the scrubs are all well. The Oxen are come down to praise the Gods. From your humble servant, &c.

What he meant to say was as follows:—

Honored Sir—My wife and I have taken the influenza. The Virginia cedar has lost its head: the rest of the shrubs are all well. The auctioneer came down to appraise the goods.

A lady at Pontypool received the following from a man who had some concern in farming a part of her property:—

Fepuy 28 1823.

Mrs I do tak this Lipart to cend you this few Linds which I hop you will Recive saft mr Lowrens and I cannot ceddle [settle] far the land I have offer him the possecon this Day if he will give me or at Lest order his friend to give me Ras Ras the vallow oft my Burning which I have tak good yeal of truble to clear yor ground and now it is Redy for good crop and Now I hop that you and my young mrs will have the goodness to wait A liddle Longer for yor Demands, as I do make up my mind that I chall Not give up the Land till I this yer will pay your Demands I Will cend you Down at mit cummer day one years Rent and the Reast all in this year I will not keep your Land no Longe time than I can collect yor Demands Mr. Lowrens have told me that he have Rot to you that I not have yeney way to pay you which I neve ced none of the kind you may be quit and yeacy About I chall not do your Land no Dameg nor in yor owds no Lost I will not Bing my chelf to no hopl No mor hat prcent you hump cervant RAS RAS.

ESCAPE FROM ROTHSAY JAIL.

The following anecdote, which appeared a number of years ago in the newspapers, is worthy of preservation as a curious illustration of the maxim with respect to keeping a thing seven years in the hope of finding a use for it:—A man of the name of Douglas was tried at Inverary for some petty depredation, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment in Rothsay jail. But the culprit had been accustomed to a roving life, and as his new quarters by no means accorded with his ideas of comfort, the thought soon struck him that it was possible to change them. His cell happened to be on what is called the ground-floor, and, in addition to a chair, table, and bedstead, displayed an old-fashioned rusty grate, which, for years on years, had to all appearance chased away no contiguous damp—emitted no cheerful blaze. From this grate he wrenched one of the ribs or bars, and although the instrument was not above nine inches long, and one in diameter, he made so good a use of it, that, in the course of a very few hours, he fairly undermined the wall of his prison. The aperture, though small, enabled him to drag his body through; but after creeping out, he had the temerity to creep in again, and, from whatever motive, secreted the disparted portion of the grate in a corner of the yawning chasm above. Afterwards, he found his way to Greenock, was allowed to work his passage in a vessel bound to North America, and remained in that country several years. Tiring, however, of the New World, he revisited Scotland; and in the hope, no doubt, that both his crime and his escape had been forgotten, ventured once more among the wilds of Argyleshire. The fiscal of the district, unaware, perhaps, of the man's return, or not deeming the matter of much importance, offered him no molestation at first; but he was soon caught in a new offence, and from necessity or oversight, relodged in the identical cell he had broken. All the world have heard of Monsieur Tonson's witty tormentor; and as the first thing he did on his return from India was to ring the astounded Frenchman's bell, so our hero had no sooner been left to himself, than he began to explore the area of the chimney in quest of an old and valued acquaintance, which had served him at a pinch, and might do so again. And he found the instrument where he had left it! as fit for mining work as ever, and with fewer changes on its substance or surface than time and climate had made on his own weather-beaten frame. To work, therefore, he set a second time, and was again so successful, that he had his foot on the heath, and saw the sun rise on his native mountains, at an early hour on the following morning. As the circumstance excited a good deal of interest, diligent search was made for the Baron Trenck of the Isle of Bute; but it was all to no purpose. He escaped to a distant part of the country, and betook himself to more lawful courses, not having faith, it would appear, that good-fortune would serve him so well a third time.

SINGULAR PRESERVATION OF A LIFE.

The following anecdote of a life preserved under extraordinary circumstances, is related in *Varilla's History* (French) *of Charles IX.* The incident occurred at the siege of Rouen in 1562:—

'An accident which happened to the most daring and hardy of the besieged, deserves to be told. Francois de Civille, a young Calvinistic nobleman in the neighborhood of Rouen, had entered that city before it was besieged, and had been appointed, by Montgommeri, to command a company of foot-soldiers, with orders to guard a station between the gate of St. Hilaire and Les Fourches. In this place, he was shot in the right cheek by a musket-ball. The violence of the ball, which penetrated a long way into his head, threw him from the top of the ramparts down to the ground, where the pioneers were working at an intrenchment. These unfeeling men, too much familiarized with scenes of blood to be moved by pity, considered Civille as dead, or at least they imagined that he would very soon be so; despoiling him of his clothes, they paid themselves beforehand for the sepulture they were about to give him; and although he was but half-dead, they cast him into a grave by the side of a soldier whom they were then interring. He had been buried six hours when the assault terminated. His groom, who was waiting *with his horse for him*, observing that he did not return, and hearing a confused rumor that he was dead, went to Montgommeri to ascertain the fact, who told him in what manner he believed Civille had been killed. The groom, much grieved, begged that at least they would show him the place where his master was buried, in order that he might take away his body, and convey it to his relatives. Jean le Clére, a lieutenant in the guards of Montgommeri, offered to show him the place. The night was very dark, and they durst not take a light with them, as the enemy would have fired at them immediately. However, the lieutenant had marked the grave so exactly, that the groom found the two bodies; but the wounds that they had received in the face, and the mud with which they were be-smeared, had so disfigured them, that it was not possible to distinguish Civille from the other; thus the groom was compelled to replace them in the grave whence he had taken them. The danger to which he exposed himself in performing this melancholy duty, and the distraction of his mind occasioned by his singular adventure, allowed him to do it with so little exactness, that he left one of the arms uncovered. He returned, overwhelmed with grief; but as he was about to enter the street, and had lost sight of the spot where he had buried his master, he turned his head to look at it once more. The moon, which was rising, enabled him to perceive the arm lying out of the ground; and the fear lest it might allure the dogs to grub up the bodies and devour them, had so much influence over him, as to induce him to go back for the purpose of covering the arm. In taking hold of it, he found a ring on one of the fingers, which had escaped the observation of the pioneers, who had been in too great haste to make a particular examination. He recognized the diamond that Civille had been accustomed to wear; then unburied his master; and finding, on taking him up, that he was still warm, placed him on his horse, and conveyed him to the monastery of St. Claire—the place destined for the wounded. The surgeons having examined Civille, deemed it useless to dress his wounds, and restored him to the groom, who, not knowing what to do, took him to the inn where he abode. In this place he remained four days without taking any nourishment; and on the fifth day, Grente and Le Gras, two celebrated physicians, having heard that he was still alive, went to visit him, more from curiosity than with any hope of being able to afford him relief. They forced his mouth open, cleaned his wounds, and discovered, on applying the first dressing, that nature had yet sufficient strength to recover, provided she were seconded by art; and, indeed, he began to recover, to the great astonishment of the inhabitants of Rouen. When that city was taken, some Catholic officers who had had a quarrel with the brother of Civille, ran to the inn where they had heard he resided. The persons who had informed them were mistaken, for the two brothers bore the same name. The intention of the officers was to kill their enemy; and their vexation when they found that he had escaped their revenge—for he had already left Rouen—was so great, that they wreaked their vengeance on his unfortunate brother. However, they were not willing to finish it entirely themselves, but commanded their servants to throw him through the window; which order was immediately executed. But nothing can take away the life of a man when his last hour is not arrived. Civille fell upon a dunghill that was unobserved by those who threw him through the window, and as their thoughts were only fixed on pillaging the room as speedily as possible, in order that they might hasten to do the same elsewhere, they put themselves to no more trouble about what was become of him than their masters had done, who had gone out after having given their order. He remained three days on the dunghill without receiving any nourishment, until his servant informed his relatives of what had happened to him. One of the most charitable of them, by means of a bribe, prevailed on the Catholic soldiers to remove him from that place, and to convey him to a country-house near Rouen, where he recovered, and lived almost fifty years afterwards.'

This story appeals so strongly to the feeling of wonder, that the mind is almost disabled for forming a steady judgment as to its perfect naturalness. Yet, quite natural it must of course have been. The explanation is, that Civille experienced much of what seems usually to produce or attend death, but yet never received exactly that kind or amount of injury which is sufficient for the purpose. On the other hand, death is often produced from apparently trivial causes—sitting in a draught, or the cutting of a toe-nail. The uninformed mind, seeing some resist what appears so much, and others sink under what appears so little, are apt to think it is all a matter of fatality. If better informed on the subject, they would in every case find that the apparently small injury was in reality the greatest—the sitting in a draught, for instance, producing a general stoppage of one great function of the system, and the cut toe leading to such a derangement of the nervous apparatus that no other derangement could be equal to it. The same explanation serves for another too common wonder—the deaths of the young and strong, while the old and feeble linger on to old age. All depends on the acuteness of the injury. The feeble body, properly nursed and protected, will long retain life, if it escape severe attacks; while the healthiest and most robust frames are unable to stand against fevers, inflammations, and other short and sudden maladies. We have sometimes flung a useless piece of paper upon the coals, and been surprised half an hour after to find it not consumed; whereas, on other occasions, useful papers, flung in by mistake, have perished instantaneously. But, in the first case, the flame was just beginning to burst through the superior cake of black coal; while, in the second, the fire was glowing like a furnace. To suppose here a fatality against useful papers, would be exactly the same absurdity as to conceive that healthy lives ever give way before injuries less severe than those which feeble lives are enabled to endure.

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SCENES AND STORIES OF VILLAGE LIFE.

BY MISS AGNES SRICKLAND.

THE VALENTINE.

The anniversary of St. Valentine's Day, disregarded as it now is in refined society, is still a season of pleasing excitement among village lovers in humble life; and to them this almost solitary relic of ancient national customs is scarcely less precious, than when high and low throughout the land met in merry mood to choose their valentines.

It is true, that the rhyming ware which formed the subject of the epistolary valentines of the English peasantry, like their Christmas carols and epitaphs, have from ancient times contained little true poetry, and scarcely any variety; nevertheless, the doggerel verses were always acceptable to whomsoever they were sent, and the meaning was by no means difficult to be comprehended.

Some years ago, when the art of penmanship was scarcely known among the peasantry, the parish-clerk, if actually possessed of that rare accomplishment, was commonly employed as valentine-writer and reader-general to the unlettered lovers of the congregation. This, of course, proved an annual source of profit to the sagacious scribe, who never exercised his clerkly skill for a smaller consideration than a silver tester, and not unfrequently received a handsome gratuity over and above, as a sort of good-luck offering, from some of the most anxious among his gentle clients. Our old parish-clerk and sexton—these offices are always united in a country village—was the greatest match-maker in the district, Heaven rest his soul! It was, in sooth, his interest to nurse up all love affairs to a matrimonial conclusion, on account of the fees which fell to his share, in his official capacity, for his assistance in the performance of the marriage-service.

Nehemiah Dowton was an ancient bachelor, who, for the honor of the church of which he considered himself a dignitary, avoided all occasion of scandal, by dispensing with the services of a housekeeper, and performing all the domestic offices for himself; by which means he contrived to maintain an unsullied reputation, and to preserve inviolate such of the secrets of parishioners as were confided to his keeping. In short, Nehemiah was a sort of Protestant Father Lawrence, whom any rustic Juliet among the lambs of his flock might visit and employ in the most delicate affair with perfect safety.

Nehemiah's memory was well stored with the most approved valentine-verses and their variations. An original valentine in those days was a thing of rare appearance, and when received, was perhaps scarcely so well understood or relished as the old-established formula which had descended from generation to generation. Great, however, were the cogitations and consultations between Nehemiah and his clients, if it happened that the latter were desirous of the alteration or interpolation of a couplet or quatrain in one of these standard valentines, in order to make it bear upon some peculiar circumstance or personal feeling. When this was the case, Nehemiah, being slow of study in the art of poetry, generally requested three weeks' or a month's notice to prepare his brief, for which, moreover, he always expected a double fee.

One moonlight evening in January, our rosy dairymaid Dorcas, after bringing home her flowing pails, and setting out the milk in the red earthenware bowls with which the dairy shelves were neatly ranged, went forth a second time, and made a temporary elopement across the fields and byways to the residence of old Nehemiah, in order to seek his counsel and assistance in a matter that required the most anxious consideration.

Poor Dorcas had been in very low spirits for the last three months. She had ceased to sing pastoral ditties at milking-time, or to move her dairy scrubbing-brush with her wonted vivacity; she had eaten no plum-pudding on Christmas-day, moped during the merry-makings of New-Year's Eve, and refused to have anything to do with drawing king and queen, or any other of the maskings and mummings practised in the servants-hall on old Christmas-night, or the feast of the kings. Dorcas was a person of a secretive disposition, and therefore did not choose to relieve her mind by talking of her disquiet; yet it was pretty generally whispered, 'that she was crossed in love; for her young man, as she called Peter Fenn, Farmer Drake's horse-driver—in Suffolk, ploughmen are always styled *hoss*-drivers—had not been to see her for more than twelve Sundays past; so no doubt Peter kept company more with Hannah Brown, Mrs. Drake's cook and dairymaid, which, as she was his partner, was kind of to be expected, and was more convenient for Peter than walking across so many fields and pightels after Dorcas.'

These insinuations had had the effect of saddening all the festivities of that jocund season, and, indeed, of rendering everything of the kind intolerable to the mortified damsel. It was to no purpose that the other female servants strove to comfort her. Dorcas was sullen and froward with every one in the house. 'She did not wish to be pitied,' she said: 'and begged them to mind their own business, and not trouble themselves about her affairs.' Furthermore, Dorcas forbade any one to mention the faithless Peter's name in her hearing again, by which prudent step she escaped the mortification of some malicious condolences, and of listening to many aggravating reports of his attentions to her rival. But though her feminine pride, and the reserve natural to her character, induced Dorcas to carry matters off with so much independence, the pent-up grief pressed heavily at her heart, and, after brooding over the subject for some weeks, she suddenly took the resolution of proceeding to our wise man of the parish, Nehemiah, and craving his assistance in carrying her project into execution. Nehemiah was sitting alone at his old oaken table, with an hour-glass before him, spectacles on nose, reading for the thousandth time Sternhold and Hopkins' version of the Psalms, when he was interrupted by the appearance of this unexpected visitor.

Dorcas looked like anything rather than a love-lorn damsel, when she entered with the bright tints of her plump round cheeks heightened by the frosty air and the haste she had used, her flaxen hair blown into dishevelled ringlets, and her gay blue eyes sparkling through her tears. Our monk-like clerk was startled into something like an unwonted note of admiration at the agreeable vision that thus suddenly broke in upon his solitary studies.

'My old eyes are quite dazzled through my *spettacles*, Mistress Dorcas, by those rosy cheeks of yours, that look brighter than Christmas berries-to night. O lauk! O lauk! if I were but a young man for your sake!' cried Nehemiah, holding up his lamp, and scanning his comely visitor from head to foot.

Dorcas turned away with a toss of the head.

'Well, well, young woman, don't be scorny,' said Nehemiah: 'civility is always worth a smile in payment; and I dare say now you want me to do something for you that you can't do for yourself.'

Dorcas placed a sheet of paper, a new pen, and a silver tester, on the old oaken table before Nehemiah, with a deep blush and a heavy sigh.

Nehemiah understood a hint as well as some persons would a succinct direction. He shut his psalter, trimmed his lamp, turned his hour-glass, reached down his inkhorn, arranged the sheet of virgin paper in the proper position on the back of a superannuated leather letter-case, that had once been, like the inkhorn and oaken table, vestry furniture—tried the nib of the pen against his thumb-nail, then dipping it into the inkhorn, motioned to Dorcas to take a seat on the carved church chest in which he kept his Sabbath suit of rusty black and the parson's surplice—looked the damsel full in the face, and pointing significantly to the paper, inquired her instructions in the following laconic terms: 'Epistle or valentine?'

'Valentine,' ejaculated Dorcas, in a faltering voice.

'Good!' said Nehemiah, referring for the day of the month to Moore's old almanac, which reposed beside his psalter. 'Let me see—oh, January twenty-first; St. Agnes to speed; lucky day, Dorcas, for love affairs.'

'Ah, Mister Nehemiah, I wish you may be right!' sobbed Dorcas; 'but, indeed, I isn't at all comfortable in my own mind—no, nor I hasn't been of a long time—not ever since Michaelmas, as I may say, when that good-for-nothing hussy, Hannah Brown, let herself into Farmer Drake's house, so that she might live partner with my young man, Peter Fenn. He has never fared like the same young man since, and she do boast that he keep company with her instead of me. I should never have thought of Peter for a sweetheart, if he hadn't comed a suitoring arter me Sunday arter Sunday; and last year he sent me the prettiest valentine that ever was found, tied to the latch of the neat-house door, with three sugar kisses and a pink peppermint heart in it.'

'What were the words?'

'Oh, Mister Nehemiah, for you to forget them beautiful words, when you was the very person what read them for me, and writ the answer to go to him on Old Valentine's Day in reply!'

'Ah, I remember something about it now,' said Nehemiah. 'But, really, Mistress Dorcas, I write so many valentines, that though I have them all in my head, I seem to forget which goes to which. I am getting an old man now, pretty Dorcas, just on my sixty-six; but it wasn't always so, nor I did't at one time need to wear "sights,"' pursued the clerk, taking off his spectacles, and wiping the glasses on a corner of his visitor's apron. 'What was your valentine last year, young woman, did you say?'

'Why, Mister Nehemiah, I hasn't forgotten it, if you have,' replied Dorcas, 'for it was a proper pretty one. Don't you recollect these lines?—

"If you are ready, I am willing;
All the pretty birds are billing,
And, like them, we'll both be singing,
When we set the bells a ringing.
Join heart, join hand, and faith with mine,
And take me for your valentine."'

'Ay, that was the one,' cried Nehemiah. 'Sure I ought to recollect it, as you say, when it was all of my own writing: and wasn't there the picture of a hen and a few chickens drawn at the bottom, by way of an emblem?'

'Certainly,' replied Dorcas; 'and against the hen was written: "This here hen is you, Dorcas, when you are my wife.

"Like this bird that struts in pride,
With all these chickens by her side,
You shall be when you're my bride."'

'I know all about it,' said Nehemiah; 'and I wrote for you in answer:

"I am single for your sake;
Happy couple we should make.
Oh, how bright the sun did shine
When I saw my valentine!"'

And the emblem I limned for you in answer to his, was two hearts painted with red ink, and linked together with a yellow wedding ring, to signify as if it were gold; and the posy was—

"These two hearts are yours and mine,
When I wed my valentine."'

'Ah!' said Dorcas with a sigh, 'that will never come to pass now, I fear; and I am going to send him a different kind of valentine this year.'

'Of course you will,' responded Nehemiah. 'It wouldn't be no kind of use sending the same thing two years running; and you have plenty of time to choose another, you know; so now, what shall it be?'

'It shall begin "The rose is red,"' said Dorcas, with great solemnity.

'Good,' replied the amanuensis, writing down that most approved truism of valentine poesy. 'The violet's blue,' pursued he mechanically, repeating the usual continuation of the sentence; but Dorcas hastily interposed with a 'Pray, sir, don't say anything about violets this year.'

'What, then, am I to say after "The rose is red?"'

'Why,' replied Dorcas, 'it must be "the leaves are green."'

'Very true, young woman,' rejoined Nehemiah, placing the tip of his fore-finger against the side of his nose: 'I know the one you mean; it runs thus—

"The rose is red, the leaves are green,
The days are past that we have seen."'

'That's a sure thing,' sighed Dorcas. 'Well, sir, have you wrote that down?'

'All in good time, young woman,' said Nehemiah, who was a slow scribe, and always formed his letters in the most methodical manner, his head gently following the motion of his pen through all its evolutions, with his tongue elongated and protruding beyond his lips, and his chin screwed up all on one side, indicating dots of i's, crosses of t's, and finishing strokes to f's, by significant nods and winks: and whenever he executed a capital letter, he testified his admiration of its appearance by an appropriate grin.

Dorcas sat meantime in a state of great mental excitement, with her mouth open, and her round blue eyes full of tears, watching with intense interest the pen of her amanuensis, and shaking her foot and drumming with her fingers on the table at the same time, as a sort of ventilation to the inward travail of her spirit.

'Young woman,' cried Nehemiah, 'that ont (won't) do! If you go on beating the devil's tattoo on my table, how do you think I can write your valentine? I never can spell right when anybody does that.'

'Lauk, sir,' rejoined Dorcas, 'I begs your pardon; I didn't know how *nervish* you were. But how far have you got?'

'Why, as far as you told me—"The days are past that we have seen." I s'pose you would like it to finish—

"If your heart's constant, so is mine,
And so good-morrow, valentine?"'

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'O dear, Mister Nehemiah, I wish I only durst say that!' cried Dorcas, putting her apron to her eyes; 'but how can I, when he hasn't been to see me for twelve Sundays past, and folks do say he keeps company with that impudent hussy Hannah Brown?'

'Pooh, pooh, Dorcas, for you shouldn't give ear to all that folks say.'

'No more I doesn't, any more than I can help,' said Dorcas: 'and I shouldn't believe anything they do say, if Peter hadn't behaved so very *neglecting* to me ever since she has lived partner with him; and I want you to put a hint of that in the valentine.'

Nehemiah took up the sixpence with a significant look, and twirled it on the board, as much as to say: 'You have not come down with the proper fee for that sort of business.'

Dorcas understood the hint, and drawing a small red-leather purse with a tinsel edge from her bosom, and turning it mouth downwards, she shook its last coin, another sixpence, into her rosy palm, and pushed it towards the greedy scribe. 'It's a crooked one,' said she, 'and I did keep it for luck. Howsomever, as I have paid my shoemaker's bill, and bought my winter 'parel with my Christmas wages, and hasn't got a debt in the world, I suppose I'm free to part with it.'

The heart of the bachelor ecclesiastic was softened by the pathetic tone in which the simple Dorcas entered into this explanation of the state of her finances; and he actually returned both the lucky sixpence and the one she had previously tendered, and professed his intention of 'not only writing the valentine, but furnishing the extra poetry she required, gratis.' Those who may think highly of Nehemiah's generosity on this occasion, can form no adequate idea of the extreme pains which it always cost him to compound a rhyme. Truly, if our parish-clerk had been paid a guinea a couplet, it would have been hard-earned money to him. In the present instance, he was only required to produce an answering line to rhyme to this octo-syllabic interrogative, which was *improvised* on the spot by the distressed damsel herself: ' "How can you slight your only dear?" '

'Well,' quoth the amanuensis, after he copied this moving query from Dorcas's dictation on the slate which he always used in original compositions, to prevent the unnecessary ruin of a sheet of paper—'what comes next?'

'Why, lauk, Mister Nehemiah, sir, that is just what I am posed about,' cried Dorcas, 'and what I 'spected you to be able to tell me, as you are such a s'prising scholar, and understands almost everything.'

'Don't you know that it is an awkwardish kind of business to find a rhyme just at a minute's notice, young woman?' replied Nehemiah gravely.

'That's a sure thing,' responded Dorcas again; 'for as true as I am alive, Mister Nehemiah, I have muddled my brains for the last three weeks, day and night, to try to fish out a rhyme to that there what I just told you, and it is a mercy that I didn't forget that by the way. Howsomever, now I talks of that, I must scamper home as fast as I can, and give our poor wennil (weanling) calves their suppers, or they'll raise such a dismal dolor arter their wittles and drink, that my partners will hear the poor dumb dears blaring, and wonder what I am up to, that I hasn't waited on them afore this time a-night. And so, Mister Nehemiah, when you have made a proper consideration, I hope you'll be able to finish that there valentine what we are writing to Peter.'

'We, quotha!' cried the scribe, with no less scorn than the organist felt when the organ-blower talked of 'our music.' 'If *we* had no more to do with it than *you* have, Peter would go without a valentine, I believe.'

'Well, Mister Nehemiah, don't fare so ugly-tempered,' rejoined our Suffolk Sappho of low degree. 'Of course it's I what sends the valentine, and you writes it; so it is our valentine, or at least I hope it will, when you've finished it up."

Poor Nehemiah did his utmost endeavor to comply with Dorcas' request, and to finish up her valentine; but the more he tried, the further off he seemed from the desired conclusion. Rhymes enough there were to 'dear,' no doubt, but none of them occurred to Nehemiah, save the very inappropriate substantives beer and steer; and what had they to do with the jealousy and grief of a forsaken maiden, who was desirous of addressing a short pathetic remonstrance in amatory rhymes to her truant lover? So Nehemiah rejected both beer and steer as answering rhymes to 'only dear;' and then he thought of clear, and hear, and fear, but could make nothing to the purpose with them. For three successive nights Nehemiah got no sleep for the mental travail he endured in this undertaking; 'the Sabbath dawned, no day of rest to him,' for even when he entered upon his ecclesiastical duties, his thoughts were profanely laboring at the provoking half couplet he was expected to complete, and he committed a series of blunders quite astonishing to the vicar and congregation. Thrice did he read the parson's verses instead of his own in the psalms, twice he groaned out 'O dear' instead of 'Amen,' and once he ejaculated an audible 'Amen' in the middle of the sermon.

Never was a solitary bachelor who had no experience in love affairs of his own, so perplexed about compounding love-verses for others. Still, it was only half a couplet after all that was required of him, but that half couplet comprised more difficulties in its brief space than Nehemiah could master. 'It had'nt no reason in it,' he said; and he could not make anything of a seasonable nature to jingle with it, though he kept counting up on his fingers with every word that was anything like a clink to 'dear.'

Many were the clandestine visits that Dorcas contrived to make to Nehemiah, to hear 'if he had finished up *their* valentine,' but all were fruitless: a fortnight glided away, and still the unfinished couplet remained on Nehemiah's slate, without an answering rhyme, hanging up behind the door. At last, in the middle of his master's sermon, a thought popped into Nehemiah's noddle, which he considered so felicitous, that, lest it should escape again, and be forever lost to Dorcas, Peter, and the world, he, with a trembling hand, stole forth his brass pencil-case, and privily booked it on the fly-leaf of the parish prayer-book, though it was even in his own opinion a positive act of sacrilege. But the temptation was too great to be resisted. It was impossible to lose this precious line—

'To court another, as I hear;'

which made so pretty and applicable a conclusion to the first line of the couplet—

'How can you slight your only dear?'

Dorcas, however, was not satisfied with it; she protested 'that it had no particular signification. She wanted to give Peter a hint who it was that he slighted her for,' she said.

Nehemiah was highly provoked at the dissatisfaction of his fair client, and told her: 'If she did not like that ending, she must finish it herself, for it had been more trouble to him than twenty christenings with deaf godfathers.'

Dorcas replied: 'That it wasn't of no use sending it as it was;' and passionately besought him, as it still wanted a week to Valentine's Day, that he would make a further consideration for the purpose of finishing up the valentine.

Nehemiah found it impossible to resist the entreaties of such a buxom nymph as our love-lorn dairy-maid; so he fairly suffered himself to be hag-ridden for nearly another week with 'the confounded couplet,' as he called it; and it was not till the very eve of St. Valentine, just as Dorcas was lifting the latch of his door to make a last, almost hopeless inquiry, 'if he had finished up their valentine?' that another bright idea popped into his head.

'Come in, Dorcas dear!' he exclaimed in his ecstasy; 'I have thought of it now.'

'Well,' cried Dorcas, fixing her round blue eyes upon the inspired clerk in eager expectation, 'what is it?'

'Hand me the slate, that I may put it down, and then I'll tell you. No, I won't tell you, but I will read it all together,' continued he, as he inscribed the parish valentine-slate with the precious morsel, which he called 'a very 'spectable finish up' to the long-halting lyric.

'Now, then, for it!' cried he, and, after clearing his throat with Hi! ha! hum!' he read in a pompous chanting recitative—

'"The rose is red, the leaves are green,
The days are past that we have seen;
How can you slight your only dear,
For one who lives so near?"'

'That will do!' cried Dorcas, snapping her fingers, and by no means missing the two lacking feet in the metre, in her extreme satisfaction at Nehemiah having hit upon something that would fulfil her intention of giving Peter an intimation that she was aware of the proximity of the rival whose wiles had supplanted her.

The valentine was duly transcribed on the sheet of paper without any accident of blot or blur, folded up, sealed with the top of Dorcas's thimble, and wrapped in a scrap of brown paper, addressed 'To Mister Peter Fenn, hoss-driver, at Mister Drake, farmer. With speed.'

This billet was discovered by Peter on the morning of Valentine's Day, reposing in the corn measure out of which he was accustomed to deal the first feed of oats to his horses. He secured it with much satisfaction, though the contents of course remained a mystery to the unlettered swain. According to his own account, however, 'It made him fare very comfortable all the morning, for he took it to plough with him in his waistcoat-pocket, but thought it must have burned a hole there, he did so long to know who it came from, and what it was about, but he durstn't loose the horses till noon while they were baiting;' and then he lost his own dinner by running off to the clerk's house to get his valentine read.

Nehemiah protested he was quite hoarse with reading valentines that morning, there had been such a power of young people up with their valentines for him to read, and some that did not belong to the parish, too, and who brought valentines that were very hard to make any sense of; however, those young people who had a parish-clerk that could not read writing were certainly objects of charity, and he did all his possibles to make out all he could for them. At length, his harangue being at an end, he extended his hand for Peter's *billet-doux*, and gratified his longing ears by making him acquainted with the contents.

Peter was greatly touched by the tender reproach contained in the hopping couplet that had so long baffled Nehemiah's powers of rhyming. 'Apray, Mister Nehemiah,' said he, 'doesn't that come from Dorcas Mayflower?'

Nehemiah calmly replied: 'I believe it do.'

'Well, master,' rejoined Petet, seating himself on the old church-chest, 'I don't think I have used that *gal* well.'

'That is a sure thing, young man,' said Nehemiah; 'but you know your own business best, I s'pose?'

'I can't say as how I do,' replied Peter in a doleful whine; 'for I have got into a sort of hobble between Dorcas and another young woman.'

'Whose fault is that?' asked Nehemiah.

'Why, I s'pose Dorcas thinks it be my fault,' responded Peter; 'but that other *gal* would not let me be at quiet, and was always axing me for my company, and making so much of me when I comed in at meal-times, that, somehow or other, I was forced to stay at home with her on Sunday evenings, instead of going to see Dorcas, because she always went into *high-sterricks* if I talked of going after Dorcas. But I tell you what, Mister Nehemiah, I am right sick of her nonsense; for, as true as I'm alive, I do think she henpecks me all the same as if she were my wife.'

'Sarve you right, young man, I say, if you are *fule* big enough to put up with it.'

'Why,' responded Peter, 'I wouldn't, if I could get my neck out of the collar, as the saying is. But what is your advice?'

'You hain't paid me for reading that there valentine yet,' observed Nehemiah.

Peter drew out a yellow canvas-bag, capacious enough to have served the squire, and disbursed the expected sixpence.

'Thank you, young man,' said the clerk. 'And now I'll tell you what I would do if so be as I were situated as you are; I would just have my bans put up with Dorcas next Sunday.'

'O lauk!' cried Peter, 'that won't do, for I'm letten to master till Michaelmas, and he won't approve of my entering another service; and a pretty life I should lead with Hannah in the house with me all the time the bans were being axed; and then I'm not quite sartin that Dorcas would consent to that, for she holds her head properly high when we meet now, and I can't say as how I like the thoughts of humbling to her, she is such a proud toad.'

'No wonder,' said Nehemiah, 'for half the young fellows in the parish are ready to hang themselves for love of her; and if you don't take care, you will be left in the lurch while you are playing fast and loose, and halting like an ass between two bundles of hay; for Dorcas isn't a girl that is reduced to go a suitoring to a young man like your partner Hannah. If you were to know all the sixpences and shillings I have taken for writing valentines to her this week, you'd begin to look about you.'

'For writing valentines to my Dorcas?' whined Peter in dismay. 'Why, apray, who did you write them for, Mister Nehemiah ?'

'That isn't fair to ask,' said the scribe, 'because I might get into trouble if I told tales out of school.'

Peter sat and bit his nails in a profound fit of meditation for several minutes; at last he rose up with a foolish grin, and said: 'I'll tell you what, Mister Nehemiah; I'll send Dorcas a valentine myself, and you shall write it for me.'

'Against *Owd* Valentine's Day, I s'pose you mean?'

'No, but I doesn't: I means this blessed Young St. Walentine's,' quoth Peter. '*Owd* fellows like you may wait till *Owd* St. Walentine's Day, but I'm for the young saint, if so be you can make it convenable to get it down against I take my *hosses* off at six in the evening.'

'That depends upon circumstances,' replied Nehemiah; 'and what sort of a one you want to have.'

'Why,' said Peter, 'my grandmother had a *bootiful* one sent to her by her first husband when she fancied he slighted her, and I daresay she would lend it to me for you to pattern arter.

'I daresay I know your grandmother's valentine,' said Nehemiah, 'if you can tell me how it begins.'

'I think I can,' said Peter.

'"The rose is red, the violet's blue,
I swear I never loved but you;
The turtle never doubts her mate,
Then why should you, my bonny Kate?"'

'That won't do,' interrupted Nehemiah; 'for Dorcas can't stand in Kate's shoes.'

'No, but we might change the sense, and I really do think I shall turn a *pôte*.'

'It isn't quite so easy to turn *pôte*, as you call it,' said Nehemiah. 'However, I'll get my slate and write down all the poetry you can say.'

'Then,' said Peter, 'you must put down—

"The turtle never doubts the dove,
Then why doubt me, my only love?"'

'That isn't out of your own head, Peter?' cried Nehemiah.

'Never you mind that, old fellow, but put down what I bid you, for there's more in my head than you thinks of, p'r'aps,' said Peter; 'only I must go and see arter my hosses now, for it's time for our second journey; but I will stop here at half-past six, and tell you the rest; and if you get it fairly written out for me, and two doves with a wedding-ring in their bills, drafted on to the paper, I'll tip you a whole shilling, and show you that I am a cap-able *pôte* in spite of all your *cisums*.'

Nehemiah, who was by no means disposed to cherish an infant muse in his own parish, treated these indications of Peter's dawning genius with a certain dry sarcastic acerbity, which showed that nature had intended him for a reviewer, not a bard. Peter, however, like most youthful rhymsters, was too much taken up with his own newly discovered powers of jingling to allow his poetic ardor to be chilled by the discouragement of an elder brother in the art. 'Now, Mister Nehemiah,' cried he, when he burst into the clerk's cottage as soon as he had finished his appointed tasks in the field and the stable, 'what do you think of this for a finish to our valentine?

"'Tis you alone I mean to marry,
Then why, sweet Dorcas, should we tarry?
The birds have all chosen their mates for the year,
But I'm not so happy—I wail for my dear;
My heart is still constant, and if you'll be mine,
Say 'Yes,' and 'for ever,' my own valentine!"'

'Think!' said Nehemiah—'that it's well worth half-a-crown to write down such a lot of out-of-the-way stuff, Peter; and I don't believe your grandmother ever had such a valentine in her life.'

'Why, she sartinly hadn't anything about my Dorcas in her valentine; but I kind of patterned arter hers for all that in mine, and the rest of it what suit my own case I made while I was at plough.'

'No wonder all the parish make a mock of your crooked furrows, young man, if you waste your master's time and let your horses work the land in hills and vales while you are muddling your head after such nonsense. I hope you don't mean to send that to the girl; she won't know what to make of it.'

'O won't she?' cried Peter. 'Come, get your slate, and scratch away, or we shan't get it written down o' this side midnight.'

With a very ill grace, Nehemiah complied, and it was only through the prevailing rhetoric of a third sixpence that Peter at length had the satisfaction of seeing his valentine completed, sealed, and indorsed as follows:—'For Miss Dorcas Mayflower, dairy-maid at the Squire's great house. In haste.'

Dorcas was made happy by the receipt of the welcome missive that very night, and slept with it under her pillow. The following evening, after milking, she paid another stolen visit to the parish-clerk, to be enlightened as to the nature of its contents; and as she left Nehemiah's cottage with a joyous heart and bounding step, she encountered the author of the precious rhymes lingering among the ruins of St. Edmund's Abbey. All differences were made up between the lately estranged lovers during their walk home. Peter stood the storm of Hannah's wrath and disappointment with the firmness of a stoic all the time the bans of matrimony between him and Dorcas Mayflower were in progress of publication in our parish church; and in spite of all the *high-sterricks* she could get up on the occasion, the nuptials were duly solemnized between the village valentines at the earliest possible day.

BRODIE:

AN EDINBURGH FIRESIDE TALE.

Rather more than sixty years ago, no citizen of Edinburgh bore a fairer repute, and few were in more affluent circumstances, than William Brodie, who carried on an extensive business as a wright and cabinet-maker in the Lawnmarket. His father, who had attained the honor of being convener of the trades of Edinburgh, left him this business, together with a patrimony which has been stated so high as £10,000.* In the prime of life, and the enjoyment of high prosperity, young Brodie was, in 1781, introduced into the municipal council of his native city, where he conducted himself in all respects as a sound-minded and respectable member of society.

Gradually the mind of this man was estranged from the sober occupations of the thriving tradesman. He formed disgraceful connections with more than one individual of the opposite sex. He contracted a taste for play, and became noted for his expertness in the use of cards and dice. What more than anything else tended to dissolve virtuous principle in his nature, was a love of the horrible sport of cock-fighting, which necessarily led him into the company of the lowest of mankind. All of these vices were then unusually fashionable in Great Britain, as well as on the continent; and it is not surprising that, even in the comparatively quiet city of Edinburgh, one tradesman should have been found to shipwreck himself by imitating a course of life for which some of the highest personages in the land set the example. This, it may be remarked, was peculiarly a time when the extremes of society met on one common ground of taste; the gay, the titled, and the fashionable, finding their favorite pleasures in habits which appear naturally fitted for only the meanest of the illiterate and vile, while the middle-classes remained in a great measure uncontaminated. Brodie was a rare instance for his country of a member of the middle-class corrupted by the fashionable vices; and for his being so, some explanation may perhaps be found in the great wealth he had inherited. It will appear strange, that, notwithstanding his growing depravity, he continued to maintain a decent character. For this the very lowness of his habits was favorable. The scenes into which they led him were far beneath the ordinary observations of his equals in society; and though he might be known as a man of profligate life to many humble persons, still, as their sphere was widely apart from that in which he ordinarily and ostensibly moved, he ran little risk of the kind of exposure which alone was to be dreaded. It thus often happens in populous cities, that men, of whom nothing but what is honorable is heard in respectable circles, and whom any jury of equals would be disposed to acquit of any degrading charge upon the mere strength of character, would be found, if traced into some obscurer portions of society, to be openly talked of as tarnished by very gross vices. The safety of such individuals is in the non-intercourse of the various classes into which the community is divided.

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* Brodie lived in a house at the bottom of a close which latterly bore his name. Attached to it were a courtyard and suite of workshops, in which he carried on his business. The house, of substantial structure and considerable interior decoration, had been built in 1570 by William Little, a wealthy merchant of Edinburgh, ancestor of the Littles of Libberton, whose name in full, with the date, was inscribed over the door, while his initials ornamented every corner-stone of the building. This ancient structure, by virtue of the original entail, continued to be the property of Mr. Little Gilmour of Craigmillar (representative of the Littles of Libberton), till it was purchased by the commissioners under the Improvement Act, and taken down. The lately opened street, called, Victoria Street, passes close beneath its site, and over, or rather *through* the ground once occupied as a place of business by Brodie.

Brodie, therefore, continued to maintain a decent character, and to sit as the deacon of his trade in the town-council, even while addicted to the lowest vices, and keeping the most infamous company. If any danger of exposure existed in his case, he possessed sufficient address and hypocrisy to obviate it. At length, his profligate course of life led to its natural consequence—pecuniary embarrassment. He then became a habitual attender of a nightly club of gamblers, where, probably, he rather injured than bettered his fortune. Here he encountered men still more infamous than any he had formerly known—among the rest, two infamous fellows, natives of England, Ainslie and Brown, the latter of whom was a pardoned felon. At the cock-fighting establishment he at the same time became acquainted with a hawker from England, of the name of George Smith, in reduced circumstances, whom he seems to have been the means of leading into crime. It was in the year 1786 that he formed the acquaintance of these men, and began his career as a burglar; and yet, till October in the ensuing year, he continued to be a member of that very body of which it was the appointed duty to prevent and punish at least the minor class of offences against the law.

Nocturnal shop-breaking, while probably the species of depredation in which Ainslie and Brown had gained most experience, was obviously that for which Deacon Brodie's professional ingenuity best fitted him; it was also a kind of crime not inconsistent with that maintenance of a decent daylight deportment before society, which Brodie to the very last seems to have been anxious to keep up. Accordingly, the citizens of Edinburgh, amongst whom shop-robberies had previously been almost unknown, were surprised to observe the commencement of a series of such depredations, executed in a manner so very expert and dexterous, as to add considerably to the alarm which they could not fail to excite. Goods were missed from shops of which the usual fastenings bore no appearance of injury. In one case, a copartnery of jewellers, consisting of two brothers of the name of Bruce, lost goods to the amount of £350, which proved the means of ruining them. It was afterwards ascertained, that Brodie acquired the means of robbing these men, by being employed in some business respecting their locks, in the ordinary course of his trade. His associate Smith, furnished by him with proper keys, robbed the shop, and divided the booty with him. Besides the opportunities with which his trade as a joiner might thus furnish him, he is said to have had others, which arose from the simple and unsuspecting habits of the Edinburgh shopkeepers. It was then by no means uncommon for them to hang their shop-keys behind the door, within reach of customers standing in front of their counters. Brodie, with a piece of putty in the palm of his hand, found no difficulty, it is said, in taking impressions of the wards, from which he could easily furnish himself with duplicates. That he really availed himself to any considerable extent of this artifice, may perhaps be doubted; but it is certain that it was used by one of his associates in at least one case. Other strange tales were afterwards told of Brodie. For example—a lady, kept from church on Sunday, and confined to her chamber by indisposition, was, during the time of divine service, and in the absence of her servant, surprised by the entrance of a man with crape over his face. He very coolly took up the keys lying on the table before her, opened her bureau, and took out a considerable sum of money that had been placed there. He meddled with nothing else, but immediately locked the bureau, replaced the keys on the table, and, making a low bow, retired. Upon the exit of her mysterious visitor, the lady, who had been panic-struck the whole time, exclaimed: 'Surely that is Deacon Brodie.' But the unlikelihood of a man of his character and station being capable of such an act, kept her silent upon the subject, until his proven criminality assured her that it was he who had committed the deed.

In the latter part of 1787, emboldened by success in lesser enterprises, Brodie began to meditate a robbery of considerable magnitude, that of the General Excise Office of the country, in which he calculated that a considerable sum of money must at all times be kept. The business of this public office was then conducted in a plain building, resembling a common dwelling-house, situated in Chessel's Court in the Canongate. It was in accompanying a country friend of the name of Corbett, who had occasion to draw money in the office, that the idea first occurred to him. Under the pretence of making inquiries about this Mr. Corbett, he afterwards called several times at the office, in order to acquaint himself with the interior of the house; and on one of these occasions, Smith, who accompanied him, was enabled unobserved to take an impression in putty of the wards of the house-key, which was hanging on a nail. One evening in November, an experiment was made in opening the outer door with this key; but no further step was taken for some months. At length, on the 5th of March 1788, all fitting preparations having been made, the confederated burglars proceeded about this dangerous, and, as it proved, fatal undertaking. The cashier, and other officers of the establishment, were in the habit of closing it at eight o'clock; from which till ten, when a watchman was placed, it had no protection but in the strength of the doors and the publicity of its situation. This interval was selected for the execution of the contemplated robbery. Early in the evening, the burglars met in Smith's house, in the Cowgate, where they had supper. Brodie, who came late, was dressed in dark clothes, which he had put on for the purpose, instead of a light-colored suit which he had worn during the day. If the exculpatory evidence of a relative is to be believed, he had spent the afternoon in entertaining a small party of his nearest kinsfolk—namely, his sister, his brother-in-law, and his aunt, from whose society, it would appear, he had rushed to the commission of this criminal act. He appeared before his comrades in high spirits, and holding up a pistol before their eyes, in a theatrical attitude, sang the well-known chant from the *Beggars' Opera*—

'Let us take the road!
Hark! I hear the sound of coaches,
The hour of attack approaches:
To your arms, brave boys, and load.
See the ball I hold;
Let the chemists toil like asses—
Our fire their fire surpasses,
And turns our lead to gold.'

Besides a coulter of a plough, which they had stolen from a field near Duddingston, and which they called the *Great Samuel*, a crowbar which they denominated the *Little Samuel*, and a pair of curling-irons, they had a store of small keys and a double picklock. Immediately after eight, they proceeded to the Excise Office. Ainslie was left in the outer court with a small pipe, with which he was to give the alarm if necessary—one whistle indicating the approach of one person, two whistles of two persons; and so on. The outer door being opened, Brodie took his station there, while Smith and Brown broke open the inner doors with the coulter and crowbar, and speedily gained the cashier's room. With a light obtained by means of a dark-lantern, they spent half an hour in searching for cash, but found only about £16, where they had hoped for as many hundreds. A concealed drawer in one of the desks contained about L.600, but this they did not discover. While the two rogues were thus engaged, Ainslie and Brodie had experienced a dreadful alarm. About half an hour after the close of the office, Mr. James Bonar, deputy-solicitor of Excise, recollected a circumstance which made it necessary for him to go back to his business-room. He found the outer door on the latch, which gave him no surprise, for it was easily conceivable that some of the chief officers might not yet have left the house. As he went in, a person in black—namely, Bródie—brushed past him and went out; but neither did this give him any alarm. He went up stairs to his business-room, and, after tarrying a few minutes, again left the office. Ainslie, on seeing one person go in and another immediately after come out, gave the concerted signal of alarm, and ran off. Brodie also left the place. Smith and Brown did not hear the signal, nor any other noise till Mr. Bonar came down stairs to retire, when they cocked their pistols, of which each had a pair, determined not to be taken without a desperate resistance. They then withdrew with their spoil, and by nine o'clock they and Ainslie had returned to Smith's house. Brodie they did not see till next morning.

The robbery, on becoming publicly known next morning, excited much attention, and every imaginable expedient was adopted in order to discover the perpetrators. On Friday evening, the second night after, the four thieves met at Smith's house, and divided their spoil; immediately after which, Brown, the pardoned felon, went to the office of the procurator-fiscal or public prosecutor, and offered to give evidence respecting the robbery. This worthless wretch had seen an advertisement from the Secretary of State's office, offering pardon and reward to any one who should give information respecting a recent case of shop-breaking, in which he, but not Brodie, had been concerned. Calculating that he should now obtain remission for both offences at once, he had determined to take this step —had gone, with the resolution in his mind, to meet his associates and receive his share of booty, and then coolly proceeded to expose them to the vengeance of the law. He did not, however, on this occasion mention the name of Deacon Brodie. It is supposed that he calculated on making the reputable citizen pay a better price for the concealment of his share of guilt, than he could obtain from the public authorities for disclosing it. Ainslie, Smith, and some of their domestic connections, were immediately apprehended in consequence of the information given by Brown.

When Brodie learned what had taken place, he deemed it necessary to provide for his safety by flight. He left the town on Sunday, and proceeded by Newcastle to London, where he found refuge within 500 yards of Bow Street, in the house of a female of evil fame, whom he had formerly known in Edinburgh. Next day, Brown having now declared Brodie's guilt, his house and work-shops were searched, when his pistols were found buried in the earth in the wood-yard, and a number of picklocks in a chest. A keen search was made for his person. It was known that, some time before, a youth, who, while under sentence of death, had escaped from prison, found refuge for several weeks in a mausoleum in the Greyfriars' Churchyard. All these mausolea were now searched for the person of Deacon Brodie, but in vain. Mr. George Williamson, king's messenger, then set off in pursuit of him to London. He was traced to Dunbar, and thence to Newcastle, but no further. While Williamson remained in London, Brodie saw him twice on the street, but, being disguised, was not recognized in return. The messenger, after proceeding to Margate, Dover, and other ports on the coast, without obtaining any trace of the culprit, returned to Edinburgh. Brodie also saw the advertisements in which he was described, and a reward offered for his apprehension. After he had spent about ten days in London, an agreement was made by an attorney of the name of Walker, with Messrs Hamilton and Pinkerton, owners of the *Endeavor*, of Carron, trading between London and Leith, to take on board a sick gentleman, and cause him to be landed at Flushing, while the vessel was on its way to Scotland. Towards midnight, on the 23d March, the owners came down with the sick gentleman, and got him put safely and quietly on board, but without giving any particular orders to the skipper. In proceeding down the river, the vessel got aground at Tilbury Point, where she remained ten days, the sick gentleman, in the meantime, going twice on shore with the master and other passengers. When fairly out at sea, this person, who called himself Dixon, gave a letter to the master from the owners, in which they ordered him to be conveyed to Flushing. The vessel accordingly changed her course. Brodie—for he was the sick gentleman—now committed an act of imprudence much at issue with the dexterity and shrewdness shown in his general conduct. He gave a fellow-passenger of the name of Geddes three letters to take down with him to Scotland, and to deliver to certain persons there, signed with his own name, and in one of which he admitted his concern in the robbery of the Excise Office. Thus was a clue given which ultimately led to his apprehension and conviction. In one of the letters, addressed to Michael Henderson, a dissolute companion who kept a cock-pit, he requested to know how the last *main* went, how his favorite black cock fought; and so forth. In another, he implores his brother-in-law to attend the sale of his effects, to purchase his tools for him, and send them out to America, as it was his design to go there and begin the world anew. The third letter, addressed to an unfortunate woman named Anne Grant, expressed a tender concern about their children, whom he knew to be now destitute; he feared and deplored the prospect that was before them, but hoped they would not be allowed to starve in a place where their father was known to have always been liberal to the poor.

Brodie landed at Flushing on the 8th April, with seven guineas and a very poor stock of clothing, and the vessel pursued its way to Leith. On arriving there, Geddes, who was a tobacconist at Mid-Calder, soon heard of the guilt and flight of Deacon Brodie, and became convinced that that person was the same with Dixon. He then opened the letters, which plainly proved the fact. He did not, however, immediately make known the important evidence which he possessed. In Scotland, there is a general disinclination, springing from the warmth of the domestic feelings of the people, to be concerned in exposing a malefactor to punishment. Geddes, therefore, paused about a month before informing any one that he possessed the letters. He was at length induced to call on the Honorable Henry Erskine, advocate, to inquire what he ought to do with them. Mr. Erskine having been professionally consulted in Mr. Brodie's affairs, declined, on a point of professional etiquette, to give him any advice. The circumstance was now, however, no longer a secret, and Geddes almost immediately after received a visit from the procurator-fiscal, who prevailed upon him to deliver up the letters to the sheriff. This took place about the end of May.

Information was immediately sent to the British consul at Ostend, by whose aid Brodie was traced to Amsterdam, where, it afterwards appeared, he had made all proper preparation for sailing for America. Through the instrumentality of one Daly, an Irishman, he was apprehended in an alehouse, ensconced within a cupboard, which just admitted of his standing upright. He was lodged in the Stadthouse, identified and taken in charge by a messenger of the name of Groves, whom he soon after accompanied to London, whence he was brought by Mr. Williamson to Edinburgh. On this last journey, he was in good spirits, and told his conductor many anecdotes of his adventures in Holland. Even after finding himself in the wretched prison of Edinburgh—the famed *Heart of Mid-Lothian*—he continued cheerful. A friend calling upon him one day, found him singing, ''Tis woman that seduces all mankind,' from his favorite *Beggars' Opera*, of the hero of which he was in many respects a realization. A portrait of him, taken while in prison, represents him with cards and dice-boxes on the table beside him. On the 27th of August he was tried, with his accomplice Smith, before the High Court of Justiciary, Ainslie and Brown saving their own lives by giving evidence against their friends. The guilt of Smith appeared direct and conclusive; that of Brodie was substantiated by a strong chain of circumstantial evidence, supported by his own avowal in one of the fatal letters. An attempt was made to prove an *alibi* in his favor, by means of his mistress Jean Watt, and Mr. Erskine made an eloquent pleading in his defence. 'That a man,' he said, 'descended from a respectable family, in a rank of life infinitely remote from indigence, of a creditable employment, and filling offices of honor and trust among his fellow-citizens—that such a person should be guilty of the crime charged, would require a very strong proof indeed. For as a poet of our own country, who is still alive, observes—

> "The needy man who has known better days,
> One whom distress has spited at the world,
> Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon,
> To do such deeds as make the prosperous men
> Lift up their hands and wonder who could do them."'

The barrister acknowledged that his client had unfortunately fallen into bad habits and bad company, which had been the means of bringing him into his present situation; but shame, and not guilt, had been the consequence. He insisted strongly on the worthlessness of the evidence of Ainslie and Brown, and on the strength of the evidence for the *alibi*, and explained the allusion in the letter as applicable to a dark gambling transaction, in which Brodie had cheated a chimney-sweep, and which actually was the subject of a pending litigation before the Edinburgh magistrates. But the presiding judge (Lord Justice-Clerk Braxfield), in a few pithy words, overturned all the effect of this harangue; and the jury, after a trial of upwards of twenty-four hours, unanimously found both prisoners guilty. They were accordingly sentenced to be executed on the ensuing 1st of October. The behavior of Brodie during the whole trial was perfectly collected. He was respectful to the court, and when anything ludicrous occurred in the evidence, he smiled as if he had been an unconcerned spectator. His demeanor on receiving the sentence was equally cool and determined.

The subsequent conduct of this singular person was very much that of the opera hero above alluded to. He not only spoke with undaunted resolution of his approaching end, but could even ridicule the circumstances under which it was to take place, calling it a leap in the dark. He declared himself innocent of all crimes except that for which he had been condemned, and this he endeavored to palliate as one by which no individual had been perceptibly injured. On learning that two other convicts under sentence of death in the same prison had been reprieved for six weeks, he professed to hear the news with pleasure; and when his fellow-culprit remarked, that the respite was but for a short period, he cried: 'George, what would you and I give for six weeks longer? Six weeks would be an age to us.' Hearing preparations making for the execution at the end of the prison, he observed, that the noise was like that made by ship-builders: 'Too much preparation,' he added, 'for so short a voyage.'

As befitted so calm a mind, his mode of life was remarked as abstemious. The only failure of his firmness took place on receiving a farewell visit from his daughter, a child of ten years; the falling tear then confessed his sensibility to one of the tenderest emotions. On the fatal afternoon, he appeared on the scaffold in a handsome suit of black, with his hair dressed and powdered, while his companion Smith was attired, according to a not unfrequent custom of that time, in the habiliments of the grave. Though he spent some time in prayer with the attendant clergyman, his general deportment was marked by something like levity. He scanned the apparatus with the cool air of a professional man, and half jestingly desired Smith to mount first. Having mounted himself, he found the rope too short—descended till it was made longer—ascended again, and found it still too short; when he once more stepped lightly down, and waited till it was made somewhat longer. Being at length satisfied, he reascended, helped the executioner to adjust the rope, shook hands with a bystander, whom he desired to acquaint his friends that he died like a man, and went carelessly out of the world with his hand slung in the breast of his vest.

It was afterwards said, that the easy demeanor of this unfortunate man was in some degree owing to an arrangement which he had made for having his life restored. This was done in concert with a French quack of the name of Peter Degravers, who had marked the veins in his temples and arms with a pencil, that he might afterwards bleed him with precision and despatch, while the executioner was bargained with for a short fall. After the body was cut down, it was hurried along for some distance in a cart, from an idea that the violent motion, as in a former noted instance,* might be of service in reviving the system. All the contemplated expedients are said to have been tried in vain; it was supposed that the rope had ultimately been too much lengthened, so as either to effectually suffocate him, or break his neck.

Such was the lamentable end of Deacon Brodie—a criminal so entirely singular in Scotland, that he perhaps attracted much more notice at the time, and has been more spoken of since, than his case may seem in another country to deserve. Coolly judging of his guilt in the present humaner times, it is impossible to resist the conclusion, that life was in his case too wantonly dealt with. It does not seem to have occurred to any one at the time, that Brodie might have received a lighter punishment without injury to society. If tried in the present day, perpetual banishment would certainly have been the severest sentence inflicted on him. The cases of Dodd and the Perreaus are nearly contemporary ones, in which life was also thrown too lightly away. Severity in all these instances defeated its own end, for much more sympathy is felt for the piteous fate of the victims than horror for their crimes; and in reading their story, we only shudder at the revolting vindictiveness of the so-called justice of that day.

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JASON CREEL:

AN INCIDENT IN PENNSYLVANIA.

The mists of the morning still hung heavily on the mountain-top above the village of Redcliff, but the roads which led towards it were crowded with the varied population of the surrounding country from far and near. At Aylesbury the shops were closed; the hammer of the blacksmith lay upon its anvil; not a wagon of any description was to be seen in the street; and even the bar of the tavern was locked, and the key gone with its proprietor towards the cliff, as a token of an important era which was without a parallel in the annals of the place. And save here and there a solitary head looking through a broken pane in some closed-up house, with an air of sad disappointment; or the cries of a little nursling were heard, betokening that, in the general flight, it had been left in unskilful hands; or, mayhap, here and there a solitary, ragged, and ill-natured school-boy was seen, or a not less solitary and ill-natured dog, either seeming but half-appeased by the privilege of a holiday, granted on condition of staying at home—the whole village exhibited a picture of desertion and silence which had been unknown before.

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* That of Margaret Dickson, who was hanged sixty years before for infanticide. This person revived in the course of being carried to Musselburgh in a cart.

But in proportion as you drew nearer the ponderous cliffs, in the midst of which the little town of Redcliff was situated, you mingled again in the thick bustle and motion of the world, of men, and women, and boys, and horses, and dogs, and all living, moving, and creeping things that inhabit the wild districts of Pennsylvania.

The village itself was crowded to overflowing long before the sun had gained a sufficient altitude to throw its rays upon the deep valley in which it lay. There the bar of an inn was crowded, and the fumes of tobacco and whiskey, the jingling of small-change, and the perpetual clamor of the throng, were sufficient to rack a brain of common flexibility. In the streets, there was a greeting of old and long-parted acquaintances; the bartering of horses; the settling of old accounts; the buffoonery of half-intoxicated men; the clatter of women; the crying and hallooing of children and boys, and the barking and quarrelling of stranger dogs. To look upon the scene, to mingle with the crowd, to listen to the conversation, or to survey the countenances of the assembled multitude, led to no satisfactory solution of the cause for which this mass of heterogeneous matter was congregated.

Within the walls of the old stone jail, at the foot of the mountain, a different scene had been that morning witnessed. There, chained to a stake in the miserable dungeon, damp, and scarcely illuminated by one ray of light, now lay the emaciated form of one whose final doom, seemed near at hand. A few hours before, his wife and little daughter had travelled a hundred miles to meet him once more on the threshold of the grave; they met, and from that gloomy vault the hymn ascended with the ascending sun; and the jailer, as he listened to the melodious voices of three persons whom he looked upon as the most desolate and lost of all in the wide world, almost doubted the evidence of his senses, and stood in fixed astonishment at the massy door. Could these be the voices of a murderer, and a murderer's wife and child?

This brief, and to be final, interview, had passed, however: those unfortunate ones had loudly commended each other to the keeping of their heavenly Parent, and parted; he to face the assembled multitude on the scaffold, and they, as they said, to return by weary journeys to their sorrowful home. The convict, worn out with sickness and watching, now slept.

His name was Jason Creel, his place of residence said to be in Virginia. He had been taken up while travelling from the northward to his home, and tried and convicted at a country town some miles distant, for the murder of a traveller, who had borne him company from the Lakes, and was ascertained to have a large sum of money with him, and who was found in the room in which they both slept at a country inn, near Redcliff, with his throat cut. Creel always had protested his innocence, declaring that the deed was perpetrated by some one while he was asleep; but the circumstances were against him; and although the money was not found on him, he was sentenced to be hung, and had been removed to the old stone jail at Redcliff for security, the county jail being deemed unsafe. This was the day the execution was to take place; the scaffold was already erected; the crowd pressed round the building, and frequent cries of 'Bring out the murderer!' were heard.

The sun at last told the hour of eleven, and there could be no more delay; the convict's cell was entered by the officers in attendance, who aroused him with the information that all was ready for him without, and bade him hasten to his execution; they laid hands upon him, and pinioned him tight, while he looked up towards heaven in wild astonishment, as one new born, and only said: 'The dream—the dream!'

'What dream, Mr. Jason?' said the sheriff. 'You would do me a great kindness, if you would dream yourself and me out of this disagreeable business.'

'I dreamed,' replied the convict, 'that while you read the death warrant to me on the scaffold, a man came through the crowd, and stood before us, in a gray dress, with a white hat, and large whiskers, and that a bird fluttered over him, and sang distinctly: "This is Lewis, the murderer of the traveller."'

The officers and jailer held a short consultation, which ended in a determination to look sharply after the man in gray with the white hat; accompanied with many hints of the resignation of the prisoner, and the possibility of his innocence being asserted by a supernatural agency. The prison doors were cleared; and Creel, pale and feeble, with a hymn-book in his hand, and a mien all meekness and humility, was seen tottering from the prison to the scaffold. He had no sooner ascended it, than his eyes began to wander over the vast concourse of people around him, with a scrutiny that seemed like faith in dreams; and while the sheriff read the warrant, the convict's anxiety appeared to increase: he looked, and looked again; then raised his hands and eyes a moment towards the clear sky, as if breathing a last ejaculation, when, lo! as he resumed his first position, the very person he described stood within six feet of the ladder! The prisoner's eye caught the sight, and flashed with fire while he called out: 'There is Lewis, the murderer of the traveller!' and the jailer at the same moment seized the stranger by the collar. At first he attempted to escape; but being secured, and taken before the magistrates, he confessed the deed, detailed all the particulars, delivered up part of the money, informed where another part was hidden, and was fully committed for trial—while Creel was set at liberty, and hastened like a man out of his senses from the scaffold.

Three days had elapsed; Creel had vanished immediately after his liberation, when the pretended Lewis astonished and confounded the magistrates by declaring Creel to be her husband: that she had concealed the dis-

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guise, and performed the whole part by his direction; that he had given her the money, which he had successfully concealed; and that the whole, from the prison to the scaffold scene, was a contrivance to effect his escape, which having effected, she was regardless of consequences. Nothing could be done with her—she was set at liberty, and neither she nor her husband was heard of again.

THE BARRACK-YARD.

A STORY.

Misfortunes, which he had in part induced by his own imprudent, or at least incautious conduct, had thrown into deep distress the family of Mr. Bruce, at the time when we are about to introduce them to the reader, as the parties in whose domestic history the following remarkable incidents took place. Mr. Bruce was of Scottish origin, but had for many years been resident in England, being the pastor of a small Presbyterian congregation in the neighborhood of one of the largest commercial cities of that portion of the island. The income which he enjoyed from his clerical office was small; and, unfortunately, being a cadet of a good family in the north, he had been bred with tastes and pretensions unsuitable to a limited revenue. To his own bitter cost ultimately, he had not strength of mind to abstain from the attempt to move in a circle for which his means were ill-adapted, and his circumstances gradually became embarrassed. Instead of making an efficient pause when he saw this, he unhappily temporized, kept up a good face to the world, and in consequence, at the end of a number of years, felt himself wading in a sea of accumulated debts and distresses.

Leaving out of sight his foible of seeking society above him in fortune, Mr. Bruce was an amiable man, of cultivated mind, and good understanding. While he had been creeping by degrees into pecuniary difficulties, his family, consisting of one daughter and two sons, had been advancing from childhood to maturity. When Mr. Bruce's embarrassments became known, as of necessity they did, to his wife and family, William, the eldest son, was pursuing a profession in a neighboring city. The second, James Bruce, a fine lad of seventeen, and of whom the only daughter was a twin-sister, was still at home, his education being just completed under his father's eye.

'Well, my children,' said Mr. Bruce one morning at breakfast, as he slowly laid down a letter which the post had just brought in, 'the end fast approaches. And yet I feel more happy *now* than I did when comparatively unannoyed, and when you knew not the truth. I have now your forgiveness for having brought this upon you.'

All the family were present at this moment, and all of them had instinctively fixed their eyes upon the ground during Mr. Bruce's perusal of the letter, well-knowing, from frequent experience, the probable character of the missive. But at her father's last words, Harriet Bruce sprang up and kissed his brow, exclaiming at the same time: 'Dear father, it is we who require your forgiveness, for it was for our sakes that you struggled to keep too high a place in society.'

'Partly so, my dear, I admit,' replied the father; 'but how foolish was the conduct, whatever the motive might be, since the world's scorn must fall only with tenfold force upon you now! But this is not all, my children,' continued Mr. Bruce; 'I have sinned in a heavier way, by injuring others—perhaps in some cases irrecoverably. What I—what we—for you must suffer through me—have to endure, is not unmerited; but what others may suffer is not through their own doing or deserts.'

The family were silent after this for a few minutes, until, after asking his father's leave, the elder of the sons lifted the newly-arrived letter. He had scarcely glanced at it, when the exclamation 'A jail!' burst unconsciously from his lips. Mr. Bruce himself sat in silence; but his wife and children, into whose minds the idea of a jail had not yet entered, repeated the words in great agitation. The letter was the first which had plainly threatened that extremity. Even the sons could not refrain from abundant tears, as they cast their eyes on the gray hairs of their father, and thought of the imprisonment of him whom they had been accustomed to see all around him love and reverence.

'Father,' said William Bruce, 'can this pressing debt not be settled?'

'I have not enough, William, to discharge it; nor would it be just to others to do so, even if I had it,' was the reply of Mr. Bruce.

'But if you have a part of the sum,' rejoined William, 'there can be no harm or injustice in offering it, as you would pay to this creditor a part, at all events, if the mode of successive small payments you are about to propose be assented to.'

Not to dwell unnecessarily on this part of our narrative, suffice it to say, that it was agreed on to send a portion of his demand to the pressing creditor, and at the same time to request further time for the liquidation of the remainder. James Bruce was chosen to be the bearer of the money and the request. This youth had sat at the breakfast-table during the conversation detailed, in silence and tearful meditation. Not one of them felt more deeply for the distresses of his father. When required to bear the message mentioned, he assented at once to his father's wishes, though the commission could not be pleasing to his spirit. There was no time, however, for the indulgence of personal feeling, for hesitation, or delay, as but one day was allowed by the creditor for the transmission of an answer. Within an hour, therefore, after breakfast, the youth left his father's house to proceed with the money to the neighboring city, where the creditor in question dwelt.

James Bruce never returned again! The probable cause of this was but too apparent. In his walk between his home and the city, he had to traverse the banks of a canal, and on that canal, in the course of the day on which he left home, some portions of his clothes were found floating. Mr. and Mrs. Bruce knew them but too well to be their son's garments. In the pockets of the vest was found the money with which he had been sent to town. What had been the immediate cause of this sad event—whether, in short, he had been drowned in bathing or preparing to bathe, or had terminated his life voluntarily—it seemed impossible to say. The distressed family, for whom the greatest sympathy was excited, and who had help of every kind proffered to them in the search, caused the canal to be dragged carefully for the course of many miles, but without effect. The body was not seen.

Sorrowful was the home of the Bruces rendered by this catastrophe, befalling, as it did, one of the most beloved members of the family. But in other respects their situation might even be said to be benefited by this event. The sympathies even of the sternest creditors were awakened by their misfortune; and when the state of Mr. Bruce's affairs became known, as it did immediately afterwards, to his friends and flock, the moment was one so instigative of compassionate feeling, that every one took an active interest in his affairs, and soon made an arrangement for him, which took him virtually out of all his difficulties. He was placed in a situation which required but the exercise of moderate economy to make him and his family as comfortable as they had ever been, although some empty luxuries were no longer at their command. Being justly sensible, as the reader may have seen by his words, of the culpability, not to mention the folly, of his former conduct, Mr. Bruce steadily avoided the rock on which he had previously split. Perhaps, as he looked at the deep mourning—the visible symbol of unseen grief—in which he himself and his family were clothed, a motive even stronger for prudent conduct suggested itself; for there could not but be in his mind occasionally a harassing fear about the mode of James' death. Yet, on mature reflection, Mr. Bruce and his family, knowing the youth's principles, always came to the conclusion, that accident must have caused his mysterious end.

Year after year, to the number of ten, rolled away after this period, and the family of the Bruces were still all of them in life. Some changes, however, had taken place in thei. situation. Harriet Bruce was now the wife of one with whom she had been familiar from infancy, and whom she loved the more, from his having been the dearest friend of her brother James. Mr. Acland, as her husband was named, resided close by the dwelling of Mr. Bruce, who still retained his clerical charge in the vicinity of the city fomerly adverted to. Mr. Acland being in excellent circumstances, it was in the daughter's power to contribute much to her father's comfort, and in the society of her children he found a perpetual source of pleasure. Things were in this condition, when one day Mr. Acland rode into the city upon some business. After attending to more important duties, he went to the barracks, in order to pay his respects to one of the officers of the regiment stationed there. On entering the yard, he dismounted for this purpose from his horse, which was readily taken in charge by a soldier who was lounging near the spot; and Mr. Acland then went into the officer's room. He was but a few minutes away, and on his return he was about to mount, when his eye caught the countenance of the soldier. It struck Mr. Acland that the face was known to him, and it also seemed to him that an involuntary expression of recognition passed across the soldier's own face.

'May I ask your name, friend?' said Mr. Acland.

'William Lumsden, sir,' said the man at once; and he said it in so quiet and cold a manner, that the inquirer mounted his horse, muttering to himself 'Nonsense! imagination!' and rode away.

But Mr. Acland could not get the resemblance thus condemned as 'imaginative nonsense' out of his thoughts; and the more he mused on the matter, the more firmly he became convinced that there was more than foolish fancy in it. At length he went to his brother-in-law, William Bruce, who was now a prosperous merchant in the city, and spoke to him on the subject. So positive was Mr. Acland of the correctness of his first impression, that he did not hesitate to say: 'William, I am firmly persuaded that your brother James Bruce is now living and in this city!'

'Acland, do you know what you say?' was the reply.

'I do, and believe it to be true.' So saying, he mentioned the circumstance which had taken place at the barracks, and described the man. As there was nothing in the canal catastrophe positively contradictive of such a supposition, and as, indeed, from the non-discovery of the body, many persons had doubted the reality of his death, it was not difficult for Mr. Acland to excite hopes in his brother-in-law's mind. It was agreed that they should immediately go to the barracks, saying nothing in the meantime to any one of the matter.

When William and Acland reached the barracks, they chanced to find the man they sought at the entrance of the yard. When Mr. Acland pointed him out, William went up to him with considerable internal emotion, which was increased at the first glance. 'What is your name?' said he.

The soldier's lip quivered, and his cheek grew somewhat pale, but he replied: 'William Lumsden.'

'No!' said William, extending his arms; 'I am William Bruce, and you are my brother James!'

The soldier struggled for an instant apparently to restrain himself, and then, bursting into tears, threw himself into the arms that were opened to receive him. Need we add, that the soldier was James Bruce!

A joyful meeting with a happy father, mother, and sister, all of whom loved the lost one dearly, followed this discovery. Ere long, James Bruce's military career ended: he was bought out of the service by his friends. And what, does the reader think, was the cause of all this?—what was the reason for his disappearance—for the mystery of his floating clothes on the canal? When the explanation was given, it increased greatly the love of his family for him, for he sacrificed himself for them. Believing and hoping that his father's creditors would be prevented thus by compassion and sympathy from continuing to press him, the youth had determined, in traversing the canal banks, upon throwing in a part of his clothes, to raise the supposition of his being drowned. He put this idea in force; and then, by a by-road, found his way to the city, where he sought out a party of recruiting soldiers—of whose existence he had previously been aware—and being a youth of tall person and fine appearance, was enlisted at once. On confessing that he had run off to be a soldier, there was no objection made—the service being then much in want of men—and he was sent off with a number of other recruits to the head-quarters of the corps on the following morning. Since that time he had been in various places, and at last had come to the neighborhood of his home, where he was discovered. He meant, he declared, to have revealed himself before leaving with his regiment for another place; but he did not intend to have left his corps and come home, lest the world should throw shame on his family, and say his departure was a thing of concert.

The world, however, was just and generous enough to do all parties justice in this case. The remarkable act and motives of James Bruce were indeed such as to arrest popular applause. But lofty and generous as we must admit his intentions to have been, the act was still thoughtless and rash; for was not the pain inflicted on the family, by the thought of his death, a heavy price to pay for the advantage to be anticipated from it? Yet let us not judge too harshly, but look at the *intention*, which wears the color of a generous self-sacrifice. It must have been to him a great pleasure, on his restoration to his family, to know that his act had been productive of much of the effect anticipated.

We have now closed our story, and have only to say, that, with the exception of some unimportant alterations, to spare the feelings of living friends, this story is true throughout. James Bruce is at this hour, we believe, a merchant on the other side of the broad Atlantic.

FRIVOLITIES OF THE FRENCH NATION, PREVIOUS TO THE REVOLUTION.

'Bread and Theatres' was once the motto of the Roman people; and such, apparently, was long that of the French. This may be inferred from an ordinance of the police, made April 14, 1784, and proclaimed by sound of trumpet. At the very instant when the parliament of Paris was making remonstrances on the dearness of flour, and the immediate necessity of giving bread to the innumerable famished poor, the government carefully watched over the pleasures of the populace. In an ordinance which relates to merry-andrews, pantaloons, rope-dancers, and other exhibiters in the Boulevards, or environs of Paris, it is declared, that these amusements, being made for the people to refresh them from their labors, and prevent the dreadful effects of idleness and intemperance, it is necessary to put them at a rate which does not exceed their ability. The managers of these facetious personages are forbidden to raise their first seats to a higher price than three livres; their second, to twenty-four sols; their third, to twelve; and their fourth, to six.

In January, 1769, an important cause was brought forward in their highest court of judicature. It was an action instituted by the ladies' hairdressers of Paris, against the corporation of master-barbers. It is probable that some able pleader amused himself in drawing up the curious memoir that was published on this occasion, which everywhere discovers the playful hand of a master. In his first division, the orator, speaking for his clients, maintains that the art of dressing the ladies' hair is a liberal art; and boldly ventures to compare it with poetry, painting, and sculpture. 'By those talents,' says he, 'which are peculiar to ourselves, we give new graces to the beauty who is sung by the poet; it is when she comes from our hands that the painter and the statuary represent her; and if the locks of Berenice have been placed among the stars, who will deny that, to attain this superior glory, she was first in need of our aid? A forehead more or less open, a face more or less oval, require very different modes; everywhere we must embellish nature, or correct her deficiencies. It is also necessary to conciliate with the color of the flesh that of the dress which is to adorn it. This is the art of the painter. We must seize, with taste, the variegated shades, and by a just distribution of light and shadow, give more spirit to the complexion, and more expression to the graces. Sometimes the whiteness of the skin will be heightened by the auburn tint of the locks, or the too lively hue be softened by the grayish cast with which we tinge the tresses.'

This important trial was crowded by a most brilliant assemblage; and when the grave decision of the court was finally made in favor of the ladies' hairdressers, it was approved by a sudden clapping of hands from the anxious beauties of Paris, who considered the affair as of the first national consequence.

In September, 1769, an exclusive privilege was obtained to supply silk umbrellas, for those who felt themselves incommoded by the heat of the sun, as they walked over the Pont Neuf! Offices were erected at the extremities of this bridge, where such dandies as were fearful of spoiling their complexions, provided themselves with one of these light and useful machines, which they left at the office on the other side, paying two liards. It will be acknowledged, that the projector of this undertaking was profound and sublime in his national views; and surely the government was not inferior, when they granted him their *letters-patent* for these *umbrellas!*

Among the various extravagances of French fashions, was the singular one of wearing square hats, or hats with four points, which prevailed in 1776. This grotesque covering was used by the young fops for their morning dishabille. Shortly afterwards, some innovators introduced hats with two points; these, however, did not generally succeed; yet the Duke de Richelieu dismissed his valet because he gave him a hat with four points instead of two. The English slouched hats at length prevailed. All these fashions existed in the course of one year. In 1780, the fashionable folly consisted in wearing two watches; and the Duke de Richelieu, having a pair which flamed with precious stones, a sycophant entreated permission to admire them. The awkward courtier, however, dropped one on the floor; and in attempting to save it, let fall the other. The fragile trifles were thus ruined, and he stammered out a thousand apologies. 'Do not be uneasy,' cried the duke; 'I never before saw them *go so well together.*'

In 1786 reigned the mania of buttons: they not only wore them of an enormous size—as large as crown-pieces—but with miniature portraits and other pictures; so that a set of buttons was often valued at an incredible price. Some of these gay fellows wore the modest medals of the twelve Cæsars; others, antique statues; and others, the metamorphoses of Ovid. Some young men imitated the romantic fancy of the ancient knights of chivalry, and wore on their buttons the cipher of their mistresses; and the Parisian wits exercised their puny talents, by forming with the letters of the alphabet insipid rebuses. In short, the manufacture of buttons was a work of imagination, which wonderfully displayed the genius of the artist, as well as the taste of the purchaser, and afforded an inexhaustible source of conversation.

To this fashionable extravagance succeeded, in the same year, that of the waistcoats. These became a capital object of luxury in dress, and were purchased by dozens. They exhibited the fancy of the wearer by their fine paintings, and were enriched with the most costly ornaments. Among the variety of subjects they offered to the eye, were a number of amorous and comic scenes; grape-gatherers, hunters, &c., ornamented the chests of the dandies; and the front of an effeminate trifler was occupied by a regiment of cavalry; one had a dozen waistcoats painted so as to represent the finest scenes in *Richard Cœur de Lion* and the reigning operas of the day, that his wardrobe might become a learned repository of the drama, and perpetuate its most felicitous passages!

These anecdotes exhibit such extreme levity and frivolous refinement, that in an Englishman who has never travelled out of his own neighborhood, they must excite not less surprise than contempt.

The national levity was insensibly declining about the time of the American war. In 1782, a writer describes the ladies as being *Anglomanes*; and, indeed, after the splendid victory of Rodney, the fashionable female Parisians wore bonnets *a la Rodney*. For the vanquished voluntarily to exhibit the honors, and thus to rejoice in the advantages of the enemy, is a curious fact in the history of human nature, and an instance of the most singular levity. Indeed, about this time, the French were gradually giving up their own for English manners; and an idea of the excellence of the British government was rapidly advancing among the people. The court considered this as only a temporary levity in the nation, which would pass away like its former ones. But liberty was insensibly acquiring a form and a voice.

The influenza spread about this time, and that also gave rise to a fashionable dress. The hats and bonnets of the frivolous Parisians were all *influenzas*. The Count de Vergennes, in a conversation, was describing the singularity of this epidemic disorder, and said it was called the Russian Malady, because it first appeared at Petersburg.

'We are threatened,' observed a duchess present, 'with another malady, which will come from America.'

'What is that madam?' interrogated Vergennes.

'The INDEPENDANZA,' replied the lady. 'I am informed that our troops in that country are delighted to learn, that every soldier may hope to become a general, if he discovers any talents for war; that the Americans acknowledge no distinction of nobility and rank; and that all men are equal. This infinitely pleases the French. When they return home, they will dwell with rapture on these events; they will tell their relations and friends all they have seen, and in what manner men become independent; they will then teach here what they have learned there.'

The duchess was right.*

THE CAROUSALS OF COUNT BARANOFF.

THE following droll account of a visit to Count Baranoff, the governor of a small Russian fort on the west coast of North America, is given by an anonymous writer in the *New York Mirror*, and is too good to be allowed to remain unknown to British readers:—

There are some incidents in our lives which seem to elude the ebb of time, and in spite of the whirlpool of more interesting events which sweep around our memory, remain fresh and unimpaired. Such are the recollections of my first *prosnick*, or drinking-feast, with Count Baranoff, governor of the Russian possessions on the north-west coast of America.

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* From the *Pocket Magazine, or Elegant Repository*, for the year 1794.

In the beginning of April 1814, the few Americans belonging to Mr. Astor's company left Columbia River, in the brig *Pedler*, bound for the Russian settlements on the north-west coast; the majority of the party set out on the same day on their journey across the continent, through the posts of the North-West Company, and under their protection—thus deserting interests which had been cherished by treasure and blood. Our brig was manned by the crew of the ship *Lark*, wrecked on her passage to Columbia River, near the Sandwich Islands. Her captain was our sailing-master, and Mr. ——— *our* captain. H —— and myself were the recruits embarked at Columbia River. After being detained several days for a leading wind over the bar, we got safely to sea. The staggering breeze which drove us rapidly on our way, soon dissipated the moody thoughts this irksome delay and change of habit had engendered. With the usual proportion of snow-storms, squalls, and gales for which this navigation is distinguished, we arrived at Norfolk Sound, in the first days of May; and rounding the little island in front of the fort, saluted Count Baranoff with nine guns.

Of this roystering old Muscovite, Mr —— had some knowledge. Two years previously, he had visited and sold him the *Beaver's* cargo. Certain of his characteristics did not find grace in Mr ——'s eyes. The predominant one of getting royally drunk, and insisting on his guests, being equally so, before business could be commenced, was, at any rate, no feather in his cap. Whether in self-defence the old gentleman found it necessary to do so, or whether it was from pure love of liquor, is not for me to say. He may have found the Boston captains, as others have, too many for him when they were sober; and the punch—by which name he dignified his mixture of three-fourths burning arrack, and the remainder Yankee rum—tend to obfuscate their 'cuteness, and keep his own in its native brightness. Let this be as it may, the law was positive. Besides these deep-drinking habits, there were other attributes of character, not remarkable for amiableness, inasmuch as he was a hard-headed, perverse, and absolute old gentleman. When anything had gone wrong with him, during the last forty years, he had thwacked and belabored his lieutenant-governor, captains, and subalterns; and happy were they if the banging was the only consequence—for if obliged to pent-up his humors and bide his time,the results were more serious. He had an innate prejudice against a cold-water man, while his heart warmed towards a free-drinking, careless wight, who would enter into his prosnicks with gusto. His long exercise of absolute despotism had not totally eradicated every trait of gentlemanly feeling—those were occasionally exhibited, but they were few and far between.

Mr. —— paid the usual complimentary visit soon after we anchored—told of the disastrous winding-up of the Pacific Fur Company, and the consequent dissipation of the embryo plans of furnishing him exclusively his supplies—all which the old gentleman took very coolly, but entered with more interest on the matter of a prosnick he proposed giving next day to Mr. —— and the young Indians he had on board. With whatever disagreeable anticipations Mr. ——, whose habits were of a sober kind, might have looked forward to this jollification, they were not participated in by H—— and myself. Our residence in the Indian country had not made us remarkably delicate in the choice of our edibles; and, for the drinking part, in the presumption of our years, we thought with Sam Patch, that some folks could do some things as well as some other folks.

The following day, rigged in our best, we landed in the little cove formed by the jutting precipice, on the summit of which were the governor's quarters. The Kodiak village, of 100 or 200 Indians, open on one side to the water, and palisadoed on the other three, with here and there a bastion, lay straggling around. Along the base of the precipice, tending inward from the shore, and where the descent was more gradual, ran one line of these palisades, through which a gate opened to a flight of broad steps, and up to a platform, where were mounted some three or four brass guns, and sentries posted. Rising from the far end of this platform, was a much longer flight of steps leading to the area above, and crowned by the governor's domicile. This area was enclosed by a second row of palisades, and covered by *chevaux-de-frise*. Guns, large and small, were ready here to pour out destruction to any who approached with hostile intent. The imperial banner, emblem of dominion in so many fair realms of Europe and Asia, fluttered here, too, in the noon-day breeze—and, floating high above meaner things, spread its protecting shadow over this rugged American mount. Here, also, elevated in the air, look-out boxes, with each its watchful sentinel, peered over the surrounding country, and wo betide the unlucky wight who failed to give notice of any moving object!

No solitary canoe, with silent paddle, could steal over the secluded bay—no subtle Indian, with stealthy pace, could wind around the precincts his ghost-like way, unknown to the governor. Perched here in his eyrie—with out a cabinet to discuss measures, without a congress to vex him, without a nest of waspish newspapers stinging him here and there—this responsibility-taking old potentate imbibed with satisfaction his punch, and practised his remedy—a stout hickory-stick—without let or bar from any grumbling caitiff.

The inequalities of the mount were filled up with storehouses, barracks, and other buildings. On the apex, the governor's house stood alone. It was raised one story from the entrance—a narrow staircase led up to his apartments, consisting of a long room, with partitions at each end, dividing off his sleeping-chamber and office, each of which was well garnished with military weapons. From the point of entrance, there was a descending passage leading to a billiard-room, bathing-room, kitchen, &c. A sloping side to the precipice had admitted of this construction.

Punctually as the sun declined from his zenith, we entered the principal apartment. The type of royalty was seated on a sofa at the upper end of the room—chairs were ranged around, and a dining-table, invitingly spread out, was not the least interesting object. As he shook us cordially by the hand, and uttered in the *lingua franca* of the place *Poshweehalti*—Welcome—he actually looked amiable. The hale old nobleman at this time numbered about sixty years, and was in person of middle stature, with a goodly protuberance in front. His face round and full, seamed by years and exposure, gave little token of his lion character. His features were common—keen gray eyes, which appeared to read those on whom they were bent, and partaking of a mixed expression—sometimes glaring with fierceness, and sometimes casting a bland regard, were the only redeeming ones. Long military boots—dark inexpressibles—white vest, with an exuberance of lace-ruffle flowing from his bosom—a bottle-green coat, of a military cut, from which dangled a medal—and wide ruffles flaring from the cuffs, completed the outer man.

The table was soon covered by several good-looking dishes, the steam of which was potent. Grasping his badge of authority, the stout cane, the governor advanced, and begged us to be seated. The lieutenant-governor, Lashinski by name, and one or two other dignitaries, were our attendants. The dinner was composed of various dishes of fish and wild-fowl, cooked in divers ways, in the shape of stews, ragouts, and pies—the sauce piquant of which was good train-oil. This being the first Christian dinner we had seen for many years, met due honor from H—— and myself; plateful after plateful of all and each disappeared with celerity. The old gentleman was pleased with the vigor of our attack, and in the fulness of his heart more than once uttered his satisfaction. Wine, rum, and arrack were the diluents of this hyperborean repast. Whatever the governor drank, we drank; not from any slavish desire of pleasing him, but from the supposition that he knew what was best.

As we warmed with the feast, H——'s amusement and mine was to get the lieutenant-governor into a scrape. We alternately shouted 'Lashinski,' pointing to our empty glasses; and as we were at opposite ends of the table, he had to leave his seat to wait upon us, while each time he passed the old bear, he got a whack for his want of attention; and before we had done, the perspiration rolled from his head to his feet.

Everything has an end, and so has a good dinner. The governor now proposed that we should drink our punch—

a signal for a regular set-to in the billiard-room. We adjourned thither. A big urn, filled, not with piping-hot water, but with piping-hot punch, was introduced. A tumbler or two of it told us we were gone men, if it could not find some other paasage than down our throats. There was no frill on our leather-shirts, and we preferred scalding the out rather than the inside.

We commenced playing a pool, each man depositing in a pocket of the table a silver dollar as his stake. The players were the governor, his nephew, Lashinski, one or two other dignitaries, H——, and myself. It so happened, that in the first game the contest for the money lay between the governor and me, and a favorable chance presenting itself, notwithstanding numerous shakes of the head, and other signs of disapprobation from the jackals, I struck the old lion in the pocket, and so pocketed the dollars. He made me a low bow, with all the politeness of a gentleman of the old school, though looking, in spite of his efforts, like a chafed bull-dog.

After a long pull at the punch, and a confounded hot bath, we returned to our game, and to my no small advantage, the governor made me his partner. We thus continued *punching* it and *pooling* it, until some of us could no longer hit a ball. When we reached this happy state, old Blowhard doffed coat and boots, and made ready for a dance. Large as he was, he cut a queer figure; however, he led the van in a legitimate gallopade round and round the billiard-table, kicking up his heels, and frolicking like an old cart-horse; we all followed in his wake, whooping, hallooing, shouting, and cutting all sorts of capers. Every few minutes, we were obliged to stop and drink punch. The old one was a good one to go, but became blown at last. He pulled up, and at his invitation, H—— and myself seated ourselves by him. The others kept up the pace; and ever and anon, when there was any inclination to go at ease, or want of vigor in the whoop, whack came the remedy.

The count, in the meantime, was undergoing a process which soon qualified him for a prolongation of the revels. Evaporation was going on rapidly with him; wine, rum, and punch rolled in streams from his pores; and in half an hour he seemed as good as new again. The punch, in lieu of tumblers, was now filled in pint bowls—the vacuum was shortly supplied, and the old sponge was quickly soaking again.

Three or four files of soldiers, with muskets and fixed bayonets, about this time entered, and stood stiff and rigid on each side of the door. A score of naked Indians, armed each with a knife, and bedaubed in various colors, next made their appearance. These seated themselves in a circle, with the exception of one, who moved slowly around within it, chaunting in a low, monotonous tone. In the chorus, he was joined by the whole gang; his tones gradually became more rapid, and the chorus more energetic. At length, they were all on their feet in motion, and every now and then approached H—— and myself, florishing their knives almost within reach of our eyes, and screeching and howling like so many madmen. We had seen better-looking Indians in their own wilds, without the presence of armed soldiers, playing with more grace similar wild antics, and could look therefore with unblenching eyes on their mimic warfare. We, too, could sing the war-song, and dance the war-dance, and, excited by the scene, we unrigged ourselves in a trice. Some jars of train-oil, and bags of feathers, were ranged on one side of the room. We emptied one of these gravy-pots over us, and took the same liberty with a bag of feathers, and with jack-knife in hand, played our parts in the orgies. The old man was pleased: the inferior dignitaries had to follow suit. The punch circulated most rapidly. Indians and all were roaring drunk; the frantic revels were at their height. Seated on a bench, supported by the wall, and flourishing his stick, the old governor kept us to our work round and round the billiard-table, shouting and bellowing as long as he could make himself audible; his voice at length dwindled to a growl, in which the only word to be distinguished was *puncham;* his eyes twinkled, he tottered in his seat, and then fell in a lump on the floor, regularly sewed up—a consummation, though often devoutly wished for, few had the satisfaction of witnessing. Notwithstanding our vapor-baths, in what guise, or how, and when we got aboard, we know not. The next morning, we found ourselves there, and ascertained that Mr. —— had, with his usual forethought, made an early escape from the toils of this hard-drinking old potentate.

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STORY OF NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

One day, a good many years ago, a young woman knocked at the door of a little cottage in the suburbs of the town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The knock was immediately responded to by the opening of the door from within. An aged woman, neatly dressed, and who had evidently risen from her wheel, was the sole inmate of the little cot. 'Bless your heart, girl,' said the dame, as she entered with her visitor, and sat down to the wheel again; 'there must surely be something particular about you to-day, for you did not use to knock.'

'I was afraid some one might be with you, mother,' said the girl, who had taken a seat opposite to the spinner.

'And though a neighbor had been here,' replied the dame, 'this surely wouldn't have frightened you away. But the truth is, you have got something to say to me, Catherine,' continued the speaker kindly: 'out with it, my dear, and depend upon the best counsel that old Hannah can give.' The young woman blushed, and did not immediately speak. 'Has William Hutton asked you to be his wife, Catherine?' said the dame, who easily and rightly anticipated the matter that was in the thoughts of her youthful visitor.

'He has, mother,' was the reply.

The old woman began to birr earnestly at the wheel. 'Well, my dear,' said she, after a short pause, 'is not this but what you have long expected—ay, and wished? He has your heart; and so, I suppose, it needs no witch to tell what will be the end on't.'

This might be all very true, but there was something upon Catharine's mind which struggled to be out, and out it came. 'Dear Hannah,' said she, seating herself close by the dame, and taking hold of her hand, 'you have been a kind friend—a parent—to me, since my own poor mother died, and I have no one else to look to for advice but yourself. I have not given William an answer, and would not till I had spoken to you; especially as something—as you once said'—

'What did I say, Catharine?' interrupted the old woman: 'nothing against the man you love, surely. He is, from all that I have seen and heard, kind-hearted, industrious, and every way well-behaved.'

'Yes, Hannah,' replied the young woman; 'but you once said, after I had brought him once or twice to see you, that you did not like those—those sort of low fits that sometimes fall upon him even in company. I have often noticed them since, Hannah,' continued Catharine with a sigh.

'Plague on my old thoughtless tongue for saying any such thing to vex you, my dear child! Heed not so careless a speech, Catherine. He was a soldier, you know, a good many years ago—before he was twenty—and fought for his country. He may have seen sights then that make him grave to think upon, without the least cause for blaming himself. But whatever it may be, I meant not, Catherine, that you should take such a passing word to heart. If he has some little cares, you will easily soothe them and make him happy.'

As the worthy dame spoke, her visitor's brow gradually cleared, and, after some further conversation, Catherine left the cottage, lightened at heart with the thought that her old friend approved of her following the course to which her inclination led her. Catherine Smith was indeed well entitled to pay respect to the counsels of Hannah. The latter had never been married, and had spent the greater part of her life in the service of a wealthy family at Morpeth. When she was there, the widowed mother of Catherine had died in Newcastle; and on learning of the circumstance, Hannah, though a friend merely, and no relation, had sent for the orphan girl, then about ten years of age, and had taken care of her till she grew fit to maintain herself by service. On finding herself unable to continue a working-life longer, Hannah had retired to Newcastle, her native place, where she lived in humble comfort on the earnings of her long career of servitude. Catherine came back with her to Newcastle, and immediately entered into service there. Hannah and Catherine had been two years in these respective situations, when the dialogue which has been recorded took place.

On the succeeding expiry of her term of service, Catherine was married to the young man whose name has been stated as being William Hutton. He was a joiner by trade, and bore, as Hannah had said, an excellent character. The first visit paid by the new-married pair was to the cottage of the old woman, who gazed on them with a truly maternal pride, thinking she had never seen so handsome a couple. The few years spent by Hutton in the army had given to his naturally good figure an erect manliness, which looked as well in one of his sex, as the slight, graceful figure, and fair, ingenuous countenance of Catherine, was calculated to adorn one of womankind. Something of this kind, at least, was in the thoughts of old Hannah when Catherine and her husband visited the dame's little dwelling.

Many a future visit was paid by the same parties to Hannah, and on each successive occasion the old woman looked narrowly, though as unobtrusively as possible, into the state of the young wife's feelings, with a motherly anxiety to know if she was happy. For though Hannah—seeing Catherine's affections to be deeply engaged—had made light of her own early remarks upon the strange and most unpleasing gloom occasionally if not frequently observable in the look and manner of William Hutton, the old woman had never been able to rid her own mind altogether of misgivings upon the subject. For many months after Catherine's marriage, however, Hannah could discover nothing but open, unalloyed happiness in the air and conversation of the youhtful wife. But at length Hannah's anxious eye did perceive something like a change. Catherine seemed sometimes to fall, when visiting the cottage, into fits of abstraction not unlike those which had been observed in her husband. The aged dame felt greatly distressed at the thought of her dear Catherine being unhappy, but for a long time held her peace upon the subject, trusting that the cloud might be a temporary one, and would disappear.

It was not so, unfortunately. Though, in their manner to each other when together, nothing but the most cordial affection was observable, Catherine, when she came alone to see Hannah, always seemed a prey to some uneasiness, which all her efforts could not conceal from her old friend. Even when she became for the first time a mother, and, with all the beautiful pride of a young mother's love, presented her babe to Hannah, the latter could see signs of a secret grief imprinted on Catherine's brow. Hoping by her counsels to bring relief, Hannah at last took an opportunity to tell the young wife what she had observed, and besought her confidence.

At first, Catherine stammered orth a hurried assurance that she was perfectly happy, and, in a few seconds, belied her words by bursting into tears, and owning that she was very unhappy. 'But I cannot, Hannah,' she exclaimed, 'I cannot tell the cause—not even to you!'

'Don't say so, my poor Catherine,' replied Hannah; 'it is not curiosity that bids me interfere.'

'O no, Hannah!' replied the young wife; 'I know you speak from love to me.'

'Well, then,' continued the dame, 'open your heart to me. Age is a good adviser.' Catherine was silent. 'Is your husband harsh?' asked Hannah.

'No, no,' cried the wife; 'man could not be kinder to woman than he is to me.'

'Perhaps he indulges in drink—in private'—

'Hannah, you mistake altogether,' was Catherine's reply; 'my husband is as free from all such faults as ever man was.'

'My dear child,' said the old woman, almost smiling as the idea entered her head, 'you are not suspicious—not jealous'—

'I have never had a moment's cause, Hannah,' answered Catherine. 'No, my griefs are not of that nature. He is one of the best and dearest of husbands.'

Old Hannah was puzzled by these replies, as much as she was distressed by the now open avowal of Catherine's having some hidden cause of sorrow; but seeing that her young friend could not make up her mind to a disclosure at the time, the aged dame gave up her inquiries, and told Catherine to *think* seriously of the propriety of confiding all to her.

Hannah conceived that, on mature consideration, Catherine would come to the resolution of seeking counsel at the cottage. And she was not wrong. In a few days after their late conversation, the young wife came to visit Hannah again, and after a little absent and embarrassed talk, entered on the subject which was uppermost in the minds of both.

'Hannah,' said Catherine, 'I fear you can serve me nothing—I fear no living being can serve me. O Hannah! good as my husband appears to be—good as he is—there is some dreadful weight pressing upon his mind, which destroys his peace—and mine too. Alas! the gloomy fits which you as well as I noticed in him are not, I fear, without cause.' Catherine wept in silence for a minute, and continued: 'All that I know of this cause arises from his expressions—his dreadful expressions—while he is sleeping by my side. Hannah! he speaks, in broken language, of *murder*—of having committed a murder! He mutters about the "streaming blood" that his hand drew from the "innocent victim." Alas! I have heard enough to tell me that he speaks of a *young woman*. O Hannah! perhaps a woman deceived and killed by him!' As Catherine said this, she shuddered, and buried her face in that of the babe which she carried in her arms.

Hannah was shocked to hear of this, but her good sense led her at once to suggest, for the comfort of the poor wife, that it was perfectly possible for her husband to imagine himself a murderer in his sleep, and speak of it, without the slightest reality in the whole affair.

'Ah, Hannah,' said Catherine sadly, 'these dreadful sayings are not the result of one nightmare slumber. They occur often—too often. Besides, when I first heard him mutter in his sleep of these horrible things, I mentioned the matter to him in the morning at our breakfast, and laughed at it; but he grew much agitated; and telling me to pay no attention to such things, 'as he sometimes talked nonsense, he knew, in his sleep,' he rose and went away, leaving his meal unfinished—indeed, scarcely touched. I am sure he does not know how often he speaks in his sleep, for I have never mentioned the subject again—though my rest is destroyed by it. And then his fits of sadness at ordinary moments! Hannah, Hannah! there is some mystery—some terrible mystery under it! Yet,' continued the poor young wife, 'he is so good—so kind—so dutiful to God and to man! He has too much tenderness and feeling to harm a fly! Hannah, what am I to think or do, for I am wretched at present?'

It was long ere the old dame replied to this question. She mused deeply on what had been told to her, and in the end said to Catherine: 'My poor child, I cannot believe that William is guilty of what these circumstances lay seemingly to his door. But if the worst be true, it is better for you to know it, than to be in this killing suspense for ever. Go and gain his confidence, Catherine; tell him all that has come to your ear, and say that you do so by my advice.' Hannah continued to use persuasions of the same kind for some time longer, and at length sent Catherine home, firmly resolved to follow the counsel given to her.

On the following day, Catherine once more presented herself at the abode of Hannah, and, as soon as she had entered, exclaimed: 'Dear mother, I have told him all! He will be here soon to explain every thing to us both.'

The old woman did not exactly comprehend this. 'Has he not,' said she, 'given an explanation, then, to you?'

'No, Hannah,' said Catherine; 'but, oh, he is not guilty! When I had spoken to him as you desired me, he was silent for a long time, and he then took me in his arms, Hannah, and kissed me, saying: "My darling Catherine, I ought to have confided in you long before. I have been unfortunate, but not guilty. Go to kind Hannah's, and I will soon follow you, and set your mind at ease—as far as it can be done. Had I known how much you have been suffering, I would have done this long before." These were his words Hannah. Oh, he may be unfortunate, but not guilty!'

Hannah and Catherine said little more to each other, until the husband of the latter came to the cottage. William sat down gravely by the side of his wife, and after kindly inquiring for the old woman, at once commenced to tell his story. 'The reason of the unhappy exclamations in sleep,' said he, 'which have weighed so much upon your mind, my dear Catherine, may be very soon told. They arose from a circumstance which has much imbittered my own peace, but which, I hope, is to be regarded as a sad calamity rather than a crime. When I entered the army, which I did at the age of nineteen, the recruiting-party to which I attached myself was sent to Scotland, where we remained but for a few months, being ordered again to England, in order to be transported to the continent. One unhappy morning, as we were passing out of a town where we had rested on our march southwards, my companions and I chanced to see a girl, apparently about fifteen years of age, washing clothes in a tub. Being then the most light-hearted among the light-hearted, I took up a large stone with the intention of splashing the water against the girl. She stooped hastily, and, shocking to tell, when I threw the stone, it struck her on the head, and she fell to the ground, with, I fear, her skull fractured. Stupified by what I had done, I stood gazing on the stream of blood rushing from my poor victim's head, when my companions, observing that no one had seen us—for it was then early in the morning—hurried me off. We were not pursued, and were in a few weeks on the continent; but the image of that bleeding girl followed me everywhere; and since I came home, I have never dared to inquire into the result, lest suspicion should be excited, and I should suffer for murder! For I fear, from the dreadful nature of the blow, that the death of that poor creature lies at my door!'

While Hutton was relating this story, he had turned his eyes to the window; but what was his astonishment, as he was concluding, to hear old Hannah cry aloud: 'Thank God!' while his wife broke into a hysterical passion of tears and smiles, and threw herself into his arms.

'My dear husband!' cried she, as soon as her voice found utterance, 'that town was Morpeth?'

'It was,' said he.

'Dear William,' the wife then cried, 'I am that girl!'

'You Catherine!' cried the amazed and enraptured husband, as he pressed her to his breast.

'Yes,' said old Hannah, from whose eyes tears of joy were fast dropping: the girl whom you unfortunately struck was she who is now the wife of your bosom; but your fears had magnified the blow. Catherine was found by myself soon after the accident; and though she lost a little blood, and was stunned for a time, she soon got round again. Praised be Heaven for bringing about this blessed explanation!'

'Amen!' cried Catherine and the husband.

Peace and happiness, as much as usually falls to the happiest of mortals, were the lot of Catherine and her husband from this time forward, their great source of inquietude being thus taken away. The wife even loved her husband the more, from the discovery that the circumstances which had caused her distress were but a proof of his extreme tenderness of heart and conscience; and William was attached the more strongly to Catherine, after finding her to be the person whom he had unwittingly injured. A new tie, as it were, had been formed between them. Strange as this history may appear, it is true.

STORY OF MOSES ROPER.

Moses Roper is a youth of little more than twenty, who has recently arrived in Britain,* under the character of a refugee American slave. He has been taken under the patronage of anti-slavery societies, and of various benevovent individuals, through whose aid he has acquired some small tincture of education. Besides making his story known at public meetings in various parts of the empire, he has published a small volume, containing a minute narrative of his various attempts to escape from his masters, and of the last successful one—from which volume it appears that he is a native of Caswell County, in North

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* This was written in 1838.

Carolina, and the son of a white gentleman by a female slave who was half Indian half African. He is himself nearly white, but exhibits the wooly hair of the African races. He states in his Memoir, that, as soon as he was born, his father's wife made an attempt to destroy his life, and was only prevented by an aged female who stood by. At six years old, in consequence of a break-up in the establishment, he was parted from his mother, and taken by a negro trader several hundred miles to the south, and sold at Lancaster [in Georgia?] to a medical man named Jones, who employed him in mixing medicines. Soon after, he was sold by Jones, and passed through the hands of several masters, until, about his thirteenth year, he was purchased at a place called *Liberty Hill*, in Cashaw County, South Carolina, by a Mr. Gooch, a cotton-planter, who put him on his plantation to work. Severe labor, insufficient food, and a flogging every day for imperfectly executed tasks, were here his portion. He was then transferred to a Mr. Hammans, a son-in-law of Gooch, who put him to equally severe work, and flogged him as cruelly. He ran away to the woods half naked, was put into Lancaster jail, reclaimed, and beat most unmercifully. Several other unsuccessful attempts at escape were each rewarded with a flogging of 100 lashes. At length Hammans sold him back to Gooch, who, knowing his anxiety to escape, took him to his house, fifteen miles off, chained by the neck to his chaise. The scanty food, heavy work, and floggings, being still continued, he renewed his attempts at escape, but only thereby incurred still severer penalties. On one occasion, after being recaptured, Gooch punished him in the following fashion:—He tied his wrists together, and placed them over the knees; then, having put a stick through, under the knees and over the arms, so as to secure the latter, he gave him 500 lashes on the bare back. 'He then,' says Roper, 'chained me down in a log-pen, with a forty pound chain, and made me lie on the damp earth all night. In the morning, after his breakfast, he came to me, and without giving me any breakfast, tied me to a large heavy harrow, which is usually drawn by a horse, and made me drag it to the cotton-field for the horse to use in the field. Thus the reader will see that it was of no possible use to my master to make me drag it to the field, and not through it: his cruelty went so far, as actually to make me the slave of his horse, and thus to degrade me. He then flogged me again, and set me to work in the corn-field the whole of that day, and at night chained me down in the log-pen as before. The next morning, he took me to the cotton-field, and gave me a third flogging, and set me to hoe cotton. At this time, I was dreadfully sore and weak with the repeated floggings and harsh treatment I had endured. He put me under a black man, with orders, that if I did not keep my row up in hoeing with this man, he was to flog me. The reader must recollect here, that, not being used to this kind of work, having been a domestic slave, it was quite impossible for me to keep up with him, and therefore I was repeatedly flogged during the day.'

He was now chained to a young female slave, who had also attempted to run away, and for some days both were flogged regularly together. 'Words are insufficient,' he says, 'to describe the misery which possessed both body and mind whilst under this treatment, and which was most dreadfully increased by the sympathy which I felt for my poor degraded fellow-sufferer. My master's cruelty was not confined to me; it was his general conduct to all his slaves. I might relate many instances to substantiate this, but will confine myself to one or two. Mr. Gooch, it is proper to observe, was a member of a Baptist church, called Black Jack Meeting-house, in Cashaw County, which church I attended for several years, but was never inside. This is accounted for by the fact, that the colored population are not permitted to mix with the white population. In the Roman Catholic church no distinction is made. Mr. Gooch had a slave named Phil, who was a member of a Methodist church; this man was between seventy and eighty years of age; he was so feeble that he could not accomplish his tasks, for which his master used to chain him round the neck, and run him down a steep hill: this treatment he never relinquished to the time of his death. Another case was that of a slave named Peter, whom, for not doing his task, he flogged nearly to death.

and afterwards pulled out his pistol to shoot him, but his (Mr. Gooch's) daughter snatched the pistol from his hand. Another mode of punishment which this man adopted, was that of using iron horns, with bells, attached to the back of the slave's neck. This instrument he used to prevent the negroes running away, being a very ponderous machine, several feet in height, and the cross-pieces being two feet four, and six feet in length.'

On Monday morning, after having been several months under this treatment, Roper overheard his master lashing the slaves in a neighboring field, for having allowed some cows to go astray; and fearing that he should be himself flogged in turn, the impulse of the moment caused him to run away. He travelled forty miles that day, and at night slept in a barn on the estate of a Mr. Crawford in North Carolina. Found next morning by the overseer, he had the address to persuade him that he was not a slave, which his fair complexion helped to substantiate, but an apprentice-boy who had run away from a harsh master. He got something to eat, and was allowed to proceed on his journey.. 'I went on very quickly the whole of that day, fearful of being pursued. The trees were very thick on each side of the road, and only a few houses, at the distance of two or three miles apart: as I proceeded, I turned round in all directions, to see if I was pursued; and if I caught a glimpse of any one coming along the road, I immediately rushed into the thickest part of the wood, to elude the grasp of what I was afraid might be my master.' After some adventures of inferior importance, seeing some wagons before him, he fell upon the expedient of keeping always at a little distance behind them, as a person employed in driving them. When he met any one, he asked how far the wagons were in advance, and thus quieted all suspicions they might have entertained. 'At night, I slept on the ground in the woods, some little distance from the wagons, but not near enough to be seen by the men belonging to them. All this time I had but little food, principally fruit, which I found on the road.' For several ensuing days he pursued his route through fields and woods towards the north, always under a vague hope that he might discover the residence of his mother. At length he reached the place where he had been born and reared, in Caswell County; and here, by happy accident, he did find out his parent. 'I came up,' he says, 'with a little girl, about six years old, and asked her where she was going; she said, to her mother's—pointing to a house on a hill, about half a mile off. She had been to the overseer's house, and was returning to her mother. I then felt some emotions arising in my breast, which I cannot describe, but will be fully explained in the sequel. I told her that I was very thirsty, and would go with her to get something to drink. On our way, I asked her several questions, such as her name, that of her mother; she said hers was Maria, and her mother's Nancy. I inquired if her mother had any more children: she said five besides herself, and that they had been told that one had been sold when a little boy. I then asked the name of this child; she said it was Moses. These answers, as we approached the house, led me nearer and nearer to the finding out the object of my pursuit, and of recognizing in the little girl the person of my own sister. At last I got to my mother's house. My mother was at home: I asked her if she knew me; she said no. Her master was having a house built just by, and the men were digging a well; she supposed that I was one of the diggers. I told her I knew her very well, and thought that if she looked at me a little, she would know me; but this had no effect. I then asked her if she had any sons: she said yes, but none so large as me. I then waited a few minutes, and narrated some circumstances to her, attending my being sold into slavery, and how she grieved at my loss. Here the mother's feelings on that dire occasion, and which a mother only can know, rushed to her mind; she saw her own son before her, for whom she had so often wept. In an instant we were clasped in each other's arms, amidst the ardent interchange of caresses and tears of joy. Ten years had elapsed since I had seen my dear mother. At night, her husband, a blacksmith, belonging to Mr. Jefferson at the Red House, came home; he was surprised to see me with the family, not knowing who I was. He had been married to my mother when I was a babe, and had always been very fond of me. After the same tale had been told him, and the same emotions filled his soul, he again kissed the object of his early affection. The next morning I wanted to go on my journey, in order to make sure of my escape to the Free States. But, as might be expected, my mother, father, brothers, and sisters, could ill part with their long lost one, and persuaded me to go into the woods in the daytime, and at night come home and sleep there. This I did for about a week. On the next Sunday night, I had laid me down to sleep between my two brothers, on a pallet which my mother had prepared for me; about twelve o'clock I was suddenly awaked, and found my bed surrounded by twelve slaveholders, with pistols in hand, who took me away (not allowing me to bid farewell to those I loved so dearly) to the Red House, where they confined me in a room the rest of the night, and in the morning lodged me in the jail of Caswell court-house. What was the scene at home, what sorrow possessed their hearts, I am unable to describe, as I never after saw any of them more. I heard, however, that my mother, who was in the family-way when I went home, was soon after confined, and was very long before she recovered the effects of this disaster.'

His master, Gooch, did not hear of his capture for a month. At length his son and a son-in-law came to take back the runaway. A heavy iron collar was put upon his neck, with a chain attached, the other end of which was fastened to a horse. Mounted upon that horse, with his hands tied, he was conducted back towards his home. On the way, he rode off into the woods to escape, and had a pistol snapped at him. Once more seized he underwent a severe beating from his two conductors; and on arriving at home, was taken by Mr. Gooch to a log-house, and stripped for punishment. His hands were tied up to a horizontal pole above his head; his feet were tied together, and fastened to a deal, which was held down by some one standing on it. Thus helplessly fixed up, he underwent 200 lashes at the hands of Mr. Gooch and his two relatives; after which they took him to a blacksmith's.

shop, and got heavy weights attached to his feet, and a chain to his neck. Nevertheless, Roper was not two days on the estate when he once more went off, accompanied on this occasion by the female slave to whom he was chained. He contrived to get off the chain from both their necks, which left him comparatively free. Crossing the river Catarba in a canoe, he wandered about for some days; then parted with the female, and was taken by one Crockett near Lancaster, where he was put into the jail. Once more taken back to Mr. Gooch's, he was subjected to still severer punishments, but without losing the desire of freedom. Again he escaped—again was taken and punished. Again he deserted—once more he was seized and brought back. On this last occasion, his irons having been taken off by a negro, he was asked who did it. For refusing to answer, Mr. Gooch put his fingers into a vice, and squeezed them till the nails came off. Then he caused his toes to be beaten till a similar result took place. Nevertheless, Roper kept the secret, well knowing the punishment which would befall any man found guilty of taking off the irons of a slave. Gooch had now exhausted all his severities, and knew not what to do with Roper. On another unsuccessful attempt, he gave him a still severer flogging than any he had ever given before; but this was the last. Finding, after a year and a half's experience, that nothing was to be made of Roper, he sold him to a slave-dealer, by whom he was transferred to another of the same trade, with whom he continued for a year as a servant. The practices of the slave-merchants, as here detailed, are of the most revolting kind; too much so to be mentioned in these pages. It seems that camp-meetings are regularly attended by slave-dealers, as places favorable for their horrible traffic.

After a variety of adventures amongst different masters, Roper at length (July, 1834) made a successful escape from a cruel master of the name of Register, in West Florida. He got into Georgia without challenge, and passed on with all possible speed to the north. Under great difficulties, he made his way to a spot near Savannah, where he was so fortunate as to induce a farmer to give him a kind of pass. It was not well written, and he was afraid it might not serve his purpose. In travelling, therefore, with some drovers, he took an opportunity to spoil it, by letting it fall into a river. They, having previously seen it, had no scruple in recommending him to a cotton-merchant near by, who wrote a better one, attesting his being a free man of white and Indian parentage. 'I then had eleven miles to go to Savannah, one of the greatest slave-holding cities in America, and where they are always looking out for runaway slaves. When at this city, I had travelled about 500 miles. It required great courage to pass through this place. I went through the main street with apparent confidence, though much alarmed; did not stop at any house in the city, but went down immediately to the dock, and inquired for a berth, as a steward to a vessel to New York. I had been in this capacity before, on the Appalachicola river. The person whom I asked to procure me a berth, was steward of one of the New York packets; he knew Captain Deckay, of the schooner *Fox*, and got me a situation on board that vessel, in five minutes after I had been at the docks. The schooner *Fox* was a very old vessel, twenty-seven years old, laden with lumber and cattle for New York; she was rotten, and could not be insured. The sailors were afraid of her; but I ventured on board, and five minutes after, we dropped from the docks into the river. My spirits then began to revive, and I thought I should get to a free country directly. We cast anchor in the stream, to keep the sailors on, as they were so dissatisfied with the vessel, and lay there four days; during which time, I had to go into the city several times, which exposed me to great danger, as my master was after me, and I dreaded meeting with him in the city.

Fearing the *Fox* would not sail before I should be seized, I deserted her, and went on board a brig sailing to Providence, that was towed out by a steamboat, and got thirty miles from Savannah. During this time, I endeavored to persuade the steward to take me as an asssistant, and hoped to have accomplished my purpose; but the captain had observed me attentively, and thought I was a slave; he therefore ordered me, when the steamboat was sent back, to go on board her to Savannah, as the fine for taking a slave from that city to any of the free states is 500 dollars. I reluctantly went back to Savannah, among slave-holders and slaves. My mind was in a sad state, and I was under strong temptation to throw myself into the river. I had deserted the schooner *Fox*, and knew that the captain might put me into prison, till the vessel was ready to sail: if this had happened, and my master had come to the jail in search of me, I must have gone back to slavery. But when I reached the docks at Savannah, the first person I met was the captain of the *Fox*, looking for another steward in my place. He was a very kind man, belonging to the free states, and inquired if I would go back to his vessel. This usage was very different to what I expected, and I gladly accepted his offer. This captain did not know that I was a slave. In about two days we sailed from Savannah for New York.

I am unable to express the joy I now felt. I never was at sea before, and, after I had been out about an hour, was taken with sea-sickness, which continued five days. I was scarcely able to stand up, and one of the sailors was obliged to take my place. The captain was very kind to me all this time; but even after I recovered, I was not sufficiently well to do my duty properly, and could not give satisfaction to the sailors, who swore at me, and asked me why I shipped, as I was not used to the sea. We had a very quick passage; and in six days after leaving Savannah, we were in the harbor at Staten Island, where the vessel was quarantined for two days, six miles from New York. When I arrived in the city, I thought I was free; but learned I was not, and could be taken there. I went out into the country several miles, and tried to get employment, but failed, as I had no recommendation.'

Roper stayed some time in the northern states, employed in various ways, but still under great fear of being remanded to slavery. He got his hair cut, and put on a wig, the better to keep up his character as a free man, but nevertheless underwent considerable danger. It appears that his real character was known to several persons, who, from hatred of slavery, were disposed to do all in their power in his behalf; but these individuals would have been unable to protect him, if demanded back by his master, and would have been subjected to a heavy fine, if found guilty of sheltering him. He was therefore glad, in November, 1835, to sail for England, bearing letters from some of those friends, recommending him to certain individuals connected with the anti-slavery movement in this country. 'On the 29th,' he says, 'I reached Liverpool; and my feelings when I first touched the shores of Britain were indescribable, and can only be properly understood by those who have escaped from the cruel bondage of slavery.'

VETTIE'S GIEL:

A NORWEGIAN SCENE.

In the eighteenth number of the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, a paper appears from the pen of a Norwegian clergyman, the Rev. U. F. Borgesen, giving an account of a remarkable pass in Norway, which bears the name of Vettie's Giel. Giel is the appellation of the country for a narrow glen, with steep precipices on both sides, and having the space between filled up by a stream. From the farm of Vettie, to which the Giel in question forms the only access, it has received the title of Vettie's Giel. Being appointed to the charge of the parish (in Bergen-stift), of which this Giel formed a part, and having heard much of its dangers and sublimity of aspect, M. Borgesen determined to visit the farm of Vettie. Such a visit, he found, had never been even attempted by any previous incumbent, nor, indeed, had the oldest peasant in Farnaes (the district nearest to it) ever been on the farm of Vettie. Men lived and died in close neighborhood to it, without ever having seen it.

Allured even by the very peril, M. Borgesen found himself, on the morning of the 13th of June, approaching the under part of Vettie's Giel. The whole district around stands at a great height above the level of the sea; so much so, that notwithstanding the season, snow and ice were abundant on the sides of the precipitous hills. At the bottom of the Giel, the dale contracts itself more closely together, and the black mountain masses tower higher up on both sides, casting abroad their melancholy shadows. The Giel may be said to commence where a great mass of granite projects from one side of the mountains, and hangs over the river below. This rocky hill must be climbed by a steep path; and at the foot of it M. Borgesen, in addition to his first guide, got a farmer named Civind, and one of his servants, to join company. The clergyman had also to dismiss his horse here, for, though horses *can* pass the Giel, it is only such as are thoroughly accustomed to the path. 'It is probably this hill,' says M. Borgesen, 'which has fixed the height of the path in the Giel itself; for, otherwise, you see no reason why it should have been cut out, at such a height, on the side of a frightful wall of rock, that the person who falls over it must be dashed to pieces before he reaches the surface of the water. When you have reached the top of this hill, you turn to the right hand, and enter into the Giel itself, by a bridge of pliant trunks of trees, laid over with birch-bark, and turf and gravel, that swing under your feet. The mountain here hangs a little over the passenger's head, and you willingly incline to it as to a friendly support, to avoid seeing, and, if possible, to avoid thinking of the abyss you are swinging over, but of which the gravel thrown down by the motion of the bridge is all the way putting you in mind. You are now in the Giel. Traveller, God be with you!

'The path here is not broader than that a person can just stand on it with both feet beside each other. Sometimes you have only room for one foot; nay, at times, from the quantity of loose earth and small stones which are frequently tumbling down here, and covering the whole path, you find no place at all to stand on, but must, with your foot, in a manner scrape out such a place in these loose materials, which here lie over the surface of the whole precipice, the upper part of which forms a very sharp angle with your body, while the part below approaches frightfully near to a perpendicular line.'

After about three-quarters of an English mile of painful travelling in this way, the traveller reaches a farm, formed by a cross valley, and the farm-house belonging to which stands within a few yards of a cataract, 200 fathoms in height. In continuing the journey up the Giel, a bridge consisting of a plank or two, without side-rail or any such defence, requires to be crossed, although it hangs over the cataract itself, and the passenger is constantly involved in the rising mists. After this perilous transit, 'the further we advanced,' says M. Borgesen, 'our road became at every step the more difficult and the more frightful. At one time you were stopped by snow that had tumbled down, and where it was only by passing quickly over the loose heaps you could avoid sliding down the steep, at once to be dashed against the rocks, and to be drowned: next you stood horrified at the sight of a wall of ice, the remainder of a frozen current, by which all further advance seemed to be rendered impossible. But for this Oivind had prepared himself. With his axe he cut in the clear, solid ice a notch, in which he set one foot; then another, in which he set his other foot; and in this manner continued to cut and go forward till he had reached the other side. The rest of us followed in the steps which he had thus cut. You must put on resolution; there is nothing else for it. With the utmost caution, your eye fixed steadily on the point where you are to tread, you set forward foot by foot, without stopping to draw your suppressed breath. For more than half a mile (more than three English miles), we went forward on the brink of a perfect abyss in this manner, sometimes passing masses of snow not yet melted, sometimes those huge frozen mirrors which hung almost perpendicularly from the summit of the mountain to the gulf below, and over which the axe only, by steps scarcely a handbreadth, could form for us a dangerous path. A slip, an unsteady step, or giddiness itself, which always threatens to overwhelm the unaccustomed traveller, and in a moment the torrent becomes the grave of your mangled carcass! But such is your whole course through Vettie's Giel, on a path where it is not often you can set down both feet beside each other.

'When overcome by the violence of the exertions I had to make, I stopped a moment. This rest, so far from being refreshing to me, was full of horror. It was better to go on, however exhausted. In doing so, your thoughts were so occupied with the place where you might find some footing, that you had but little time to observe the grimaces with which death seemed everywhere to gape around you. But set yourself down, you cannot avoid seeing yourself sitting on the brink of an abyss; above you, the high-mountain ridge hanging over your head; below, the more frightful steep sinking perpendicularly from your feet; on the opposite side of the Giel, the wildest torrents tumbling down hundreds of fathoms; whilst at the bottom, the river foaming and roaring, with a deafening sound, rushes on with the rapidity of an arrow, and the road you have to go, bent still far upon the sides of the precipice which hang over it: in short, you see nothing but Nature in her terrors. I involuntarily shut my eyes; my heart beat, and, that I might not be overpowered by these sensations, I stood up to expose myself to new dangers. I asked my guides if anybody had ever come to mischief on this way. They recollected only one person who, with a knapsack of birch-bark on his back, by a false step had tumbled over from about the very spot where we were standing. From an irresistible apprehension that I might be the second, I pushed forward from such a place, but yet I found no safer way.

'It began now to rain, and as the part of the path on which we were was considered as dangerous, from stones that tumble down, we made all the speed we could. The bottom of the Giel began at last to widen a little; and at Holifos, about half a quarter of a mile from Vettie (three-quarters English), it becomes about 150 paces broad. In other places, it is never above thirty ells broad, and in some places not more than six or seven. Here my guide Oivind left me, and went back alone with his axe, of which he had made such good use, telling me, that now all the difficulties of the way were past; and they were so in comparison of those we had come through.

'It rained now so hard, that the water ran across our path: I quickened my pace, to reach the end of this fatiguing and dangerous excursion. With all my haste, however, I could not escape being thoroughly wet. The path now descended gradually towards the river. The mountain, to the side of which, as to a wall, we had been, as it were, fastened the whole way, now turned a little off from us, leaving a broader, though an irregular path. On a sudden it goes off entirely to the right, opening a new side-valley, and before I knew where I was, I stood on the fields of Vettie, only a little above the surface of the river. Heavy with my wet clothes, dropping with sweat, and exhausted by violent exertions, I was glad to reach the houseman's dwelling, which lay nearest us, there to repose a little, under cover, before I should attempt to mount the long and high hill on which stood the farmhouse of Vettie.

'On the road to it I was met by Olé, the goodman, who conducted me up. The family had just risen from dinner. Everything was instantly carried off, as they did not think it good enough for me. On the table was immediately set their best butter and cheese, and smoked flesh and flour-bread; and, in short, everything they had to please the appetite of the weary traveller. But as there was not a dry thread on me, I felt very uncomfortable in my wet clothes. The goodman found a remedy for that; and from his chest I was provided with everything I required. Clad from top to toe in his Sunday clothes, I sat down, metamorphosed into a Leirdaller, amidst this friendly family, who could not cease from expressing their wonder at a visit as unexpected as unheard of before, and who did not know what kindness to show me; complaining, from their hearts, that I had not given them notice, that they might have been better prepared to receive me. His wife was in an advanced state of pregnancy. I expressed my wishes for her safety on her approaching confinement; and asked her, "How she would get the child taken to church?"

"Oh," answered she smiling, "when matters come that length, there will be no difficulty; the child is well wrapped up, and is carried to church, properly girt, on the shoulders of the servant-man."

"By the same way I have come?"

"Yes; we have no other."

"Now, then, God be with both him and the child!"

"Oh, we are not afraid of the way, we are so accustomed to it: and after a few weeks it will be better, when all the ice will be away. By God's help I shall soon come to church myself, when father* shall lead me in."

'I could not but think highly of her courage, her cheerfulness, and composure. The goodman told me, that at the best season in summer the Giel can be traversed by a horse, and that then everything is thus brought to the house, on the back of his own horse, who is accustomed to this road. One is less surprised at this, when he sees the lightness of the small Leirdal horses, and their most uncommon sure-footedness, by which they can go on the smallest paths, on the side of the most fearful precipices, setting one foot before another, in such a manner that no path can be too small for them. From the farm of Vettie, the Giel is continued upward, in a stretch of three miles, so that the whole length of it is more than four miles and a half (more than thirty English miles).

'Above Vettie Farm, the goodman told me, it was more narrow, more difficult, and more frightful, than the part of it which I had seen. He and his people had often to go up that way for small timber, and other things necessary on the farm. On the sides of it, too, were the finest valley and mountain pastures, of the greatest value for their rearing of cattle. Their corn was sometimes destroyed in harvest by frost. For more than half the year, the two families living on this farm—the farmer himself, and his houseman—are cut off from all other human intercourse. In winter, the ordinary path is impassable from snow and ice, and especially from those frequent columns which leave traces of themselves a long way on in the summer, because the sun's rays, resting but a short time over this long, monstrous gulf, it is seldom before the month of July that this ice is all away. For a short time in winter, when the river Utledal is frozen, there may be a passage along the bottom of the Giel, but not without danger from the avalanches, which with tremendous violence tumble down into the deep. In the end of harvest and the spring, all approach to and from Vettie is barred; in the end of harvest particularly, from the falling of earth and stones, which are then loosened by the frequent rains.

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* Meaning the clergyman to whom she was speaking. It is still the custom, in the remote and simple districts of Norway, that when a woman goes first to church after her confinement, the parish clergyman meets her at the door, and leads her into church.

'At a little distance behind the dwelling-house of Vettie, in the background of the dale, there rises up a large mountain-precipice, over which, where a new Giel begins, there rushes the highest waterfall I had yet seen, called Markefoss. High falls, indeed, are here so common, that they do not excite much attention, especially where the mass of water is not very considerable; but what seemed to me exceedingly singular in this one was, that the fall is so perfectly perpendicular, that not one drop of its water touches the whole side of the mountain. From the gap through which it issues, the mountain bends inward like the side of an arch, in such a manner, that if the place were accessible, one might make a passage between the mountain and the fall. As the mass of water here meets with no resistance, it makes no alarming noise; I only heard its distant sound in the bottom of the Giel, which it was impossible for me to see, as all view and all approach are barred by high sharp-pointed rocks and a chaotic assemblage of large blocks of granite. Over this precipice lie the pasture-grounds of Vettie, where are some of the finest patches of wood to be found perhaps in the whole province. Here grow the finest trees for masts, of uncommon height and thickness, unused and incapable of being used, because they cannot be got down through the foss, without being splintered into a thousand pieces. It is difficult to get even common house-timber this way, for perhaps not one out of ten pieces remains of sufficient length. I saw a man going up the precipice which leads to this wood. At the distance at which I stood, he seemed like an insect creeping up a wall. By frequent turning from one hand to another, it is rendered possible to go up a path, from which, however, nothing is more easy than to break a neck. But born and brought up as the people are here amidst such dangers, they disregard or are not sensible of them. The boy, the youth, grows up amidst venturous feats, and courage is his life's constant guide.

'I spent the night at Vettie, and was next morning out with the goodman to have a full view of his little romantic dale, where hill and valley, wood and water, the lofty black mountain masses, over which the majestic fall poured its foaming silver, were all grouped in the most picturesque manner, in a landscape in which the strongest features of Nature were wonderfully blended with her sweetest smiles. The severe and the gay moderated one another by being mingled in one look. The chorus of the feathered tribe only was wanting in wood and forest The temperature here is too severe for the delicate songsters of the sky; nowhere does the lark mount in his airy flight; even the thrush flies to milder regions. The cuckoo only, with his monotonous song, for a short time enlivens the silence of the wood.

'I had learned from the goodwife how they carry their children from this place to church. I was curious to learn of her husband how they got the dead carried from it to the church-yard. It is impossible that two people could go beside one another in the Giel; and I could not conceive that a coffin could be placed on horseback. He gave me the following account:—The dead body, wrapped in linen, is laid on a plank, in which are bored holes at both ends, to which are fastened handles of cord. To this plank the body is lashed, and is thus carried by two men, one before and another behind, through the Giel, till they come to the farmhouse of Selde, where it is laid in a coffin, and carried in the common way to the church-yard. If any one die in winter, at a time when the bottom of the Giel is not passable, or in the spring or harvest, they endeavor to preserve the body in a frozen state, which is seldom difficult, till it can be carried off in the manner I have just mentioned. Still more singular was the method which the goodman told me was employed several years ago, to convey a dead body to the grave, from a houseman's place in Vormelien. This place lies in Utledal, which borders with the fields of Vettie. It has a most frightful situation, deep in the Giel, by the side of the river, and, like Vettie, has no other road but a small steep path, on the side of the most dreadful precipices. As the inhabitants of this place have been often changed, there had been no deaths here. It happened, at last, for the first time, that a young man of seventeen years of age died. It never occurred to them to think how they should get him carried to the grave, and a coffin is prepared for him in the house. The body is laid in it, and carried out; and now, for the first time, they perceive with amazement, that it is impossible in this way to get on with it. What is to be done? Good counsel is here precious. They leave the coffin as a *memento mori* at home, and set the dead body astride on a horse; the legs are tied under the horse's belly, a bag of hay is well fastened on the horse's shoulders, to which the body leans forward, and is made fast: and in this manner rode the dead man over the mountains, to his resting-place in Forthuus Church, in Lyster—a fearful horseman!

'After a long and fatiguing walk, I returned with the goodman to his house. A rich soup, made from excellent wedder mutton, killed the night before, smoked from the white-clad table. And what is not excellent when it is presented to you by hospitable hands! So long as nature and generous simplicity are preferred to art and ceremony, so long will such a patriarchal meal, to which you are invited with a welcome from the heart, and which is gratefully received, be preferred to ostentation and extravagance. They wished me much to remain another day at Vettie; but as I had fixed to go that day to Aftdal, and then over the mountains to some of the mines at Aardal Copper-works, I was obliged to bid farewell to the worthy people, whose extraordinary place of residence I had for the first, and I believe also for the last time, now seen.

'With my former guides, and a man-servant from Vettie, I set out on this fearful way back. From the heavy rain, much of the ice had disappeared; and I had the dangerous pleasure of seeing one of these masses of ice tumbling down in a thousand pieces into the gulf; over two only of the most obstinate were we obliged to cut our road over the ice. In good time I reached Ielde; and here, where nobody dreamed of danger, my horse tumbled with me over the side of a little hill. Thus ended an excursion, the whole object and the whole result of which was the view of Vettie's Giel.'

END OF VOL. VI.

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